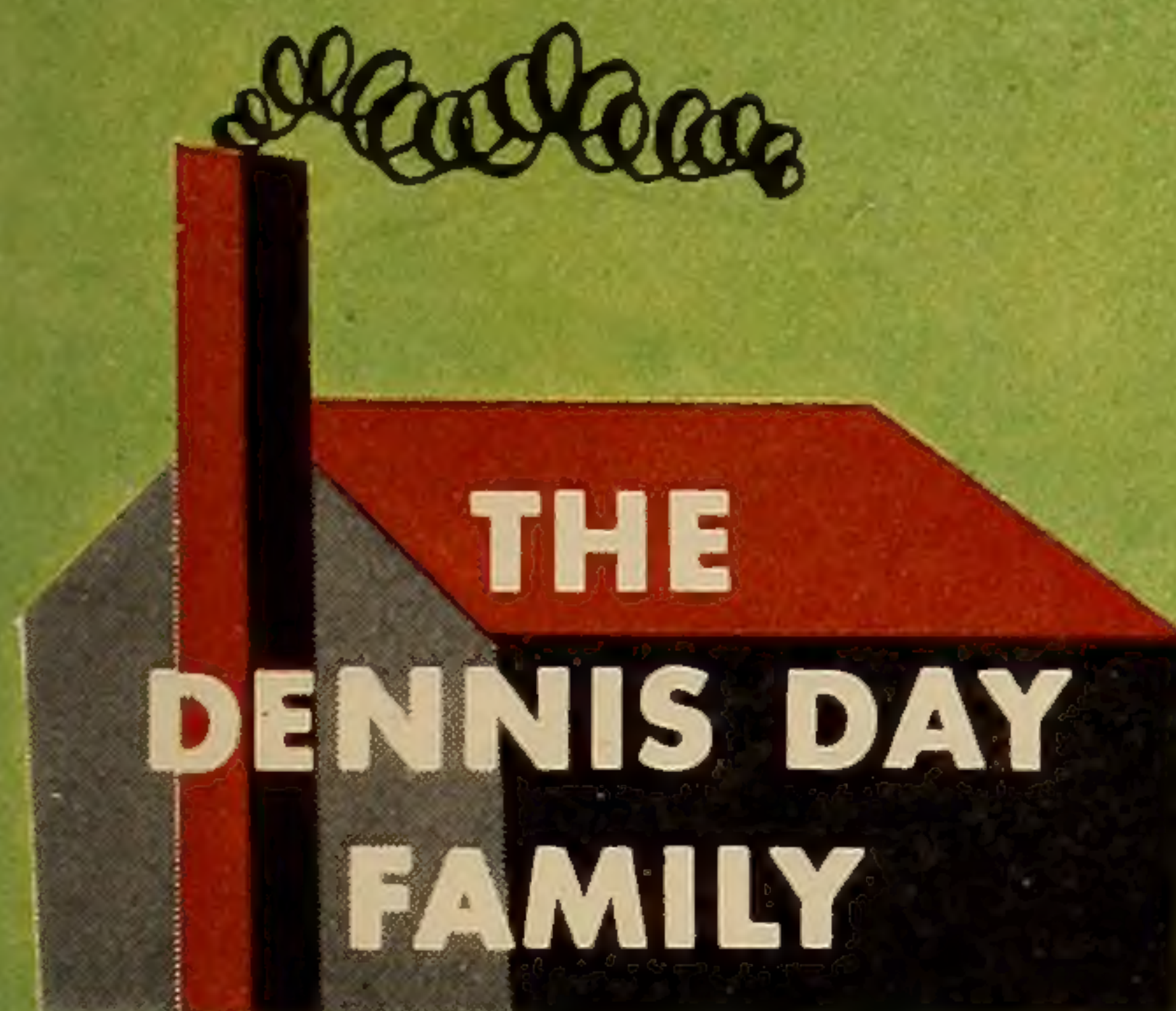


RADIO *AND TELEVISION* **MIRROR**

JUNE • 25¢



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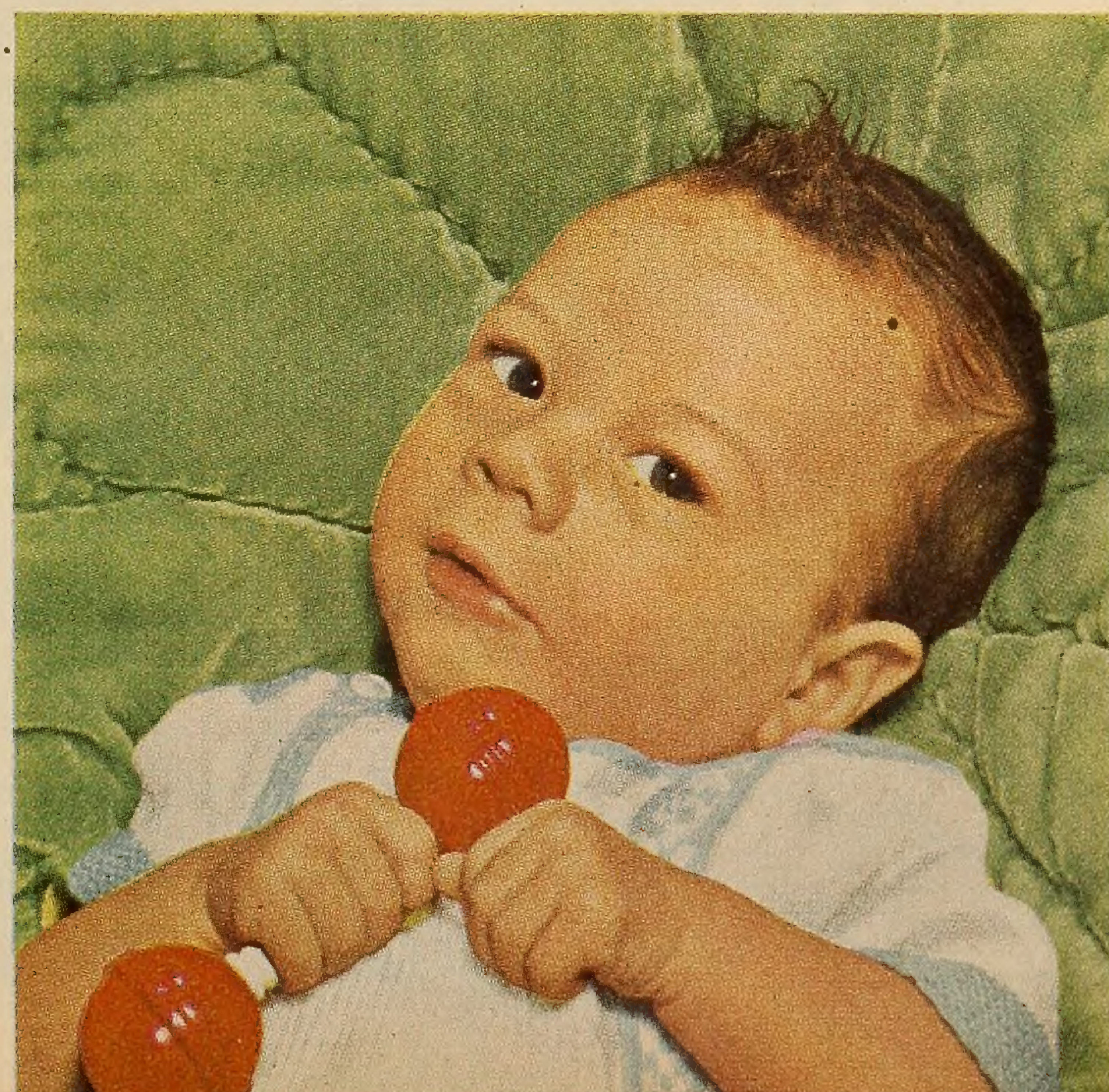


Peggy



Dennis

Patrick



MILTON BERLE • GRACIE ALLEN
ON McNEILL • RALPH EDWARDS
BIG SISTER • LANNY ROSS

Alter Winchell Contest Winners

Truly - you'll be lovelier with Solitair



SKIN-SAFE SOLITAIR! The only foundation-and-powder make-up with clinical evidence*—certified by leading skin specialists from coast to coast—that it **DOES NOT CLOG PORES**, cause skin texture change or inflammation of hair follicle or other gland opening. No other liquid, powder, cream or cake "foundation" make-up offers such positive proof of safety for your skin.

*biopsy-specimen

Gown by Celi Chapman. Jewels by Seaman-Schepps.

See the loveliest *you* that you've ever seen—the minute you use Solitair cake make-up. Gives your skin a petal-smooth appearance—so flatteringly natural that you look as if you'd been born with it! Solitair is entirely different—a special feather-weight formula. Clings longer. Outlasts powder. Hides little skin faults—yet never feels mask-like, never looks "made-up." Like finest face creams, Solitair contains Lanolin to protect against dryness. Truly—you'll be lovelier with this make-up that millions prefer. No better quality. Only \$1.00.

Cake Make-Up

Solitair

*** Fashion-Point Lipstick**

Seven new
fashion-right shades



Contains Lanolin

Yes—the first and only lipstick with point actually shaped to curve of your lips. Applies color quicker, easier, more evenly. New, exciting "Dreamy Pink" shade—and six new reds. So creamy smooth—contains Lanolin—stays on so long. Exquisite case. \$1.00

*Slanting cap with red enameled circle identifies the famous *Fashion-Point and shows you exact color of lipstick inside. U. S. Pat. No. 2162584.



Mum's the Word for Summer Charm!



**Don't take chances—
start with Mum today!**

Safer for charm...
Safer for skin...
Safer for clothes...



*You'll love its
delightful
new floral odor—
its creamy texture!*

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Product of
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Make today YOUR Mumday and you'll use soft, dreamy-smooth Mum forever after. Millions trust their charm only to this dependable cream deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Get large size Mum now!

*Mum stays smooth,
effective—
doesn't dry out!*



See for yourself how surely today's Mum stops underarm perspiration odor. Mail coupon for generous sample. Enclose 3¢ stamp to cover postage.

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. M-69
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Send for sample today!



Why take it with you?

New tooth paste with
Lusterfoam attacks tobacco
stain and off-color breath.

Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You can "taste" an odor.) And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends *might* notice . . . you know.

But they won't point the finger at you (after you've left the room of course) if you're a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually foams cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!



**TOBACCO
MOUTH**

...give it the
"brush-off"
with



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

JUNE, 1949

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Coming Next Month



In July: four picture-pages take you Through the Years with Lorenzo Jones

FOR some time now, one of the features you've liked most in RADIO MIRROR has been the monthly Reader Bonus, the king-size novelette in which we've brought you a variety of good reading matter about radio people. Next month comes a big surprise—a double-bonus issue, we call it, because in it you'll find not one, but two big fat stories. One is a fictionization from the well-loved drama Portia Faces Life. The other is a creepy tale of terror, novelized from one of the most hair-raising of recent Suspense dramas. There's enough good reading for the whole month of June in those two features!

* * *

But don't go away! Not satisfied with giving you enough, we give you more. Mrs. Art Linkletter, who has five children, tells what she knows (and it's plenty) about bringing them up so that it's fun for everyone concerned, instead of trouble. Georgia Carroll, the glamorous wife of Kay Kyser, talks about families too, with special reference to husbands and how Kay ranks among them. (High, says lucky Georgia.) Hand in hand with the story about Kay go two pages *by* him—our new Fun and Knowledge feature full of games to play, quizzes to puzzle over, jokes to laugh at.

* * *

We go in style (and color!) to a broadcast of County Fair. Minnie Pearl models some of her Mad Hatter hats; Joan Davis answers more of your letters; the Television Section brings you up-to-date on what's going on in and around TV; and all the other departments are, as always, full of the best and brightest news about radio that the month has to offer. It's all in July, on sale June 10th.

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing

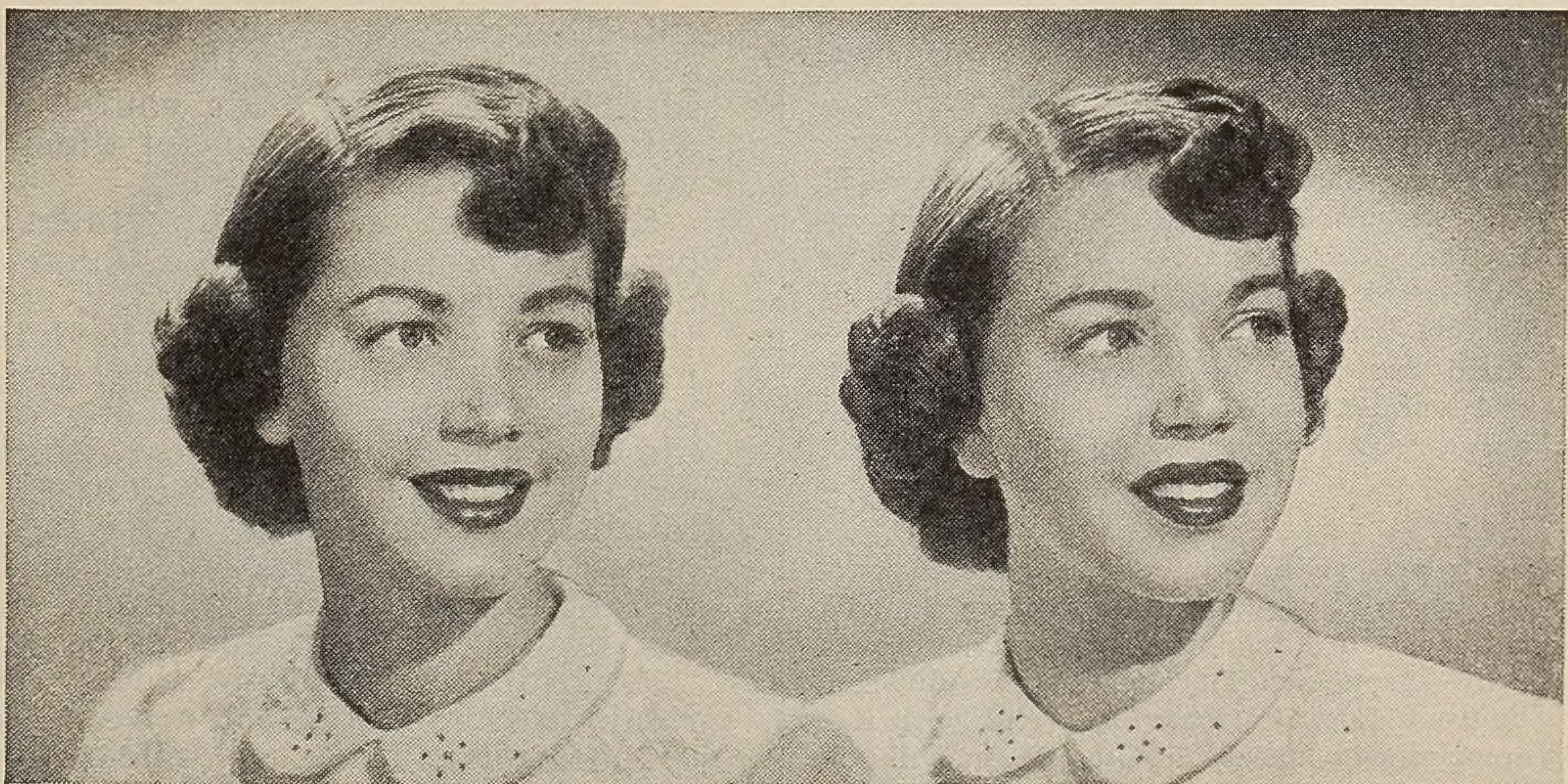
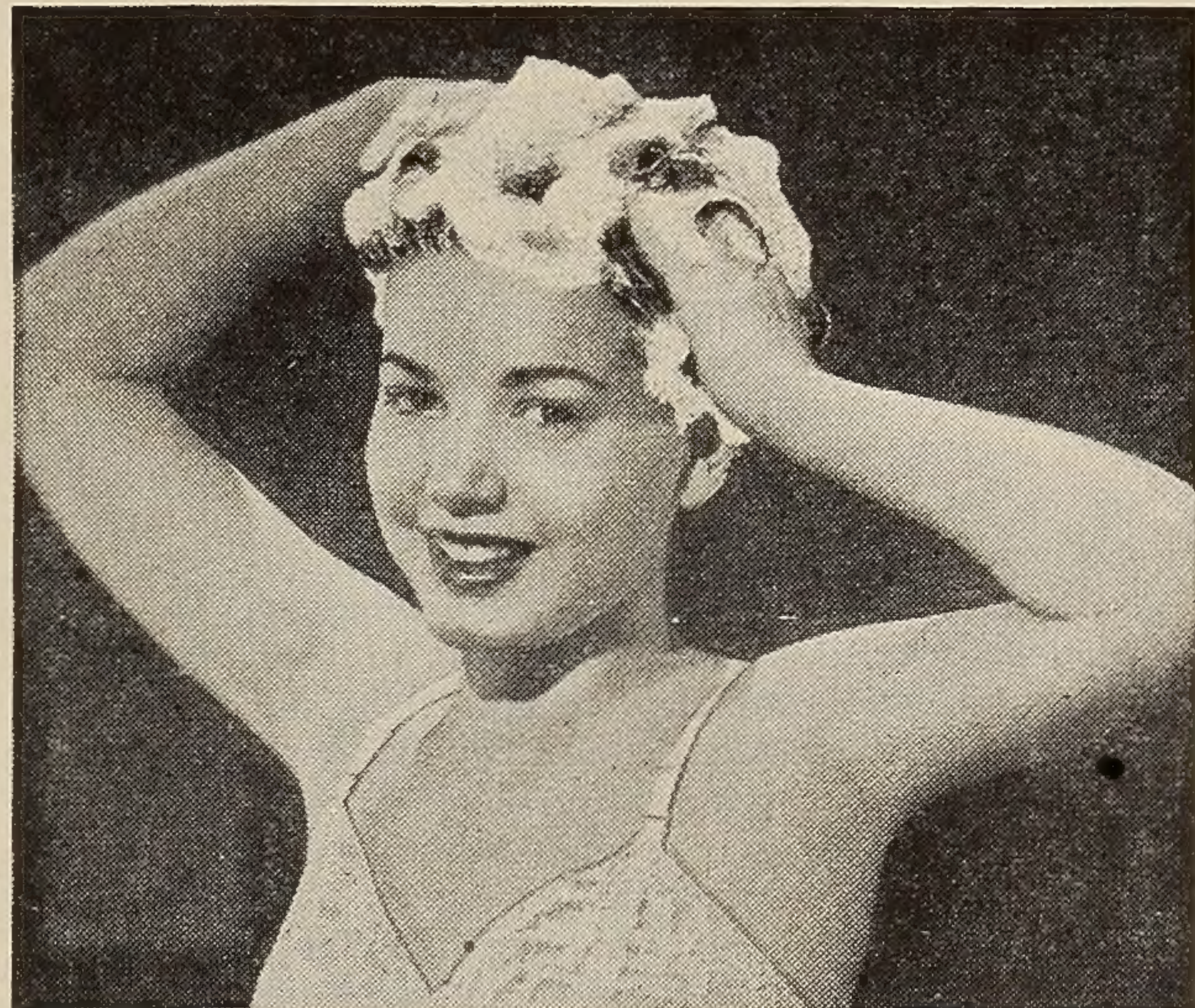


LATHER . . . WAS KATHERINE'S PROBLEM.

"My shampoo simply would not lather right", complained Katherine Ring. "I'd rub and rub but still my hair never had much glint to it!" And no wonder! Katherine was using a soap shampoo, and soaps not only fail to lather as well in hard water—they actually leave a film on hair that dulls natural lustre! So your hair lacks highlights, looks drab and lifeless!

BUT KATHLEENE GOT HEAPS OF IT!

"Look at all this lather", smiled her twin, Kathleene. "I discovered that Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing even in *hard* water! I never saw such suds! Never saw my hair so shining clean before, either!" That's what Toni's Soft-Water Shampooing means. Even in hard water it means billows of rich, whipped-cream suds that leave your hair shimmering clean!



NOW IT'S TONI CREME SHAMPOO FOR TWO!

Yes, it's Toni and only Toni for both the Ring twins from now on. Because Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! That creamy-thick lather rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Leaves your hair fragrantly clean, gloriously soft! And Toni Creme Shampoo helps your permanent to "take" better—look lovelier longer. Get a jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. See it work the magic of Soft-Water Shampooing on *your* hair!



Enriched with Lanolin

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)

You

AND THE COSMETIC TAX



On the dressing table of Susan Thorn, of ABC's *My True Story*, are some of the "luxuries" which to Susan—and you—are necessities.

By
**MARY
JANE
FULTON**

WHEN there's something you don't like, you can usually try to do something about correcting it—and often succeed. Let's consider something you certainly don't like—the twenty percent cosmetic tax about which you've been grumbling.

During the war, you know, this excise tax was added to the cost of your cosmetics. It was levied then for patriotic reasons. The extra charge added to the cost of toiletries you paid willingly, because you knew that it was helping to meet the expense of winning the war. It was supposed to be a war emergency tax. But the war has been over for three years, and the tax hasn't yet been lifted. In fact, there's a strong possibility that it may become permanent.

Knowing this possibility, the toilet goods industry has taken legislative action in Washington. The bill is due to come up again soon for review. When you read this, the debate for its termination, or continuance, may already be "hot." The final decision depends not alone on the efforts of the toilet goods industry, but also upon you.

Why you? The reason is plain. Congressmen and senators listen to so-called "pressure groups," of course. But they also pay a great deal of attention to what you, the voters, want them to do for you. You elect them, so they're pledged to do your bidding. When new issues, such as this one, arise, the only sure way for them to know what you want them to do, is for you to write to them.

So write at once, telling them how annoyed and displeased you are to have the cosmetics taxed which are necessary to keep you well-groomed and attractive-looking. Point out that you do not consider luxuries such things as cleansing cream, deodorant, lipstick, face powder, a home permanent wave, hand lotion, hand cream, nail polish, shampoo, the talcum and baby oil you buy for your baby, and other toiletries. For as a stenographer, file clerk, waitress, or housewife, for instance, you cannot afford to do without these items. Keeping yourself clean, well-groomed, and attractive is as much a part of your job as having the know-how to do your work well. Also stress that the additional strain the twenty percent tax places upon your budget makes it quite an item, even though you do try to economize, and not buy as many cosmetics as you'd like.

According to a survey, a New York working woman whose weekly salary range is from \$25 to \$35 a week, spends an average of \$3 a month for toilet preparations. These are official figures. But you don't have to know official figures to realize that, if the twenty percent excise tax were lifted, you would be able, once again, to afford to buy all the toiletries you need for daily use.

If you don't know who represents you in Congress, ask your local druggist. He has this information. You may also write to the chairmen of the Congressional committees involved in this matter. Address them as follows:

The Honorable Robert L. Doughton, Chairman, Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, House Office Building, Washington, D. C. Senator Walter F. George, Chairman, Senate Finance Committee, Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C.

Your letters will carry great weight. So don't delay. Write today!

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

*I never saw
your hair so Pretty*

IF YOU WANT OTHERS to admire your hair . . . if you want to keep it looking its healthy best . . . be on guard against infectious dandruff which can so quickly play hob with it.

Simply make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing routine as countless fastidious women do (men, too). It's simple, delightful, efficient.

Infectious dandruff is often easy to catch, hard to get rid of. You can pick it up from seat backs in cars and buses, or in trying on a hat, or from a borrowed comb. Its early symptoms—flakes and scales—are a warning not to be ignored. You see, infectious dandruff is usually accompanied by the "bottle bacillus" (*P. ovale*). Many dermatologists look upon it as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Listerine Antiseptic kills the "bottle bacillus" by millions on scalp and hair. That's why it's such a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff . . . why you should make it a part of your regular hair-washing—no matter what kind of shampoo you use.

Even when infectious dandruff has a head start, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic is wonderfully helpful. Flakes and scales begin to disappear, itching is alleviated, and your scalp feels marvelously clean from that antiseptic action. In clinical tests, twice-a-day use brought marked improvement in dandruff symptoms within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



★
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for
INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

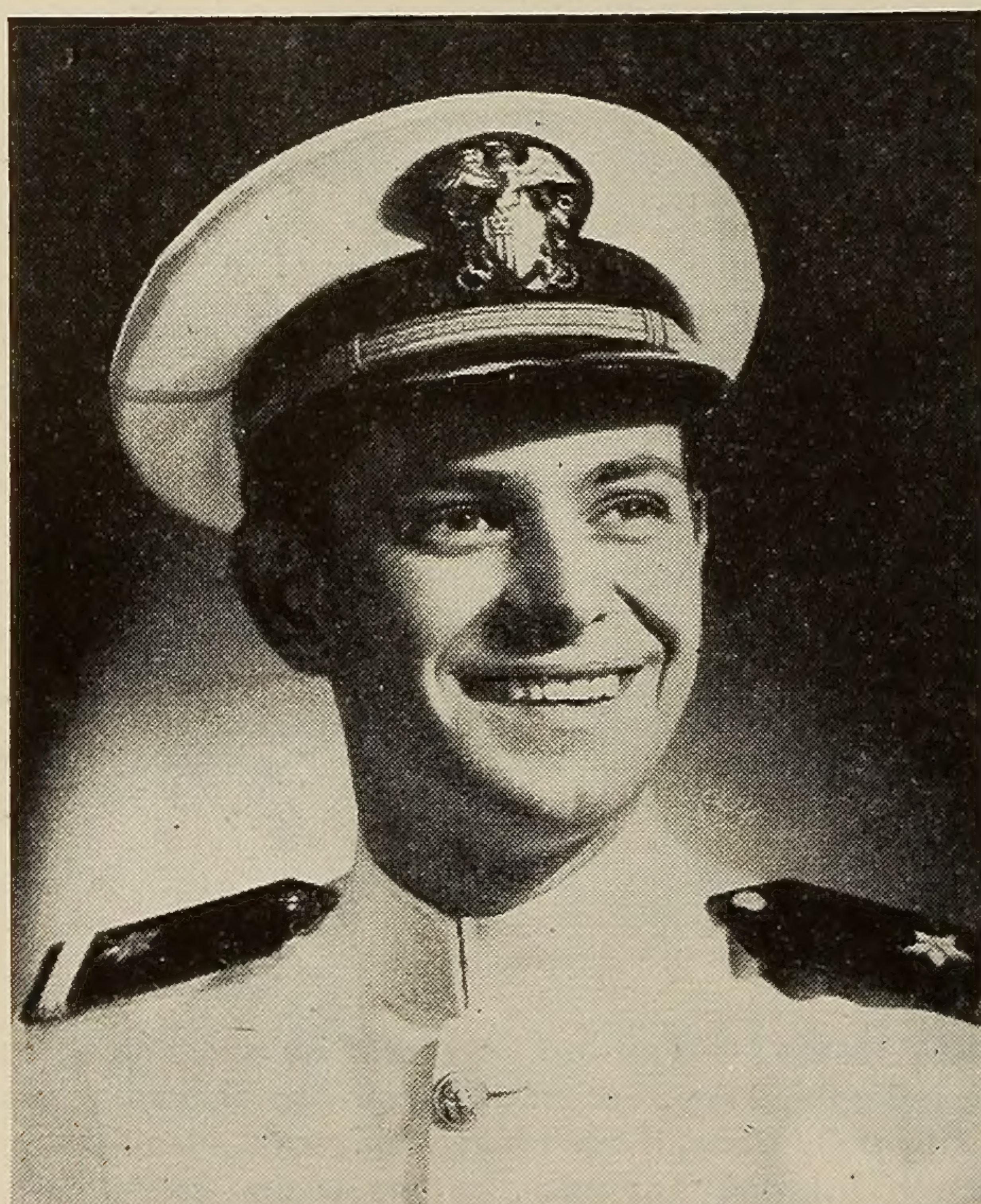
THE TREATMENT—**Women:** Part hair, all over the scalp and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger-tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

THE SHOW'S THE THING



In WOV's studio, Max Cole (r.) serves breakfast for visitors to his Wake Up, New York. Max is considerate in other ways, too—his records neither jolt listeners out of bed nor lull them back to sleep.



Max left the Navy as a full lieutenant, having fought in many crucial battles.

MAX COLE seems to be experimenting in reversed maxims, and in his case the system seems to be working wonders. Born in Kansas, schooled in Arizona, Max reversed his first maxim after graduating from the University of Missouri. "Go West, young man" preached Horace Greeley . . . so Max started East. At the University he'd picked up radio knowledge through working for the local Columbia Missouri station, KFRU. Next, he "stopped" at KSD in St. Louis for three years, where he was bitten by the movie-bug. This further detoured his Eastern arrival.

Max finally snagged a small role in a play put on by the Pasadena Playhouse and was actually spotted and approached by a Warner Bros. talent scout, screen-tested and offered a contract. That was early in 1942. Through the courtesy of the U. S. Navy Max was saved making the decision on the Warner offer.

Arriving East at last—in New York—Max reversed his second maxim . . . this one not so much a maxim as a pattern for action among unemployed radio hopefuls: "Start with the networks." Max first approached an independent station, the 5000 watts WOV. The coupling of Max's good voice and diction with his sincerity won him recognition at WOV, and when the 6:30-9 A.M. Wake Up, New York M.C. spot was vacated it was given to Max. With a show of his own, Max continued to reverse the customary policy. He has at no time tried to build himself up as a "hot" personality or convince his listeners that he's "big time on a vacation." Instead, he has tried to build up WOV's (and his) Wake Up, New York show. As a consequence it is gaining steadily in popularity, and so is the disc-jockey who is so set on building the show and not the M.C.

We asked Max how he knew what his listeners want in the way of programming. He waved a handful of letters and said "I get about half a sackful of these every day, and I read them all. I don't make my program . . . my listeners do." From all indications they're pleased with the results.

America's Most Beautiful Cottons direct BY MAIL

...You get MORE FOR YOUR MONEY!



598

GINGHAM SUNBACK
Separate Pique Bolero
Flashing white jacket with gingham inserts. Whirling skirt sunback of expensive woven gingham featuring Blue or Red plaid.
Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17; 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.
Order NO. 1301 Only **598**



298

2-PIECE PASTEL
Peplum Jacket — Flare Skirt
Flattering! Panel front jacket, washable applique trim, flirty peplum. Linen-like Wundalin cotton. Lilac, Aqua, Pink, or Grey.
Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17; 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42, 44.
Order NO. 2527 Only **298**



398

WHITE SHOULDERS
Side-Button Beauty
Opens down the side! Snowy white shoulder tabs of eyelet pique embroidery. Full swinging skirt. Pink, Lime or Blue stripes all with Black scroll pattern.
Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18; 38, 40, 42, 44 (sizes 38 to 44 made with center-pleat skirt).
Order NO. 3300 Only **398**



298

STRIPED PEPLUM
Coat Dress — Eyelet Trim
Slimming stripes, always flattering! Smart lace edge front peplum. Square neck and cap sleeves . . . cool and comfortable. Green, Blue, or Wine.
Sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42, 44, 46.
Order NO. 2514 Only **298**



398

CHECK'N WHITE SUNBACK
Expensive Eyelet Inserts
Glamorous! Your smartest sunback, with new sweet-and-low neckline, sparkling white eyelet embroidered collar and godet inserts, frilly cap sleeves. Black, Red, or Green checks.
Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.
Order NO. 1004 Only **398**



298

3-in-1 SUNNY HUG!
Exciting New Sunback Bolero
Wear it 3 ways — strapless, with halter strap, or bolero jacket. 24-row elastic bodice flatters and fits all figures. Full skirt. Striped pattern on Aqua or Grey ground. Also in Black & Gold or Green & Pink plaid.
Sizes: Small (9 to 14) Medium (15 to 18) Large (20 to 40).
Order NO. 604 Only **298**



398

SWIRLING STRIPES
144 Inches F-U-L-L Swing Skirt
Imagine! This striking swirling beauty . . . it's whole "V" front of dazzling embroidered white pique, ruffles with ric rac trim . . . exciting glamour for you. Red, Blue, or Green stripes.
Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.
Order NO. 1002 Only **398**



398

PERT'N PRETTY
Splash of Plaid on Solid
Expensively woven gingham, and solid color fine quality cotton, with yards and yards of lace edge to shape two big pockets and yoke. Solid Grey with Red Plaid, Lilac with Red Plaid, Blue with Blue Plaid.
Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17.
Order NO. 1101 Only **398**



498

WHIRLIGIRL BOLERO
Sensational Plaid'n Solid Sunback
Our famous full-skirted Whirligirl — now in exciting contrast . . . gay plaid with tiers of fine solid color broadcloth. Plaid bolero jacket. Lilac with Lilac Plaid, Gray with Grey Plaid, Blue with Blue Plaid.
Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17; 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.
Order NO. 1201 Only **498**

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THESE
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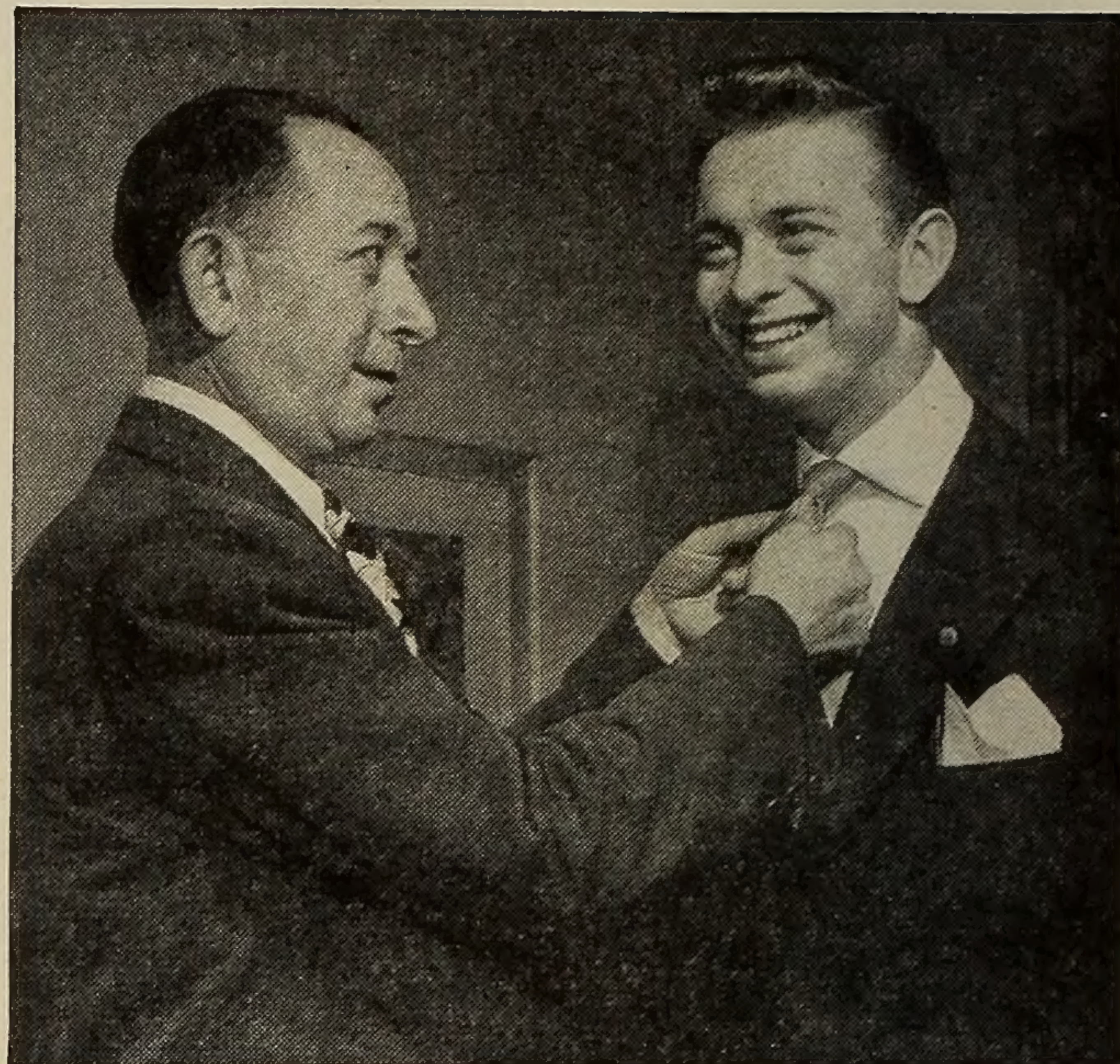
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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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FACING



Rochester and Phil Harris give the drums a complete workout before a Jack Benny broadcast.



Bridegroom Mel Tormé gets the just-right polish from his father before wedding to Candy Toxton.



Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Abe Burrows got together for the National Arthritic benefit show.

WHO ever said that marriage was anything but lucky? Little Mel Tormé really hit the jackpot when he married lovely Candy Toxton. He won a fine wife, a recording contract, fine reviews for his work in "Words And Music" and a hit disc in "Careless Hands." And all that for saying "I do"!

* * *

Tony Pastor's successful run at New York's Hotel Statler gave vent to some reminiscences by the saxophone-playing maestro. Tony launched his career at that very hotel (then called the Pennsylvania) in 1940. At that time Tony was a musician and vocalist in Artie Shaw's great band. One night the unpredictable Artie failed to show up and Tony stepped out of the sax section to direct the band. When word was received that Artie was giving up the band business and heading for a retreat in Mexico, Tony was elected to take over the band for the remainder of the engagement. It wasn't long before Tony built his own band—and you know the rest of the story.

* * *

One of the cutest novelty songs ever written will be making its debut on lots of record labels very shortly. The title, believe it or not, is "If You're Not Completely Satisfied In Thirty Days, Your Love Will Be Cheerfully Refunded."

the MUSIC



Glenn Ford, one of Jo Stafford's recent Mystery Stars on NBC's Supper Club, looks over the score with Jo.



A telephone call from an out-of-town friend was a surprise to both Margaret Whiting and Agnes Moorehead.

Rage among the be-bop musicians is English-born pianist George Shearing, whose amazing keyboard technique and showmanly presentation are unique among jazz musicians. Most amazing is the pair of facts that Shearing first arrived in America one short year ago, and is totally blind.

* * *

Top candidate as the marvel of the music industry is composer-arranger-conductor Paul Weston, whose friends actually get weary just watching him fill his busy schedule. In radio, Paul is arranger and conductor for Jo Stafford on NBC's Supper Club and ABC's Jo Stafford Show. He's also musical director for Capitol Records in which capacity he writes the arrangements and provides the musical backgrounds for such vocal talent as Miss Stafford, Gordon MacRae, Margaret Whiting, Andy Russell, Johnny Mercer, and the Starlighters. On top of this Paul finds the time to write such hit songs as "Ain'tcha Ever Comin' Back," "I Should Care," "Day By Day" and the newest, "Congratulations." And, of course, Paul is a best-selling recording artist in his own right and also assistant director of artists and repertoire for Capitol.

* * *

After hoping against hope that the band business would pick up sufficiently to support a big dance band,

Tex Beneke has finally come to the conclusion that he couldn't travel the nation economically with a thirty-three-piece orchestra. Consequently the new Beneke band is sans fiddles and down to the size of the original Glenn Miller band of twenty-three men. Actually Tex was carrying out the wishes of the late Glenn Miller by enlarging the band. Many dyed-in-the-wool Miller fans, however, seemed to feel that Tex was trying to improve upon an already established band style. So the new Beneke band will sound more like Glenn Miller than ever before.

* * *

Word comes to us that the Metropolitan Opera Company has "discovered" little Betty Clark, the 12-year-old blind girl who has the distinction of being the only child her age to have her own program on the air. Met officials are taking an interest in Betty's training, with an eye—or should we say ear?—to the future, a future they feel includes singing with the opera company.

* * *

Capitol Records is joining RCA-Victor in putting out 45 rpm long playing records. Columbia and Mercury are making 33 rpm. They'll all continue making the regular 78 rpm, of course. Anybody got a record player with three speeds, or do we need a living room full of players from now on?

By JOE MARTIN



Nestle
COLORINSE
with **LURIUM**

**GIVES YOUR HAIR
MORE COLOR**

- Absolutely harmless
- Washes out easily

Now, from the famous Nestle Hair Laboratories comes LURIUM—an amazing new ingredient added to Nestle Colorinse to give your hair more glorious COLOR-BEAUTY, sparkling highlights and silken lustre than ever before.

And — Nestle Colorinse with Lurium eliminates tangles — makes hair easier to comb, easier to manage.

Get a package of the new Nestle Colorinse with Lurium today! Choose from the 10 flattering shades at all beauty counters.

So Economical to Use!

2 rinses 10¢
6 rinses 25¢



NESTLE—originators of
permanent waving — Meriden, Conn.

Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin



Gordon MacRae's version of "The Right Girl For Me," from the movie "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," should give that tune the right start to popularity.

DINAH SHORE (Columbia)—Dinah is "Havin' A Wonderful Wish" and telling "The Story of My Life." The first named is from "Sorrowful Jones." A pair of fine tunes.

PRIMO SCALA (London)—Even if it is corny it's irresistible. The Scala banjo and accordion band have a hit in "All Over Italy" and "There's Nothing to Do in Sleepyville." Can't stop whistling "All Over Italy."

MARGARET WHITING (Capitol)—The Johnny Mercer—Harry Warren song-writing team is great. Maggie's "Great Guns" proves it. "Comme Ci Comme Ca" sounded better in the original French version "Clopin Clopant."

VAUGHN MONROE (RCA Victor)—Remember "Ballerina" and "Matinee"? Then watch the reaction to "A Señorita's Bouquet." "Don't Lie To Me" is the reverse side and good, too.

GORDON MacRAE (Capitol)—"The Right Girl for Me" is from "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." "I Get Up Every Morning" is one of the best of Gordon's platter efforts.

FRANCIS CRAIG (MGM)—The man who made "Near You" and "Beg Your Pardon" is now an MGM artist. Francis wrote both "I Thought I Was Dreaming" and "Tennessee Tango." You can choose for yourself between them.

JACK KILTY (MGM)—A product of Oklahoma and a television star of the moment, Jack sings well on "Streets of Laredo" and "I Got a Gal in Galveston."

SPIKE JONES (RCA Victor)—Even if the Spike Jones' records weren't as funny as they are, the record labels are full of laughs. Right on the black and gold label it says, "Knock, Knock" vocal by Doodles Weaver, Sir Frederick Gas, George Rock, Freddy Morgan and The Four Fifths." The back is "Ya Wanna Buy a Bunny?"

FRANK SINATRA (Columbia)—The Voice is really back in voice with two fine songs from the Broadway show "South Pacific." "Some Enchanted Evening" and "Bali Ha" were both written by Rodgers and Hammerstein.

BILL LAWRENCE (RCA Victor)—RADIO MIRROR's "best newcomer" winner makes an auspicious record debut with "Dreamer With a Penny" and "I'm Beginning to Miss You"—the latter is the latest Irving Berlin ballad.

EDDY HOWARD (Mercury)—That man is here again. Eddy's version of "Candy Kisses" is sure to be a hit record. The Howard band rarely makes one that isn't a good record.

FACING the MUSIC

Collector's Corner



By ANDY RUSSELL

(Though Andy's biggest-selling records have had a Latin American feeling, he's one of the most versatile singers ever to grace a movie screen, night club floor or radio stage. Young, handsome and married, Andy is a Capitol Records star and is presently working on a new night-club "turn" which teams him with his lovely wife, Della.)

* * *

Starting my musical career as a drummer in a dance band has had its effect on my musical taste, as anyone can see from my record collection. Being married to Della has also had an influence on my collection of recorded favorites. That, of course, is because we share musical tastes that are almost exactly alike. While I enjoy listening to a symphonic concert, I prefer to restrict my collection to the lighter things, colored a bit by some jazz classics that will live forever in the world of music. Here's my list of favorite records and record albums:

"Lady Be Good" by Ella Fitzgerald. I've admired Ella from the time she was with the late Chick Webb's band. This disc is, to me, a sensational vocal effort.

"Begin The Beguine" by Artie Shaw. That was a band! I don't know that anyone will ever equal the great things that were recorded by Artie.

"Marie" by Tommy Dorsey. I feel that this was made during the greatest portion of Tommy's musical career. The Jack Leonard and group vocal chorus and the Bunny Berrigan trumpet solo are still out of this world.

"Artistry In Rhythm" by Stan Kenton. This is one of the earlier Kenton discs on Capitol. Stan may have made better things since then, but I'll remember this.

"Tenderly" by Randy Brooks—I don't think that Randy has ever received the attention that is really due him. His trumpet work is excellent—and that song! A wonderful melody.

"Holiday For Strings" by David Rose. David, to me, is the master of string orchestration. That man can get the most beautiful sounds out of a violin section.

"Cole Porter Review" by David Rose. Now it must be obvious that I like David Rose music! Combining those fine arrangements with Cole Porter's terrific music makes a super-terrific record album.

"Music For Dreaming" by Paul Weston—I've admired Paul's arranging from the days when he was the man behind the Tommy Dorsey Band.

New Improved Pepsodent Sweeps FILM Away!

Have brighter teeth and cleaner breath in just 7 days
or Double Your Money Back!

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. If you feel a slippery coating there — you have FILM!

WHY FILM MUST BE REMOVED

1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. FILM glues acid to your teeth
4. FILM never lets up — it forms continually on everyone's teeth

Now Faster Foaming!

Make this 7-Day Pepsodent Test!

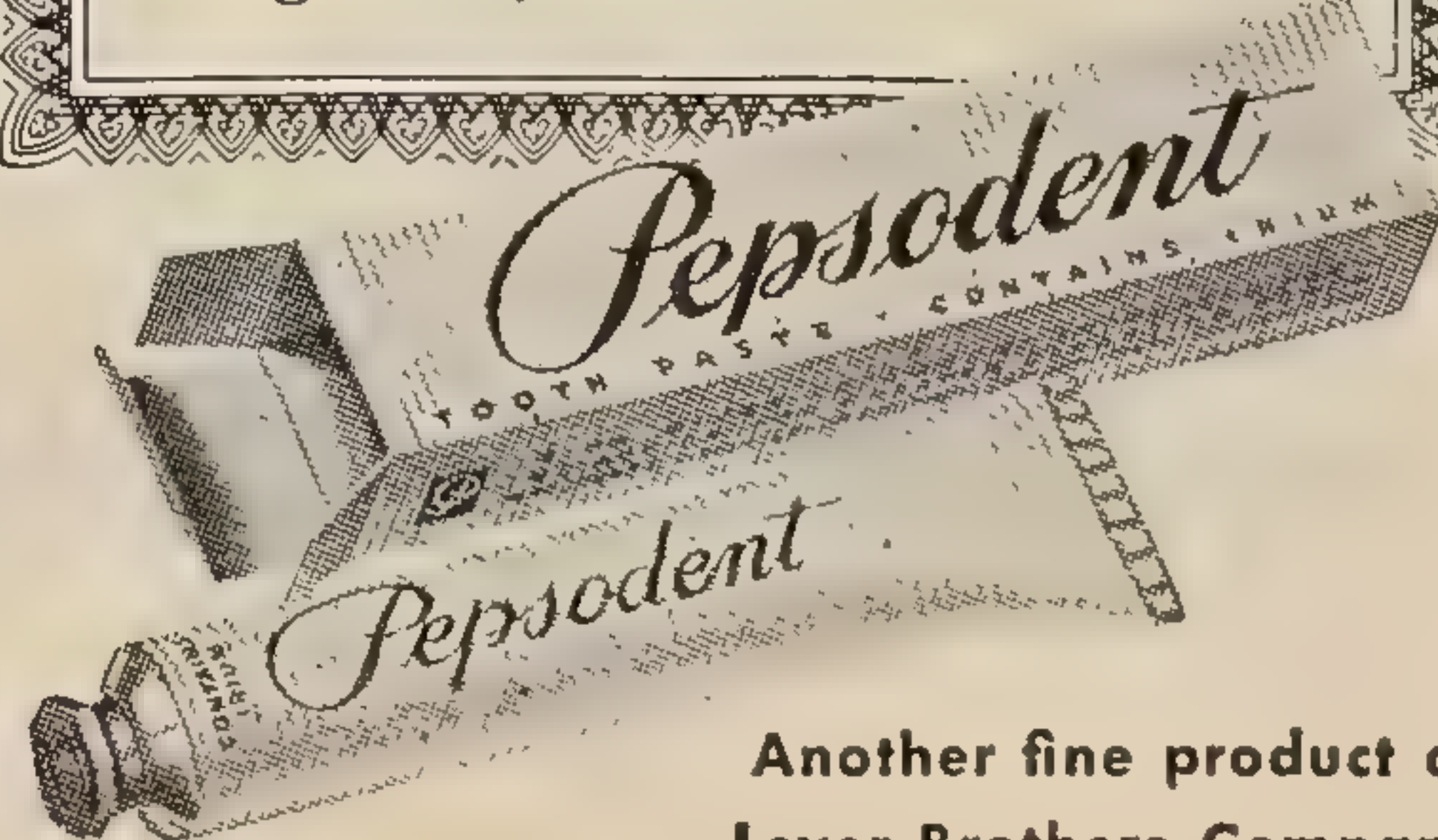
In just one week, new improved Pepsodent will bring a thrilling brightness to your teeth, new freshness to your breath — or we'll return twice what you paid!

New Pepsodent Tooth Paste foams wonderfully — goes to work faster, fighting film and its harmful effects: (1) Pepsodent makes short work of discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It routs film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent's film-removing action helps protect you from acid produced by germs that lurk in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the cause of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent.

Try New Pepsodent on our double-your-money-back guarantee. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula! No other tooth paste contains Irium — or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. For the safety of your smile, use Pepsodent twice a day — see your dentist twice a year.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Use New Pepsodent with Irium for just 7 days. If you're not completely convinced it gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth, mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent, Division Lever Bros. Co. Dept. G, Chicago, Ill. — and you'll receive double your money back, plus postage. Offer expires August 31, 1949.



Another fine product of
Lever Brothers Company



Buzz and Bill dress in their Gay Nineties best for special broadcasts and "in-persons."

Via KDKA, Buzz and Bill sing the old favorites—sometimes by themselves, other times with records.



Some pass in



Special features: salutes to followers of the Golden Rule, recognition of struggling song writers of the United Music group.

THERE are two musical jesters in Pittsburgh who are making radio history at KDKA with their forty-five-minute Monday-through-Friday show of songs, recordings and chatter. On the airways they are known as Buzz and Bill but to most of their listeners they are easily identifiable as Buzz Aston and Bill Hinds because, though still in their early thirties, they are already radio veterans. Now, aided by the pen of scripter Sy Bloom and the stop watch of producer Ev Neill, they have passed another milestone on their road to success.

Gifted with good singing voices and a flair for things dramatic, they are perfectly at home before a mike or on the stage. During their musical jester routine they sing tunes with special lyrics supplied by Bloom; intersperse jokes and chatter and, when recordings are used, sing right along with them and wind up with either a trio or a quartet!

Both of them are stars in their own right on local network shows—Aston as singing M.C. on Memory Time, and Hinds as singing M.C. on Tap Time. Aston is a favorite in the night spots as a singer in addition to his radio work, but Hinds has had to cut down on his personal appearances because of his many studio duties. He is also a staff announcer and Brunchmaster on the Brunch with Bill noon-time variety show.

However, they can't escape making some personal appearances. And it's not unusual to find them doing one-night stands in Pennsylvania, Ohio or West Virginia, decked out in Gay Nineties finery, singing the tunes of earlier days.



Russ Hodges

RUSS HODGES owes his career to a broken ankle. If the blond, jovial Kentuckian hadn't suffered this mishap in his junior year at the University of Kentucky, he would not today be one of the outstanding sportscasters in radio and television. In addition to having been appointed sportscaster for the N. Y. Giants baseball team, Hodges is heard and seen in his popular Russ Hodges Scoreboard program over WABD and the DuMont Television network (Mondays through Fridays, 6:45 P.M. EDT). He's also heard on the MBS program, Russ Hodges' Quiz Show, Saturdays at 5 P.M. EDT.

Hodges got that broken ankle in a football scrimmage at the U. of Kentucky in 1931. Forced out of the college games, Russ was assigned to be the "spotter" for the announcer who reported games over WCKY, Lexington, Ky. While in the booth identifying the plays and players, Russ was interviewed by the announcer. And that did it. He completed that year of college, but never reported for his senior year. He went into radio and has been there ever since.

Russ's first radio job was as a staff announcer for WCKY. He opened the station at 7 A.M. and until 1 P.M. did everything in the studio, including sweeping. He also had complete charge of all sporting activities of the studio.

After two years of this routine, Russ applied for a job as a sportscaster for WHBF, Rock Island, Ill. He applied by mail and was hired by phone. Here he did a daily baseball stint, a daily "man in the street" interview, as well as five hours daily on the announcing staff. In January, 1935, at the age of twenty-three, Hodges moved to WIND, Chicago, for a full sports schedule handling all major events.

"Wheaties" took Hodges out of Chicago in 1940 and set him down in Charlotte, N. C., where, for one year, he was sports director of the CBS affiliate, WBT, doing most of his broadcasts from telegraphic reports, a tough assignment. In 1941, Hodges moved to Washington, where he landed his first network assignment as sportscaster for Mutual. Then in 1946, Russ was summoned to New York to assist Mel Allen in the New York Yankee baseball and pro football coverage. It was his good work on these stints that landed him the N. Y. Giants contract.

Russ is married and has a fifteen-year-old son, Patrick and an eight-year-old daughter, Judy.

"I dress for a dinner dance...
at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "For a busy day, I love my chic ensemble in contrasting woollens with its matching bonnet. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!



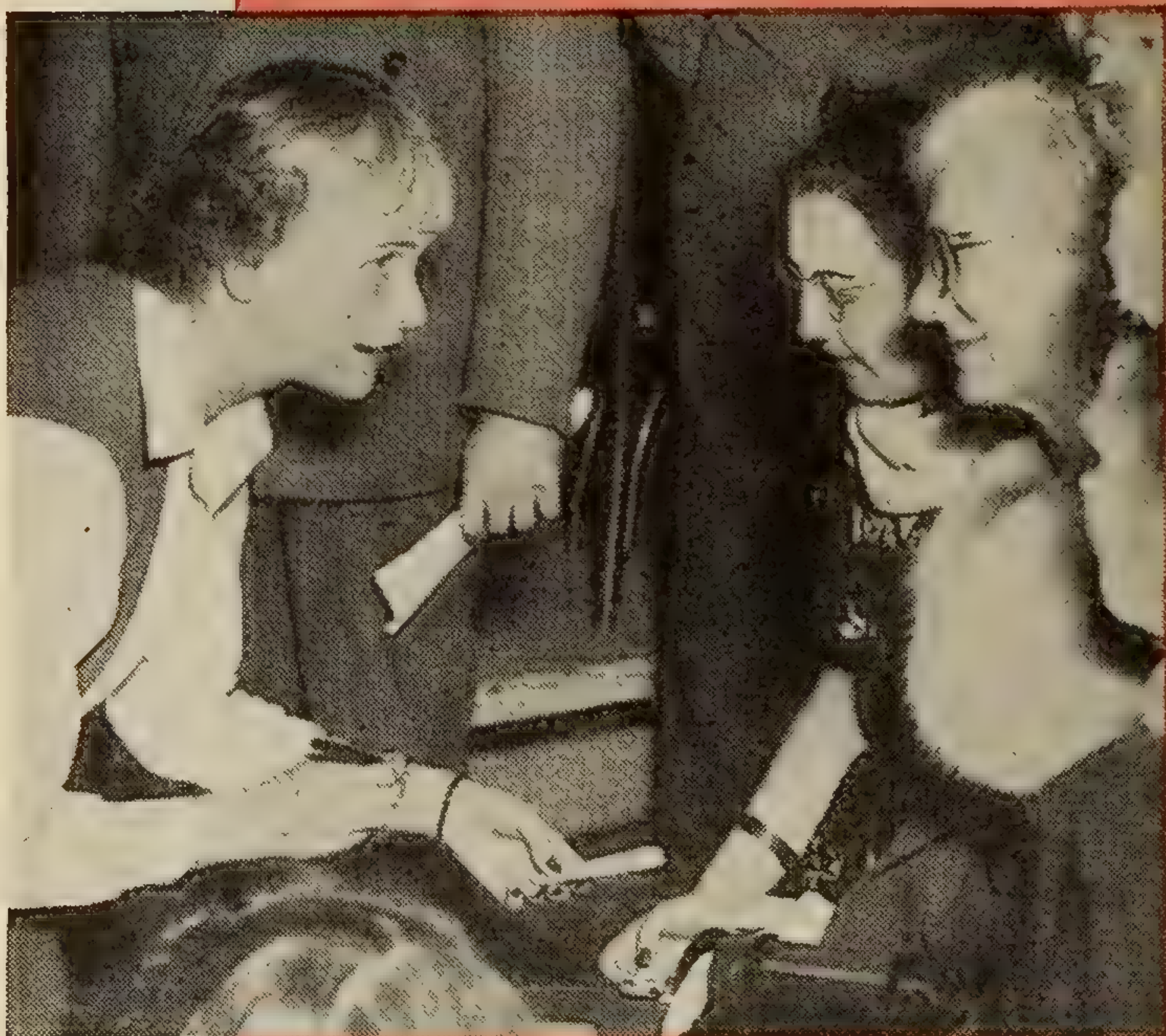
2. "For a brilliant evening, I remove the jacket and hat, and presto! My dress turns into a new off-the-shoulder formal! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the *perfect* deodorant.

New Odorono Cream
safely stops perspiration
and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)

By DALE BANKS



Autograph-seekers staged a record stampede for Anna Roosevelt's signature when she was a guest on Art Linkletter's House Party show.



Marion Jordan—better known as Molly McGee—tried a new field when she starred with Jim—better known as Fibber—on Suspense.

The Bob Crosbys promised Cathy a treat after her appearance on Uncle Bing's program—dinner at the Brown Derby.



WHAT'S NEW

SIXTEEN top radio actors in Hollywood, headed by Cathy and Elliott Lewis, Lurene Tuttle, Bill Thompson and Herbert Rawlinson, have formed Radio Actors' Institute, which will hold classes in radio and television on a regular schedule for beginners. Stars mentioned will lecture as guest instructors.

* * *

There's so much gloomy news these days about sponsors cutting budgets for radio and cutting salaries that it's nice to hear this kind of info. A new comedy show being built as a summer replacement feature has a writing budget alone of \$1,500 a week. And that will be for a sustaining feature. Until video can match prices like these, radio's bound to stay pretty healthy.

* * *

Nancy Craig, ABC women's commentator, received a volunteer service award recently from Dr. H. Claude Hardy, vice-president of the Save the Children Federation, for conducting a "best-dressed doll" contest on her show with entries going to children in little country schools sponsored through the Federation. Mrs. Kay Entricken of New York City won first prize for designing and sewing the gown for the doll Nancy is shown holding in the picture on the opposite page. As a result of the contest, the Federation received more than 1,500 dolls from Nancy's listeners, and the contest promises to become a yearly event.

The Save the Children Federation is a national child service organization, serving children in rural areas of nine states and on the Navajo Indian Reservation. In Europe it helps needy children in Austria, Finland, France, Holland and Greece, according to Dr. Hardy.

ABC's Nancy Craig accepts a volunteer service award from Dr. H. Claude Hardy, vice-president of the Save The Children Federation. Nancy conducted a contest, got fifteen hundred dolls for the Federation's work.



FROM COAST TO COAST

The Federation is at present conducting a nationwide appeal for \$100,000 to help Navajo Indian children following the most terrible winter in the history of their Reservation. Half of all these children die before they are six years old, even in ordinary times. And as Will Rogers, Jr., chairman of the Federation's appeal, says, "When an act of God happens, they get it doubled in spades."

* * *

Kudos to Dee Engelbach, round-faced, cherubic producer-director of Hallmark Playhouse, one of Hollywood's ablest and most versatile radio producers. Dee is a perfectionist, and because he prepared for his career by understudying and learning the duties of the many specialists who combine to make up any broadcast, he can deliver the commercials, operate the control board, plot the thematic music, or coach the guest stars in acting techniques. Proof that he is one of the top men in his field today lies in the comments of such accomplished stars as Gregory Peck, Irene Dunne and Joan Fontaine. They say that Engelbach exhorts them to performances that they didn't think themselves capable of delivering. In fact, Joan Fontaine was so impressed by him that she has requested him as her director for her next picture.

* * *

Influence of radio note . . . Stop the Music is credited with inspiring a prominent specialist at a New York hospital to play a similar game with his Saturday morning pathology class. During the lecture, slides are shown on a screen and students are asked to identify them rapidly. When a student sees one he recognizes, he shouts "Stop the slide!" Quiz scores are tallied at the end of the session with prizes for the best results. (Continued on page 22)



Actor Charles Trantum's new hat causes considerable comment. Complete with earphones, tubes, aerial, the weird headgear's a radio!

Howard "Farmer" Jones helps his wife air WFIL's Mary Jones show.



JUST PLAIN JONES



AS A NAME, Mary Jones is plain—plain as a name can be. But as a personality, the Mary Jones who is heard Mondays through Fridays from 1:30 to 2 P.M. over WFIL, Philadelphia, is anything but ordinary. This versatile commentator is recognized as one of the best cooks in Pennsylvania—and cans her own home-grown fruit and vegetables besides.

However, Mary's interests are not limited to the kitchen. She's the author of several books and has written articles for home-making magazines such as *House Beautiful* and *House and Garden*. She collects early American furniture and has remodeled and redecorated six Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouses, one of which serves as a home where she and her husband, WFIL M.C. Howard Jones, raise White Chester hogs, and the property has become a Montgomery County showplace as "Whiffletree Farm."

Another of Mary's hobbies is the collection of Gaudy Welch china. In addition, she qualifies as an expert landscape architect, specializing in old-fashioned gardens. As though this weren't enough, Mary also has managed to combine motherhood—and, more recently, grandmotherhood—with her career.

Her own grandfather owned a newspaper in the same city and his articles, written during his walking trips, are reprinted periodically in the *Allentown Call*.

Mary herself was educated at Miss Sayward's School and Moravian College. She also attended Miss Green's School for homemakers in Boston.

On the air, she becomes completely wrapped up in her work—so much so, in fact, that husband Howard frequently has to come to the rescue in order to get the program off the air in time for the station break. Her years of experience on CBS and the Yankee Network failed to make a clock-watcher out of her, but they did help her to attain the delivery and timing which contribute to making her broadcasts so easy on the ear.

Mary Jones's "work" includes interviewing such famous personalities as handleader Paul Whiteman.

What makes YOU tick?



John McCaffery, who asks the questions on What Makes You Tick? (CBS, 2:45 P.M. EDT, Mon.-Fri.) has prepared another special set of questions to help RADIO MIRROR readers delve into their subconscious minds. "How Accommodating Are You?" is the question this column will answer, when you've added up your score.

- | | Yes | No |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Do you readily give the time of day to strangers who stop you on the street to ask you for it? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 2. Do you automatically offer to light your friends' cigarettes? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 3. When your wife or sweetheart asks you to go with her to help her select a new coat or hat, do you do it willingly? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 4. Are you in the habit of giving your seat on the bus or subway to women? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 5. Would you try to explain a movie to a child sitting next to you in a theater if he asked you? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 6. Do you lend your car readily? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 7. Do you wash the dishes and otherwise offer to help clean up after eating at a friend's house? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 8. Do you willingly take telephone messages for people who don't mean anything to you? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 9. When you are at a late party do you, as a rule, offer to give a lift to other people there, although you know they may live in an opposite direction from yours? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 10. If a friend of yours was invited to a party and had no girl to take would you accommodate him by lending him your wife or sweetheart for the evening? | ☐ | ☐ |

Give yourself 10 points for every yes answer. 0 through 30 points might suggest more than a little selfishness on your part. Being accommodating is largely a matter of habit and like other habits sometimes has to be cultivated. 40 through 80 is where most of us fall and 80 and above might suggest that you let people take advantage of you. However, it might suggest, too, certain feelings of insecurity on your part. We have all met people who kill with kindness and if you are one of these it might be wise for you to take stock of yourself and try to determine why you feel that you must be overly nice in order to hold your friends.

Flavor Packed!

There is no name more famous for flavor than Beech-Nut...



There is no chewing gum more dependable for fine flavor and uniform high quality than...

Beech-Nut GUM

It's "Always Refreshing"

Beech-Nut BEECHIES, the Candy Coated Chewing Gum in three varieties:
PEPPERMINT, PEPSIN and SPEARMINT

Goldilocks and the Three Spoons

ONCE upon a time Goldilocks was out buying her silverplate and she came to a store that showed her three spoons. One spoon was an ordinary spoon with no form of wear protection at all.

THE next spoon she saw was one of the extra-plated kinds. But the third spoon was something extra special. It had these



It was a Holmes & Edwards Spoon... and like all the most used spoons and forks in this really finer silverplate—it was Inlaid with two blocks of Sterling Silver at the backs of bowls and handles to stay lovelier longer.

When she heard this, Goldilocks ran all the way home... with her beautiful new chest of Holmes & Edwards, of course!

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID®
SILVERPLATE



HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

New Spring Garden

Lovely Lady

Danish Princess

Youth

THE LOVELIEST SILVERPLATE IS STERLING INLAID!

Whether your choice is Youth, Danish Princess, Lovely Lady or the New Spring Garden, there is no lovelier, no finer silverplate at any price. 52 piece service for 8 is \$68.50. All patterns made in the U.S.A.

★ **SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER! 4 FIVE O'CLOCK TEASPOONS FOR ONLY \$1.89.**

These lovely spoons in the new Spring Garden Design are ideal for desserts, ice cream and sherbet. At all jewelry and department stores for a limited time only.

Alan Reed



Pasquale of Life With Luigi,
CBS Sunday nights, 10:00 EDT.

ALAN REED, who plays the role of Pasquale on Life With Luigi (CBS, Sundays, at 10 P.M., EDT), has done spots on virtually every radio program in New York and Hollywood, including a dozen or more daytime serials. His best known roles have been Falstaff Openshaw, poet, on the Fred Allen Show, Clancy the cop on Duffy's Tavern and Mr. Weamish on the Baby Snooks Show. Today his voice is heard in twenty-two dialects on almost all of the major shows.

Alan Reed was born in New York and started his preparations for the theater during grammar school days when, as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," he caught his beard in the stage door. Quick thinking made him play it for comedy. And he's been playing it that way ever since.

After extracting as much humor as he could from prep school, Reed moved his 210 pounds to Columbia University, where he became the intercollegiate broad-jumping champion. He also became a championship wrestler and a writer of college plays, just to prove that a brawny arm could swing a delicate pen.

Reed considered this good training for the theater and, when he finished school, he took a job in an Oklahoma City stock company. That lasted three weeks. Next he was with the Provincetown Players in a cycle of sea plays by Eugene O'Neill, the same plays which later were made into the movie, "Long Voyage Home." After that he tried a whirl behind the scenes as manager and production chief of the New Playwright's Theater, a little theater job which included everything from shifting scenery to shifting lines.

This was good experience, but little theater work didn't pay very well, so Reed took to the vaudeville boards. Trouping, he saved a stake of \$2,800 and tried the candy business and the gymnasium business in quick succession.

About the time that radio began to emerge from the crystal set stage, Reed began haunting the broadcasting studios and found his services in great demand. He has acted in radio exclusively ever since—with the exception of a role as an immigrant in the Broadway play, "Hope for a Harvest," which starred Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, just before the war—and listeners are glad of it.

Ruth Perrott



Katie of My Favorite Husband,
CBS, Fri., 8:30 P.M. EDT.

RUTH PERROTT, of the Lucille Ball show, *My Favorite Husband* (CBS, Friday at 8:30 P.M., EDT), keeps pleading with producers to cast her in dramatic parts, but all she gets is another prize comedy part like Katie.

Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and raised in Grand Forks, N. D., Ruth has a long theatrical background. During their school years, she and her brother, Richard, did a lot of home entertaining. While at the University of North Dakota, Ruth wrote a one-act play titled "Sacrifice," which won the Arneberg prize.

In 1920, Ruth went to New York, ostensibly to visit her brother at West Point, but actually with her mind made up to try acting. By sheer tenacity, she got a part in a hit which starred Mitzi Hajos. After the run of that show, she joined the original "Blossom Time." In June of 1923, she left the show to marry George St. John Perrott, grandson of Sir Edmond Thomas Perrott of Stratford, England.

Perrott was head of the Bureau of Mines in Pittsburgh, so the Perrotts lived in the smoky city for eight years. During that period, Ruth attended the Carnegie Institute of Technology and won a B.A. degree in drama, meanwhile making her debut in stock, playing one season with the George Sharp Players.

In 1933, Perrott became an economist for the Roosevelt Administration and the Perrotts moved to Washington where Ruth joined that city's Civic Theatre and appeared in dramatic roles. She also continued writing, again winning a prize for a one-act drama.

The summer of 1937 found her playing stock in Westport, Conn. and Mount Kisco, N. Y. That same year she auditioned for *Cavalcade of America* in New York and became a regular member of the cast. Following separation from her husband in 1943, Ruth left for Hollywood.

There, Ruth, now wise to radio, made a recording on which she portrayed twenty different characters and voices. She played it for various directors and soon had regular calls for many shows, including such standbys as *Stars Over Hollywood* and *One Man's Family*.

The titian-haired, blue eyed actress has one thing in common with the maid she portrays on *My Favorite Husband*—she makes the best lemon meringue pie in Hollywood. She lives in a hill-side house where she raises her own vegetables and fruit trees and during her spare moments, she's studying radio writing at Hollywood High School.

...dream girl, dream girl... beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens... from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

NOT A SOAP! NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S RICH LATHERING
CREAM SHAMPOO WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering
Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar \$1; 10-oz. economy size \$2.
Smaller jars and tubes 49¢ and 25¢.

No other shampoo gives you the same
magical secret-blend lather plus kindly
LANOLIN... for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

**Your loveliness
is Doubly Safe**

Because
**Veto gives you
Double
Protection!**



So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

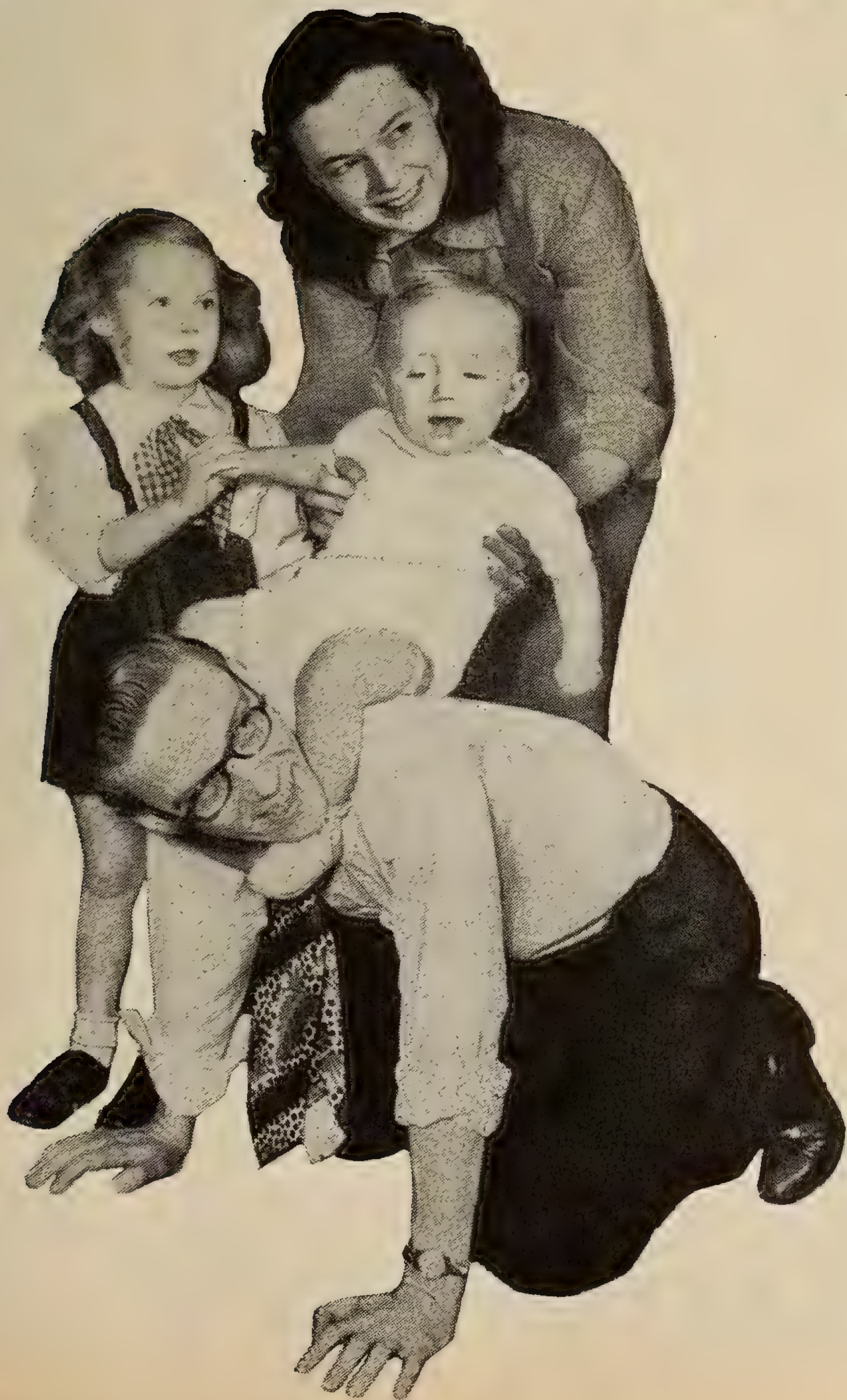
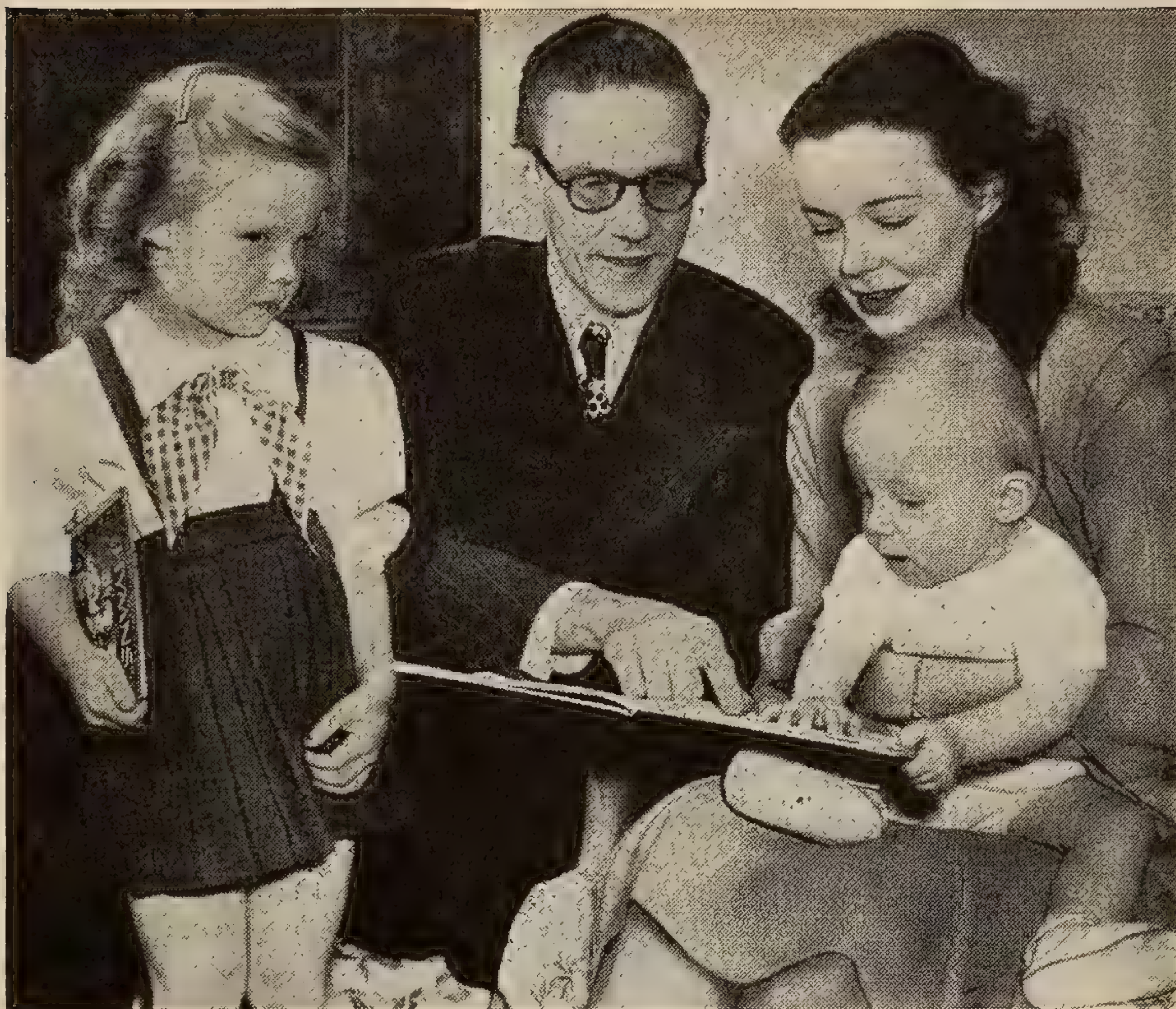
*Always creamy and smooth
... lovely to use!*

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

Rowing Norseman

The Ericksons—Carl, l., Ivena, r.—have three children: Bonnie, 5, Dennis, who will be 1 on June 6, and Carolyn Sue (not pictured), 9.



ONE of the best known radio personalities in Mid-western United States is now one of the best known voices in Western New York. Carl Erickson has worked on nearly a dozen stations in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan since he first led his high school band over WIND, Gary, Ind. Now, as the 6 A.M. Esso Reporter, he broadcasts for WBEN, Buffalo.

The studious-appearing Carl was a part-time announcer at WIND during his high school days and can't remember when he wanted to do anything but radio work. In fact, he "married" into radio. He wooed the lovely Ivena Wright—a radio actress and secretary to the farm director of WLW when Carl was newscasting there—in the studios of WLW, Cincinnati, and married her two weeks after their first meeting.

Midwest listeners may know the versatile Carl as Carl Andrews or as Nobel Nash. His first middle name is Andrews and he took the name of Carl Andrews while a disc jockey at WLW. He was known as Nobel Nash in Springfield, Illinois, in 1938.

Erickson was born in La Porte, Ind., and began part-time announcing and dramatics at WSBT in South Bend, Ind. The urge to rove landed him at WHBF, Rock Island, Ill., and a matter of months later, he was on the staff of WROK, Rockford, Ill.

He went back to WIND as news editor, then in rapid succession he transferred to WCVS, Springfield, then WAOV, WOW and his last stop before Detroit was Cincinnati's mighty WLW. He joined WWJ in the fall of 1942 and then transferred to WBEN.

Now that he must arise shortly after 4 A.M., he likes to recall one of his favorite bits of humor by an anonymous poet:

No fame I crave, before my eye
A simpler goal I keep:
I hope just once before I die
To get sufficient sleep.

When Dennis was born, poetess Ann Campbell dedicated a poem to him, published it in newspapers throughout the country.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 15)

Janette Davis may call Arthur Godfrey "boss" on his program, but in her home town, Pine Bluff, Ark., she outranks Godfrey. Mayor George Hammond Steed has named Janette Honorary Mayor of Pine Bluff and, as her first official duty, assigned the songstress to appoint Godfrey Honorary First Citizen of the town.

Just to show you how easy it is to start something, Junior Miss writers Henry Garson and Robert Soderberg report that when they had one of their fluffy adolescent characters state as a gag in the script that she had painted her fingernails down to the first knuckle, the gag boomeranged. A national magazine wanted to photograph the new fad, three girls' clubs announced that they had adopted the style, and several dozen indignant parents deluged the writers with protests against putting ideas like that in the young 'uns' heads.

There's one young man in California who can hardly wait for this June and commencement at UCLA to be over. He's twenty-four-year-old Paul Levitt, who's studying train schedules already in preparation for a hurry-up trip to New York as soon as he's finished his studies at the University. When Fletcher Markle was in Hollywood last Spring, he spotted Levitt in a campus play and hired him on the spot to play a bit role in one of the Ford Theater scripts. Levitt was so good that he was immediately signed to play another part in a subsequent show and, after that, was invited by Markle to come to New York as soon as he could because there would always be work for him there. Give him a helping wish, will you?

Raids or no raids, it looks as though Phil Harris and his NBC show will stay where they are. Phil has signed with sponsor and network to remain at least through 1950.

Jimmy Durante has an "Ulcer Room" in his new house in Beverly Hills. It's so named because it's the room where the writers of Jimmy's show gather to work and sweat with Jimmy and Phil Cohan four days a week to turn out the script. It's nice that they can all joke about ulcers like that. Ourselves, we can't think of anything better guaranteed to bring them on than having to dream up a first rate comedy show, once a week, week after week!

Boy Scout motto to the contrary, Dorothy Lovett, who plays Jan Carter on The Guiding Light, earned her first radio job because she was unprepared. Called for an audition and lacking suitable material, Dorothy read an article from a woman's magazine—and landed a job conducting a radio cooking school.

Alan Hewitt, who plays Ken Martinson in This Is Nora Drake, is doubling on the Broadway stage these days, earning big applause for his performance in "Death of a Salesman."

Recently, Johnny Long writes us, he was in a telephone booth, sending a congratulatory telegram to a friend who was opening on Broadway. After dictating the text of the wire, Johnny added, "And sign it Mayor William O'Dwyer." The operator gasped and

said it wasn't permissible to use the name. "It's only a gag," Johnny said, "they'll know who really sent it." But the operator was adamant, so Johnny gave in and said, "Okay then, sign it Johnny Long." The voice with the smile was firm. "I'm sorry, sir, that's just as bad. You can't use that name either. Why don't you sign your own name?" In the end Johnny had to give up and send the telegram from his home.

Congratulations to Arthur Heinemann on his selling two short stories to national magazines recently. Deserves special notice, because Arthur, a swell fellow to know, has for years been a reader of other people's stories, first for a publishing firm, later for several movie companies and, at present his job is to sift through CBS scripts with an eye out for material that can be transformed into television and motion picture material. It's nice to think that now someone else will be reading his stories and reporting on them to the movie companies.

If you're a quiz fiend, keep an eye on the bookstands. They'll soon be carrying a *Winner Take All Quiz Book*, to be authored by Bill Todman and Mark Goodson, producers of the CBS show. . . . Another radio producer turning author is Addison Smith, who produces and directs the What Makes You Tick? program. He's writing a book on the radio game and what it has taught him about psychology.

Ticket demand for the five-hundred mile Indianapolis Speedway Race to be held on Memorial Day, already exceeds last year's record advance sale. The thrilling event will again be brought to radio listeners in four sponsored broadcasts, taking in the full race, on MBS. Bill Slater heads the ace announcers corralled for the broadcasts.

Scattered news of summer plans is filtering in; some of it set, some of it still in the rumor, dicker class, but here's what we've got. . . . Alan Young reported to be on the verge of signing to do a personal appearance tour in his native Canada when his air shows take their summer vacation. . . . Jim Hawthorne, whose zany disc jockey show on ABC came to an untimely end, is being considered by CBS in a new and more sane format for a summer replacement feature. . . . Meredith Willson will probably conduct the San Francisco symphony during its summer season of concerts on NBC's Standard Hour series, as he did for thirteen weeks last year. . . . Bob Hope may take a trip to visit Army and Navy installations in Japan following the close of his air season this summer. . . . Guy Lombardo's shows will be transcribed in advance, so the maestro can give his full time to speedboat racing in mid-summer and the boys in the band can enjoy their annual five weeks' paid vacation. . . . Al Jolson will spend his summer vacation entertaining U. S. troops abroad.

Gossip and Stuff. . . Jean Hersholt returns to the screen in a George Jessel production for 20th Century-Fox—tentative title "Bandwagon". . . CBS reports that Bing Crosby will have a new sponsor next season. . . . NBC is negotiating with MGM for an hour-long dramatic series featuring Metro stars.



Beauty

depends
on

Hold-BOBs

...because HOLD-BOBS really hold. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

More women use
HOLD-BOBS
than all other
bobby pins combined



*T. M. REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF.

HOLD-BOB* is a GAYLA* hair beauty aid

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Information Booth

Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers.

UNMASKED

Dear Editor:

Who is David Harding in Counter Spy—what is his real name? I think his voice is simply wonderful. I could listen to him all day long.

Miss B. T.

Gretna, La.

The man you're looking for is a tall (six feet) handsome actor with light brown hair and blue eyes, and his name is Don McLaughlin. Don developed that wonderful voice at the University of Arizona where he received his M.A. in Speech.

STILL FLOWING

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me if Moon River has gone off the air or just changed time and station? It used to be on the air every night at 11:30 P.M. but I haven't heard it for quite awhile. I really miss it.



JAY JOSTYN

Miss L. M.
Middletown, Indiana.

Moon River, now in its nineteenth year, cannot be heard on all stations. This program originates on WLW, Cincinnati and is heard mostly in the midwest. Check your local paper's radio log to see whether it is listed. Incidentally, Jay Jostyn—Mr. District Attorney to you—began his radio career on this program. He was the program's first reader of poetry.

QUICK CHANGE



PHIL HARRIS

Since Jack Benny went to CBS it has been a mystery to me as to how Phil Harris and his orchestra can get from the Jack Benny program on CBS at 7:00 P.M. EDT to his own program with Alice Faye on NBC at 7:30 P.M. EDT in a matter of a few seconds when both programs are on different networks.

Miss L. T.

Wellsburg, Iowa

It's easy—the NBC studios are right across the street from CBS, on Sunset and Vine.

THEME SONG

Dear Editor:

I would like to know the name of the theme song of the daytime serial Big Sister.

Mrs. J. B.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

It's "All The Things You Are," by Jerome Kern.

JULIE STEVENS



JULIE STEVENS

Yes, she does, and her name is Julie Stevens.

Dear Editor:

Does the actress who plays the title role in Helen Trent also play the role of Maggie Lowell in the program Road of Life?

Mrs. P. C.
Richmond, Calif.

BUSY ACTOR

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me if Richard Widmark the motion picture actor is the same one who played the role of David Farrell in the NBC daytime serial Front Page Farrell a few years ago?

Miss S. W.
Bronx, N. Y.



RICHARD WIDMARK

Yes, he did. Not only that but Richard Widmark, who was one of radio's busiest actors prior to going into pictures, also had featured roles in Pepper Young's Family, The O'Neills, Stella Dallas, David Harum, Just Plain Bill and Big Sister.

HE'S BOTH



JOHN BROWN

but their voices are entirely different.
New York 23, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I would like to know if the John Brown who portrays Al on the My Friend Irma show is the same John Brown who plays Digger O'Dell on the Life of Riley show. Their names are the same

Mrs. F. V.

They may not sound like the same person—but they are.

AMOS 'N' ANDY WRITERS

Dear Editor:

Do Amos 'n' Andy write their own show?

Mrs. T. T.

Des Moines, Iowa

No. The program is written by a staff of writers headed by Bob Ross.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

He Needs a Man-to-Man Talk!



OKAY, JUNIOR, LET'S HAVE IT. IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S MADE ME A LOST CAUSE WITH JULIE, DON'T KEEP IT A SECRET!

WELL, MAN TO MAN, IT'S THE OLD BAD BREATH ANGLE, JOE. SO, HOW'S FOR SEEING YOUR DENTIST?

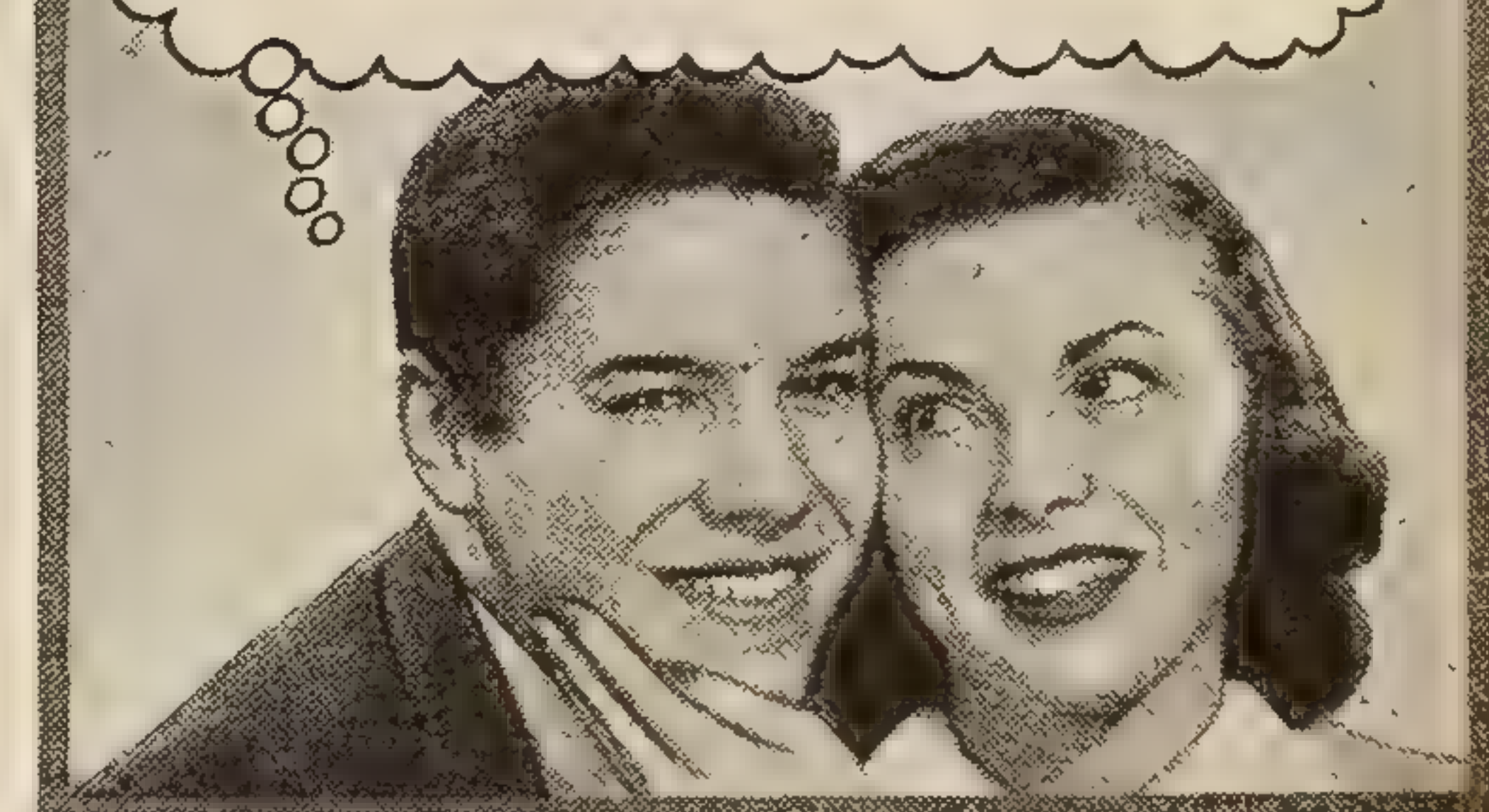


TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

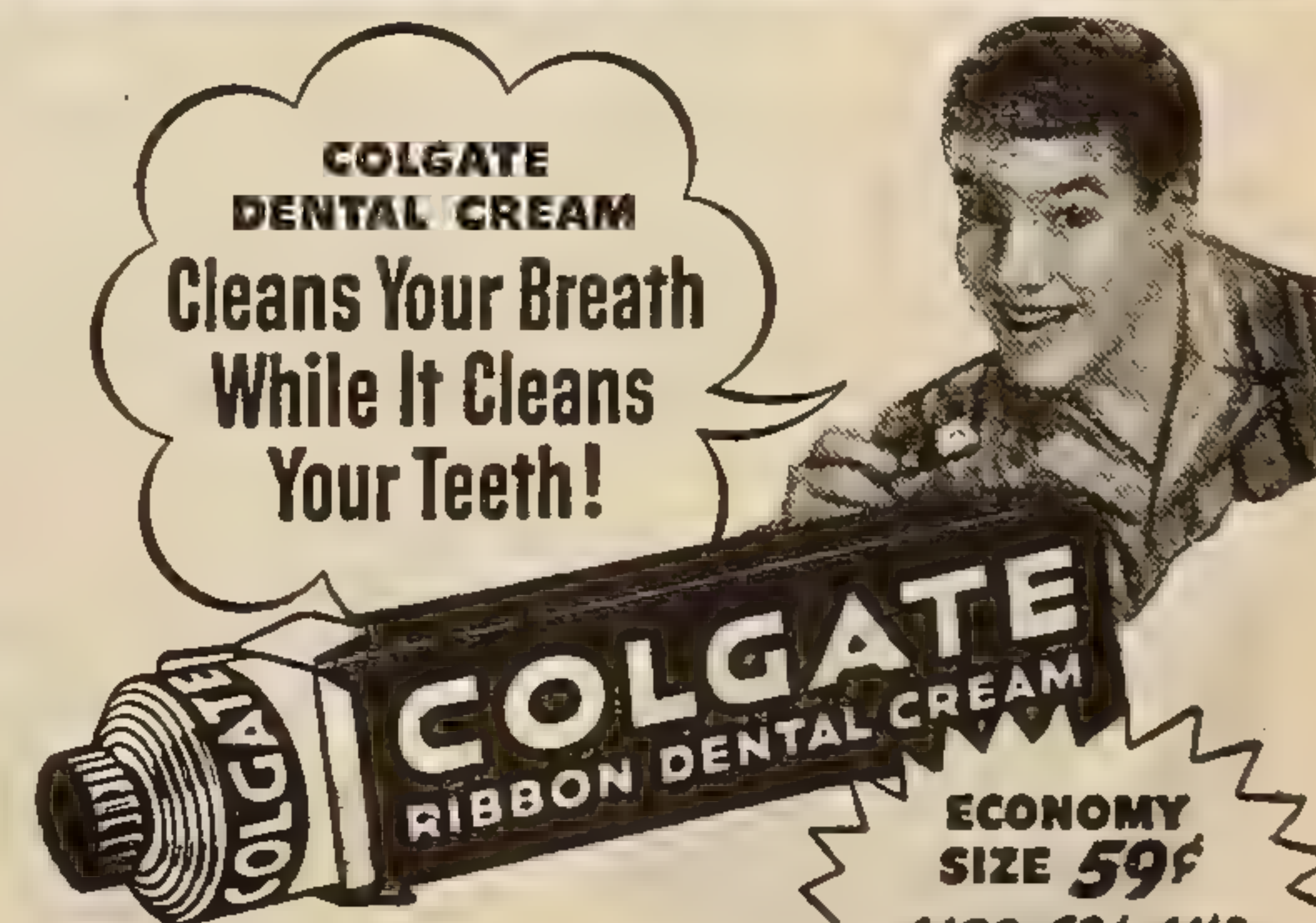
"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

SINCE I GOT THE COLGATE PITCH JULIE'S TEMPER'S DONE A SWITCH!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!



ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

Always use

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

after you eat and before every date

Are you in the know?



How to choose the right perfume?

- ☐ By trial and error
- ☐ By its glamorous name
- ☐ Buy Mom's brand

Sultry scents aren't suitable for teens at any time—much less in summer. Keep cool and sweet with a delicate cologne; or some fresh, light-hearted perfume suited to *your* type. How to tell? By trial and error. Try a few different fragrances in small sizes, to find the kind for you. You know, when smart gals choose sanitary protection, they try the 3 *absorbencies* of Kotex—Regular, Junior, Super. Do likewise! Discover which one's right for *your* needs.



After a late date, should a damsel—

- ☐ Invite him into the house
- ☐ Say goodnight at the door
- ☐ Thank him

When the night's no longer young, there's no call for your date to linger. Dismiss him graciously at the door. (Your family will appreciate it!) And please—no "thank-you's," either. "It's been a lovely evening" will do. You can always be sure of a pleasant evening, when you're poised—free of "problem time" worries. That's why you'll want to be sure to choose Kotex. Because of that special *safety center*, you can count on *extra* protection with Kotex.



To style-wise gals, does "Empire" suggest—

- ☐ World's tallest building
- ☐ Great Britain
- ☐ Good camouflage

Plan to go places? Or a stay-at-home vacation? Either way, you can find new glamour—by giving careful thought to your wardrobe. If you've figure faults, select styles that conceal them. For instance—the high-waisted "Empire" line does wonders for a flat-chested femme. And don't forget, on certain days, there's no *telltale* line with Kotex. For that, thank the *flat pressed ends* of Kotex. They *prevent* revealing outlines . . . do wonders for your confidence!



What about a gift for your weekend hostess?

- ☐ Bring it with you
- ☐ Send it later
- ☐ Either is correct

When guesting, remember your friend's mother with some wee giftie. You can bring it, or send it later. Either's correct. But you needn't flourish the present the moment your foot is in the hall! What's

more, you needn't postpone your visit—just because "that" day is nigh. For new Kotex keeps you *comfortable*. Gives you *softness that holds its shape* . . . (this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it!)



More women choose KOTEX^{*}
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

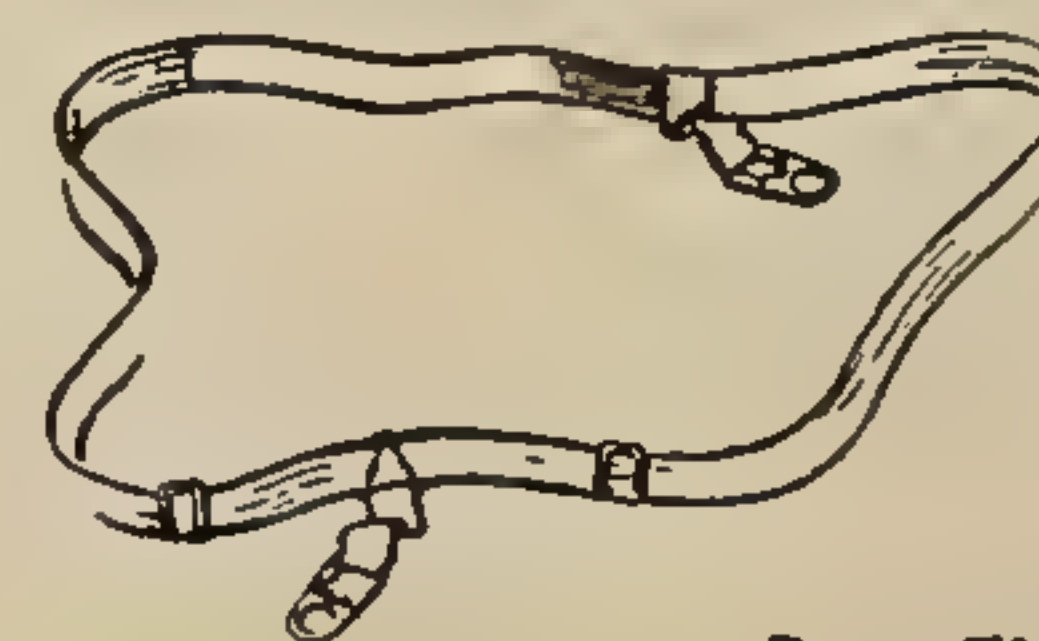


How to prepare for "those" days?

- ☐ Be a blugnu
- ☐ Break your dates
- ☐ Buy 2 sanitary belts

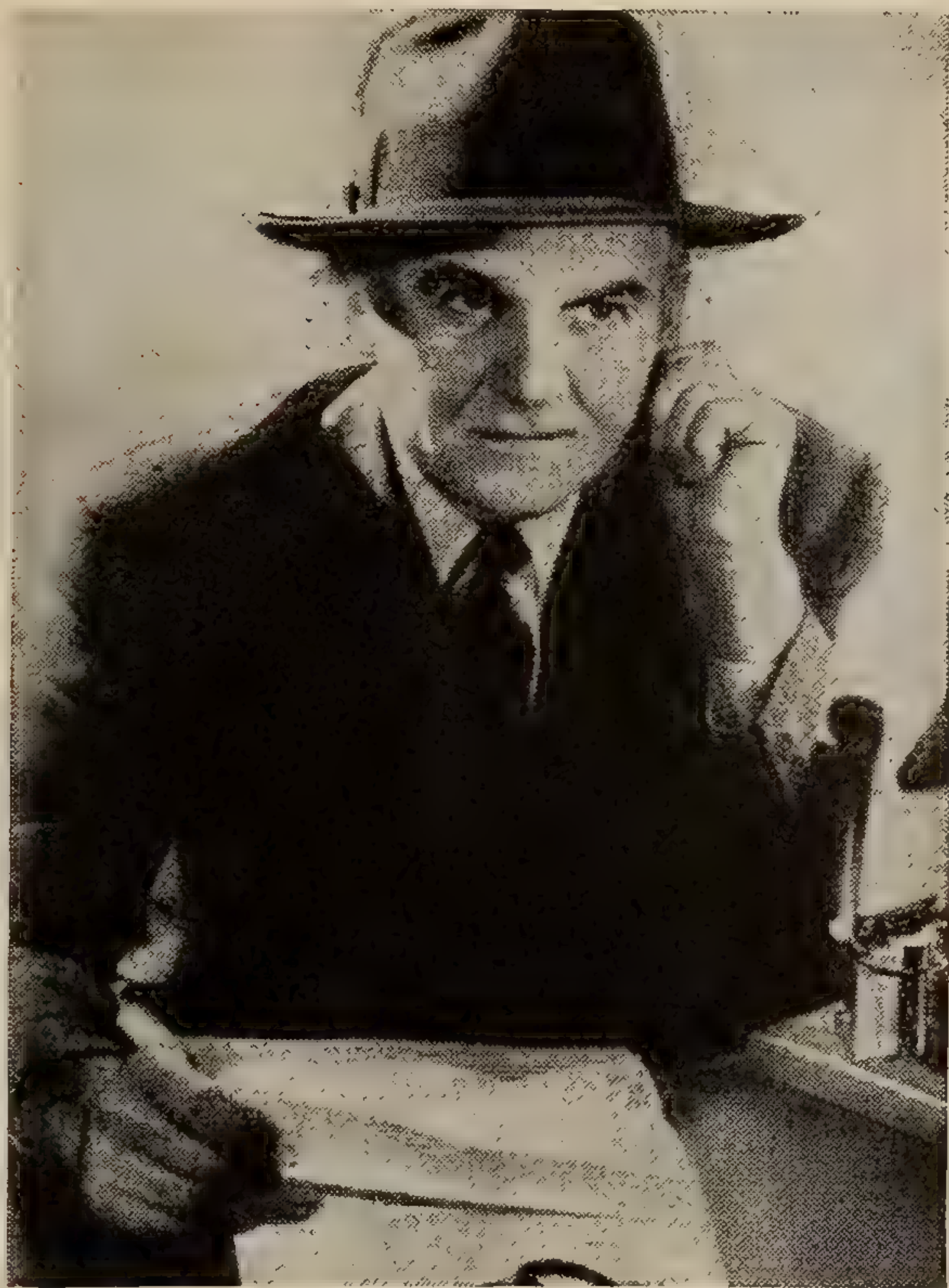
Certain times are no time for moping at home. Brighten up! And freshen up—with careful grooming, immaculate clothes. And why not be prepared in advance with two Kotex Sanitary Belts—so you can change to a *fresh belt* when you change to dating togs?

You see, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Your adjustable, all-elastic Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. That's why—for extra comfort, you'll want the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Buy *two*—for a change!



Kotex
Sanitary
Belt

Buy TWO—by name!



WINCHELL CONTEST WINNERS

"What Do You Think of Walter Winchell?" we asked our readers in the March issue, and offered an automobile and cash prizes for the most interesting answers. Here's a list of winners—is your name on it?

Winner of the first prize, a Kaiser automobile, is Mrs. Tracy L. Stalker of Flint, Michigan. Here is her winning statement: *"I hate purgatives—though indispensable, they are disturbing; I hate thunderstorms, but they clear the air; I hate bravado but admire valor; I hate alarm clocks, but without one I wouldn't wake up in time! Is that why I never miss a Winchell newscast?"* Forty additional statements were chosen and the names of these five-dollar winners are: Mrs. B. F. Exner, 906 St. Ferdinand St., Baton Rouge, La.; H. Day, 568 Flower St., Chula Vista, California; Lt. Comdr. Rudolph Snyder, Admiral Farragut Naval Academy, Toms River, New Jersey; Alfred W. Hutchins, 3011 16th Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida; Christy Rhebergh, Blue Willows, Shushan, N. Y.; Clyde Harris, 1151 North Avenue, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia; Mrs. T. N. Kyle, Route 1, Tennessee Colony, Texas; John L. Dunck, Route 1, Box 165, Colon, Mich.; Mrs. Russell Nichols, Box 25, Brewster, Ohio; William V. Carter, Box 6093, Jacksonville, Florida; Hilding E. Peterson, Birchdale, Minn.; Stephen Stawiarski, 4140 West 61st Street, Chicago, Illinois; Frank G. Davis, 1015 Garfield Avenue, Springfield, Ohio; Mrs. George Seamer, 11577 Morrison St., North Hollywood, Calif.; Rita Szacik, 1930 South Washtenaw, Chicago, Illinois; Ada M. Wedekind, 1810 Germantown Rd., Middletown, Ohio; Lloyd Ira Miller, 1031

North 21st Street, Allentown, Pa.; Elizabeth Buckley, 36 Maple Avenue, Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.; Nona Barbaric, Box 423, Shinnston, West Virginia; Mrs. John Farwell, Route 1, Seiling, Oklahoma; George F. Holt, RFD 2, Havana, Arkansas; Joseph Hoff Eldridge, Red Valley, Cream Ridge, New Jersey; Dyna Glaser, 1902 E. First Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. I. Duncan, 401 South Jackson, Altus, Oklahoma; Mrs. Mildred Laucik, 9367 E. Orange Avenue, Pico, Calif.; Mr. Albert Slack, 34 Arnold Street, Methuen, Mass.; Mrs. Gladys Tuck, 44 West Elm Street, Homer City, Pa.; George W. Wood, Taylor Avenue, White Horse Beach, Plymouth, Mass.; Charles M. Kock, 408½ Brookline, Luling, Texas; Mrs. Floyd Russell, 416 Wilson Avenue, Cynthiana, Kentucky; Mrs. Eula M. Hines, 1904 Titus Street, San Diego, Calif.; Pierre Dolan, Jr., Box 113, Fordham University, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Ruth Honeycutt, 196 Telecope Avenue, Trona, Calif.; Mrs. Helen C. Spain, Route 1, Killbuck, Ohio; Mrs. Blackhawk E. Allen, 1140 Oregon Street, Waterloo, Iowa; Isa V. Helmick, 722 South Walnut St., Crawfordsville, Indiana; George William Rezey, 838 Jay Street, Utica, New York; Miss Gertrude Malone, 640 West State Street, Trenton, New Jersey; Paul Charach, 445 Burrows Ave., Winnipeg, Canada; Mrs. Miles Krogfus, Box 462 Ocean Beach Station, San Diego, Calif.

ARE YOU QUIZ-WISE?

By M. A. McCANN

IT HAPPENED to John Reed King, m.c. on Give and Take, when a woman identified the secret sound.

"Madam, you have won an electric stove, a refrigerator—" and John's voice went on breathlessly for at least a minute, checking off a thousand dollars worth of prizes.

But the woman, looking suspicious, said, "I don't want the prizes."

For the first time since Marconi invented the wireless, an announcer was speechless.

"Well, you're fooling me," the woman said. "You don't really give away all those things."

She was one of the few people who think it's too good to be true. Little wonder. The cash and prizes earned daily by housewives and stenographers and people in the street have made radio quiz shows an exciting, almost fabulous kind of entertainment. But the prizes are real right down to the last ice cube in the last refrigerator. And breathes there a woman with soul so dead, rich or poor, shy or cocky, who hasn't wished she could cut herself a slice of rich radio pie? Why not? Everyone has a chance to get on a quiz show and maybe win.

If you are reading this, the odds are high that you are the kind of person the producers and m.c. want on a network quiz program. And there are more than forty-five different shows, some broadcasting five or six times a week, so your chances of making the grade are far better than you might think.

Since most programs choose participants from the studio audience, the first step is to get into a broadcast. Nearly all originate in New York, Hollywood or Chicago. If you live or will visit in the vicinity of one of these cities, the network will mail your tickets.

Here are their rules.

American Broadcasting Company—Request tickets at least three weeks in advance (a month to two months

for Break the Bank or other in-demand programs).

Columbia Broadcasting System—Request tickets at least three weeks in advance. In most cases you may have four tickets for each performance. You can usually have tickets for two performances of the same program.

Mutual Broadcasting System—Request tickets four weeks in advance (six weeks on Queen for a Day). All shows usually limited to two tickets but occasionally you may get more and see two shows.

National Broadcasting Company—Request tickets two to six weeks in advance. You may have two tickets for each show and perhaps tickets for more than one performance.

Address your letter simply to the name of the program, the network and the originating city. In your letter state the exact dates when you'll be able to attend and number of tickets you wish.

Studio tickets will advise you to be in the theater at least twenty minutes before a broadcast. For quiz shows, it is important to get into the studio earlier because of the warm-up period. The warm-up period is a name designated to pre-broadcast time when the m.c. and producers choose contestants from the audience. An advantage in arriving thirty to forty-five minutes before air time is that you can get a front row or aisle seat. In many shows, assistants rove the aisles with microphones. Being within arm's reach of one of these men helps. Being near the stage, where the m.c. can see you, is another advantage.

This is what the assistants look for:

Sex: Almost unanimously, women are preferred. From years of experience, announcers find women have more varied interests than men, so are better able to answer questions. And women are more relaxed, too.

Appearance: Very important but don't worry about Fifth Avenue clothes or renting (Continued on page 99)



"I'M GROWING UP AGAIN"

If you were ever a teen-ager

. . . forget it, says Gracie. It won't help a bit when you start trying to

keep pace with your own youngsters

By GRACIE ALLEN

I AM IN the midst of my second teenhood. The first time I made this trip, I remember that everything was crystal clear. I knew exactly where I was going, and why. I knew exactly what I was going to do, how I was going to do it, and I had at tongue-tip at least six good arguments with which to defeat anyone who didn't agree with me.

But now that I'm in my repeat teens, like all parents of adolescent sons and daughters, the crystal ball is muddled. In dealing with our fifteen-year-old daughter, Sandra, and our fourteen-year-old son, Ronald, my major emotion is admiring but bewildered anticipation; my major exertion is keeping in step with them from second to second. Maybe I should take longer steps.

Take the simple matter of wearing lipstick. I was not allowed to use it until after I was sixteen. Sandra, at thirteen, began to suggest that the time had come for her face to take on new color. "All the girls at school wear it," she said.

I do know the monumental importance of each girl's being just like the rest, each boy duplicating his fellows. (In the animal kingdom this sort of thing is known as protective coloration, I believe.) So I made a deal with Sandra. I said she might use lipstick if she would allow me to select the color, and if she would not extend the natural outlines of her mouth. She agreed, and for a year she kept the bargain. At the end of that time I noticed that she owned more lipsticks than I did—not one of which could be accused of anemia. By that time we had grown so accustomed to seeing her in this bit of make-up (the only thing she uses, incidentally) that all I said was, "I wonder if this shade called 'Dynamite' would do anything for me!"

My first teenhood was marked by an interestingly different attitude toward clothing from the one I have developed, or been coerced into, lately. In my girlhood crowd, one had no choice between living up to our idea of "chic" or being socially dead. Our cloche hats, our sleeveless dresses with their short, ruffled skirts, our stockings with clocks, our jungles of artificial flowers in which we buried our left shoulders, were—if nothing else—feminine. Prettiness was important to us.

Perhaps it still is to teensters . . . in the privacy of their own rooms on Sunday afternoon. At all other times, to be caught garbed in anything except sneakers, wool socks, levis, and one of her father's shirts worn scallop ends out, would be Sandra's idea of square conduct, and I do mean with two heads.

Oddly enough, Sandra's idea of the "chic" in clothing entered into her acceptance of a new school. It went like this: when Sandra graduated from Marymount Grammar School, where only girls are enrolled, we decided to send her to Chadwick, a private co-educational high school. George and I both went to public schools, so we are in favor of bringing up our children in full knowledge that the citizenry is divided into two sexes.

When George and I suggested to Sandra that it was time for her to change schools, we were met by stony silence and an expression of suffering. "I'll hate it," she observed.

I made a deal with her. We would drive out to Chadwick (it is beautifully situated in the rolling Palos Verdes hills) and inspect it. If she didn't like it, she needn't enroll.

As we circled the gracious (Continued on page 83)

Family—real, honest-to-goodness family
—portrait: parents George and Gracie and
their children. Sandra's 15, Ronnie 14.





Edyth Stoner, ex-school teacher, told of Ralph as a boy.

THIS

WE have had praise since *This Is Your Life* went on the air six months ago for opening opportunity's door to a series of deserving folk, for "giving the little people a chance."

Now, we like praise as well as the next fellow, the half dozen of us who put *This Is Your Life* together week after week, but I think we'll have to sidestep this particular compliment. You see, those who come under our radio spotlight have made their *own* chances. That's what makes their stories worth telling! Nor are they "little people." Anonymous, perhaps, but *big*—the kind of people who are the very core of our country's greatness.

Take Ralph Neppel, for example. If you heard the bare facts of his story without knowing the one most important point of all, you'd still say he had done very well for himself, that he is a success. Listen:

He's a champion Iowa farmer, who toted off all the prizes at the Iowa State Fair a year ago for his record yield of one hundred bushels of corn per acre—more than double the national average. He's the head of a family and mighty (*Continued on page 80*)

The "little people," says

Ralph Edwards, are really the

great ones—they ask no

favours, make their own chances.

Take Ralph Neppel's case . . .

This Is Your Life, with Ralph Edwards: heard every Tuesday night at 8 EDT on NBC stations

Ralph's courtship of Jean included sodas, ice skating, dances.



IS YOUR LIFE

Between the two Ralphs: Mother, Mrs. Rose Neppel. In back: Gene Rine, who saved Neppel's life, buddy Jim Schuele, brother "Arby."

By
RALPH
EDWARDS



In a pre-airtime huddle: l. to r., writer Hal Collins, associate producer Irving Gray, Berle himself, writer Bob Gordon.



Entertainer Frances Faye sat with Berle during rehearsal, marveled at his blow-by-blow way of putting show together.



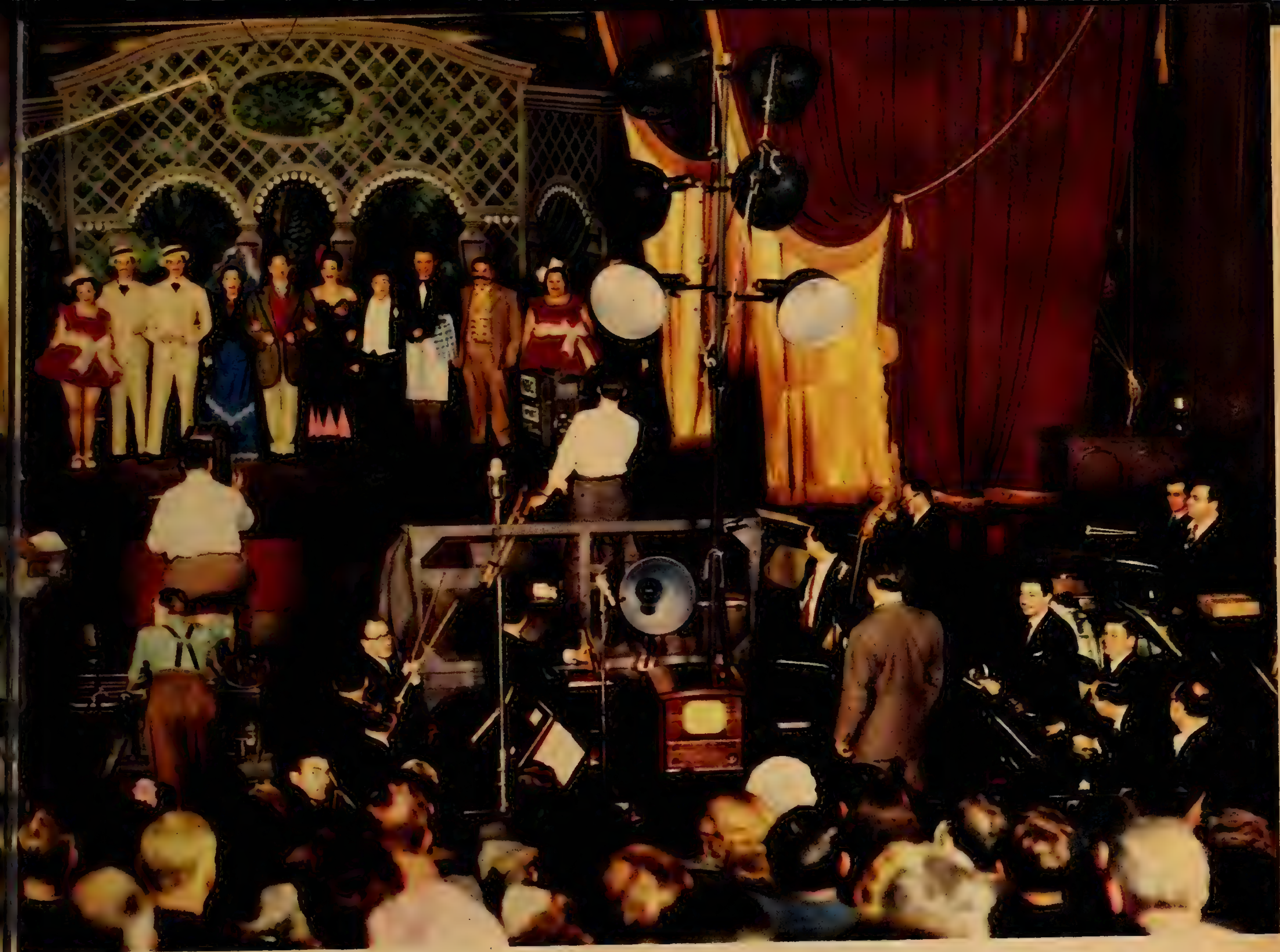
Requirement radio never exacted—makeup. But Berle, with a long record of personal appearances behind him, doesn't mind.



YOUR TICKET TO THE

*On stage from first to last—
by audience demand—
Berle is the show!*

IMAGINE, if you can, the best three-ring circus you've ever seen, plus the finest vaudeville performance. For good measure, add commercials that are a treat. That wonderful hodge-podge is, according to many thousands of delighted people who watch it every Tuesday night over WNBT and TV network, a perfect description of Texaco Star Theater. A vast share of the credit, performers and audience agree, goes to Milton Berle, who is on stage nearly every moment and whose activity during rehearsals outdoes any six other people. On these two pages are pictures taken during rehearsal and telecast of one program, typical of the bustle—and the really superlative brand of entertainment—of all the rest. Sit back, relax, pretend you're in the front row, and enjoy it!



TEXACO STAR THEATER



lie Wilson was a present-day Theda
ra. Audience—and Berle—loved it.



"Tell ya what I'm gonna do!" Sid Stone
gives commercials a new lease on life.



Irving Gray makes last-minute costume
check. In this case—does it matter?



While Harry was convalescing from his illness, his 6-year-old son, Bobby, was his daily companion.

PARKY

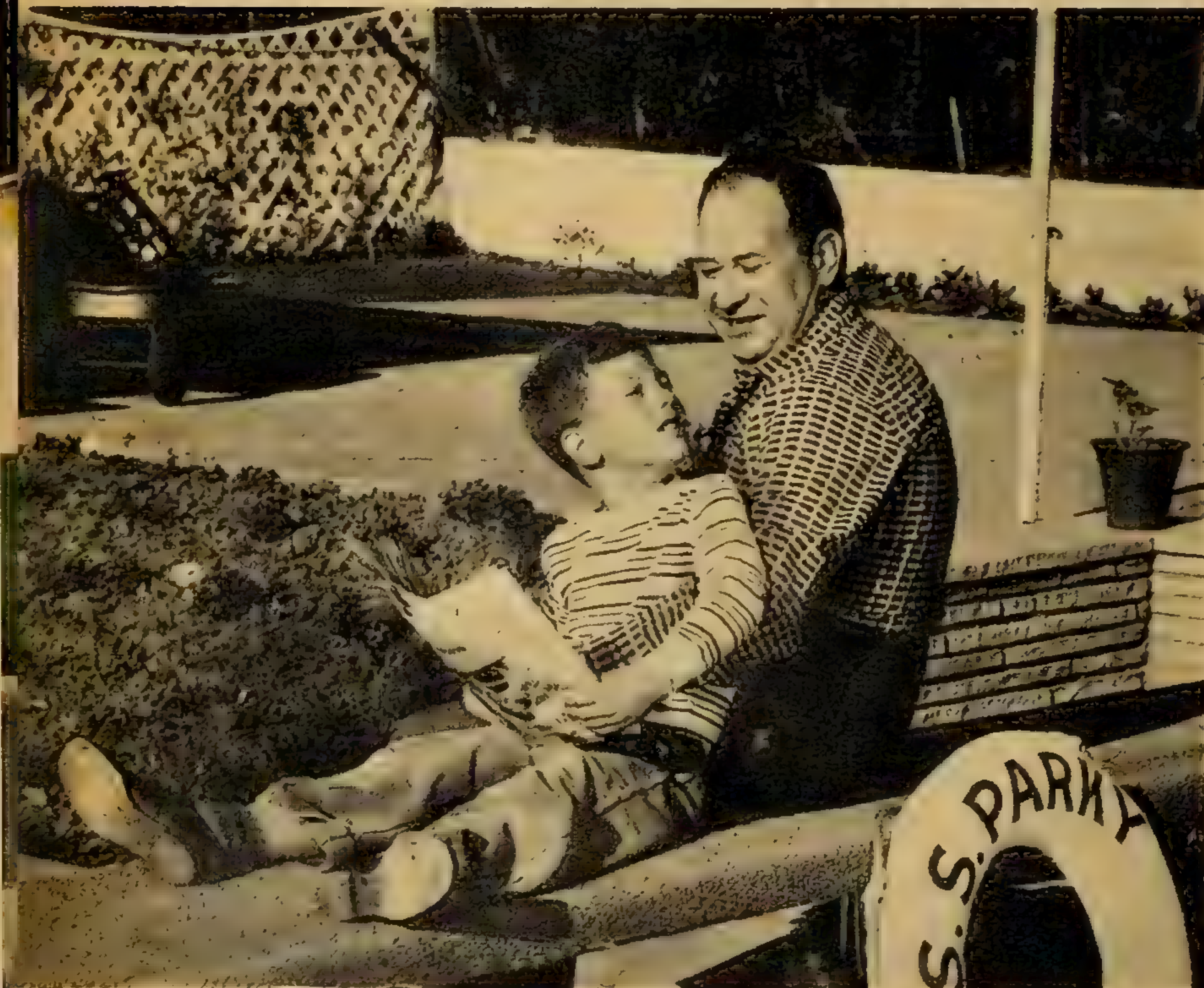
"Parky" is just a figment of Harry's imagination.

IT'S a funny thing how an imaginary character, beginning as just a wisp of dream stuff, can go on filling out and growing more substantial as you live in him and with him for several years, till he becomes as real to you, his creator, as the guy you go bowling with on Friday night.

Then maybe something happens that makes it seem necessary to get rid of your imaginary sidekick. Life closes in on you; there's no longer room for him. So you decide you'll have to drop your character, heaveho, just like that. "Goodbye, please," you tell him. "I can't take care of you anymore. Go get lost."

Right there you're liable to get the surprise of your life. Your brain-guy stands right up and talks back. He refuses to do a fade-out. He says, "Look, bub, we've had a lot of fun together, a lot of laughs. Now, just because things look a little tough, you want to drop old buddy. Well, it's no soap, see. I'm sticking."

So there you are. You can't get rid of the guy. He insists on living, and he insists that you live with



In Hollywood, where a house isn't a home without a pool, Harry's is unique—it's the only one that was built on doctor's orders.



Wheel-chair-bound for a year, Harry found that working back to happy family life was a slow, grim process.

Pulled Me Through

Einstein's dreams. But, when his creator lay helpless, it was "Parky" who took over . . .

By
HARRY EINSTEIN
("Parkyakarkus")

him. You've just done too good a "dreaming-up" job.

That's what happened to me with Parkyakarkus not so long ago. Chances are that most of you know Parky, the jovial Greek-American whose lunch-room was for ten years the scene of Meet Me At Parky's, broadcast over NBC and Mutual. Chances are equally good that most of you never heard of me, Harry Einstein. I'm Parky's papa; he's my boy. I made him up, and he made me. But don't think for a minute that we're the same person. Parky leads a life of his own. Even though I know him better than I know myself, he's always pulling stuff that surprises me. And some of his surprises are pretty wonderful ones—like his sticking with me when it looked as if paralysis had me whipped. For awhile there, when I was physically just about down and out, it seemed that our roles were almost reversed, that Parky was the creator breathing life into me, his invention.

Believe me, I had no idea when I walked into that hospital in the summer of (Continued on page 86)



Harry sank into hopelessness—but "Parky" wasn't beaten. "Back to work," he ordered. And Harry went.





Through the BIG

GRACE MATTHEWS
as Ruth Wayne,
heroine of *Big Sister*

1. The past few years have been turbulent ones for Ruth Wayne. But now that she, her husband John and their son Richard are together once more in their little Glen Falls home, she is hoping with all her heart that fate will allow their lives to fall into a pattern of domestic peace.

Years with SISTER

The story of a woman who found room
in her life for the service of many, room
in her heart for the love of only one

IN this RADIO MIRROR review of the life of Big Sister and her family, you see the people of the town of Glen Falls going about their daily lives just as you hear them on the air, played by the actors who play the roles on this day-time radio story:

Ruth Evans Wayne.....Grace Matthews
John Wayne.....Paul McGrath
Neddie Evans.....Michael O'Day
Hope Evans.....Teri Keane
Reed Bannister.....Ian Martin
Valerie Hale Bannister.....Anne Burr

Big Sister is heard Monday through Friday afternoons at 1 o'clock, EDT, over stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.



2. Ruth Evans centered her life about her orphaned sister, Sue, and her crippled brother, Neddie—more than an elder sister to them, she tried to fill the roles of both mother and father in the lives of the two younger children. She was delighted when Sue met and married newspaper reporter, Jerry Miller.



3. With Sue's life happily settled, Ruth turned her full attention and devotion to the care of Neddie. A new doctor, John Wayne, was called in. Soon Ruth and John found themselves in love. But because of her brother's affliction, Ruth felt she must give him first consideration, put his happiness before hers.



4. John Wayne's skill and care brought about a complete cure for Neddie, opened for him a full, normal life. Shortly after his recovery, Neddie fell in love. He, too, soon was married and set up housekeeping with Hope, his lovely young wife—leaving Ruth free at last to follow her heart.



5. On October 19, 1939, Ruth and John were married. For one lovely year their life together went smoothly and they lived in quiet happiness. John absorbed in his work with Dr. Carvell and Ruth looking forward to the birth of their baby. He was born just before John Wayne went to war.



9. John's one request, before he left, was that Ruth divorce him, marry Reed Bannister, who was in love with her. Ever hopeful that John would return, Ruth refused to start divorce proceedings. But the close friendship between Ruth and Dr. Bannister gradually developed into romance.



10. Eventually, Reed convinced Ruth that John would never return. Mistaking gratitude for love she agreed to divorce John, marry Reed. While they were at the lawyer's office arranging for the divorce, John returned—a new John Wayne, determined to fight to regain his wife's love.

WITH BIG SISTER



6. Left alone with baby Dick, Ruth found herself once again playing both mother and father. To add to her problems, trouble was brewing between Neddie and Hope—trouble which threatened their marriage.



7. During John's absence, his best friend, Dr. Reed Bannister, came to Glen Falls to carry on John's work with Dr. Carvell. Ruth went to work as secretary to both, for convenience moved into Dr. Carvell's home.



8. At the war's end, John returned—maladjusted, unable to pick up his pre-war life. To "find himself" he left Glen Falls again. This had a shattering effect on little Dick. Dr. Carvell tried to help the child.



11. Neddie's wife had a breakdown, was in a sanitarium. Neddie went to New York, met dancer Valerie Hale, and brought her back to Glen Falls. There she fell in love with Reed, who did not return her affection.



12. Dr. Reed chose to marry her and leave Ruth emotionally free to follow her heart again back to her son and husband now happily reunited.

Every radio actor in the business knows
CBS's Marge Morrow. And vice versa. It's Marge who
has the answer to that all-important question . . .



As Casting Director at CBS, Marge sees all qualified acting aspirants. From her voluminous files come the important casts of tomorrow.



But is

UP ON THE fourteenth floor of the CBS Building at Madison Avenue and 52nd Street in New York is the office of Miss Marge Morrow, Casting Director for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Her office is small but comfortable. There are pottery figurines and vases of flowers wherever there is desk or shelf space for them. A tiny radio perches on the window sill, and the walls are lined with handsome photographs. Some of them are hauntingly familiar to the casual visitor, and if you were to look closely at them, you'd realize they are actors and actresses you've seen in the movies or on the stage or in the pages of magazines. They all bear loving inscriptions: "To Marge, who gave me my first break." "For Marge Morrow—a real friend." And one picture of a well-known Hollywood actor with a huge dog reads, "We love you, we love you, we love you."

It sounds like a quiet, homey spot, doesn't it? Well, it isn't. It's a whirlwind of a place with something going on every minute.

Phones ring. A director wants an Easter bunny—that is, an actor to *play* an Easter bunny. A producer wants to point out that he's sending round a girl who really has talent. "If she has," Marge tells him, "why worry? I'll take good care of her." A secretary asks when Marge can see two applicants. With one hand, Marge makes notes in an appointment book; with the other, she holds down a casting list . . .

No, it's anything but quiet and peaceful.

What kind of person is Marge Morrow, anyway? Radio actors will tell you that this attractive girl with the big brown eyes is one of the most important people in the business. And it's quite true that she holds down one of the best jobs that CBS has to offer a woman—that of Casting Director for the network. She's been in radio since its very beginning—starting out at WJZ in 1926 while she was still at college. Those were the days when there were only twenty-five people on the whole WJZ staff, and everybody had to do everything. From WJZ, she went to work for Peter Dixon, one of the first producers of daytime serials, and eventually arrived at CBS in 1935. At that time, CBS has about five staff directors, each of whom knew only ten or fifteen actors and used them on their shows all the time. Marge's files now contain the names of over 15,000 actors and actresses whom she had auditioned over the intervening years.

Those thousands of auditions make Marge shake her head when she thinks of them. "There are about fifty excerpts from plays," she'll say, "—from Shakespeare to Sherwood, that I know by (Continued on page 98)

it TALENT?

By

GWEN

JONES

Macdonald Carey is an old friend. He had a successful radio career behind him before he went west to repeat it in movies.



Come and Visit

But, if it's stars you're

after, *don't* go to the Days. There's

nobody there but the family

By DOROTHY BLAIR



Dennis was an unusual bachelor. He planned to be a husband; he even bought a house. And, sure enough, along came just the right girl: Peggy Ahlmquist. And they had just the right baby: young Pat.



ANYONE who expects to find the Patrick Dennis McNultys living in the style to which a high Hooper rating could accustom them, is in for a surprise.

You won't find the house marked on the Maps to Stars' Homes sold along Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard. As a matter of fact it isn't in Hollywood nor is it in any of the districts considered fashionable by glamor standards. The back of McNulty's hand to glamor.

Patrick Dennis found his house before he found his bride—and both are just what he ordered.

He said, a good many times before he married, that his wife would be a girl who had, and we quote, a zest for living, a sense of humor, an appreciation of music, a love of children, radiant good health, and no desire for a career.

He said his house would be big and comfortable. It would be on a hillside. It would be planned for family living—not as a show place.

You have to forgive the Hollywood dopesters who only smiled when he was quoted to them. They'd heard it all before. They'd heard many another popular, famous young bachelor say much the same thing—and the next week marry a starlet whose sense of humor extended as far as the review of her last picture, and who had a zest for living—in night clubs. These couples ordinarily moved into houses with heated swimming pools.

Young Mr. McNulty, however, meant what he said—but only his closest friends believed him. Consequently, they were the only ones who were not surprised when he carried Peggy Ahlmquist McNulty over the threshold of the house in the Los Feliz district and deposited her in her new home and into the life of a celebrity's wife, simultaneously.

The Los Feliz section of Los Angeles is a comfortable, prosperous neighborhood more favored by the substan-

DENNIS DAY



When Pat III was born,
family life moved up-
stairs to the nursery.

Come and Visit DENNIS DAY



Dennis, like all young husbands, needs last-minute aid in the morning. But he knows his duties as a father; his camera (r.) is *always* ready for Pat.

A Day in the Life of Dennis Day is heard
Saturdays at 10 P.M. EDT, on NBC.

tial, solid citizens of the town than it is by the glamor folk. The McNultys' house is a two-story, ten-room structure of white stucco, built when Los Angeles was going through its Mediterranean phase. There is a trim, well-kept lawn that blends, without fence or hedge, into the lawns of the neighbors on either side. There is no pool, there are no electrically operated gates to shield the McNultys from the world. Instead, there's a curving walk up to the big oak front door, and there's a Dennis-built barbecue out in the back patio.

Patrick Dennis McNulty is also, of course, a handsome young Irishman known to almost every man, woman and child in this country as Dennis Day.

His father was Patrick McNulty before him and Patrick II is proud indeed of the name. But once he changed it. It happened when he joined the Navy during the war. He'd been christened Patrick Owen. When he went to school he changed the Gaelic Owen for its English equivalent, Eugene. His confirmation name was Dennis. The Navy told him to make up his mind. Was he Patrick Owen, Patrick Eugene or Patrick Dennis McNulty or was he Dennis Day? The Navy advised that he settle down to one—if only so the books could be kept straight.

So Patrick legally changed his name to Dennis Day. After he came back from the Service, and after he'd proposed to Peggy Ahlmquist, he wanted his family name again. So off he went to court and asked to go back to being Patrick Dennis McNulty.

"Are you positive?" the Court wanted to know.

"For keeps," Dennis declared.

The result of all this to-do is that young Mrs. McNulty calls her husband Dennis, as does everyone else, and



when anyone calls *her* Mrs. McNulty she is inclined to think they are speaking of, or to, her mother-in-law.

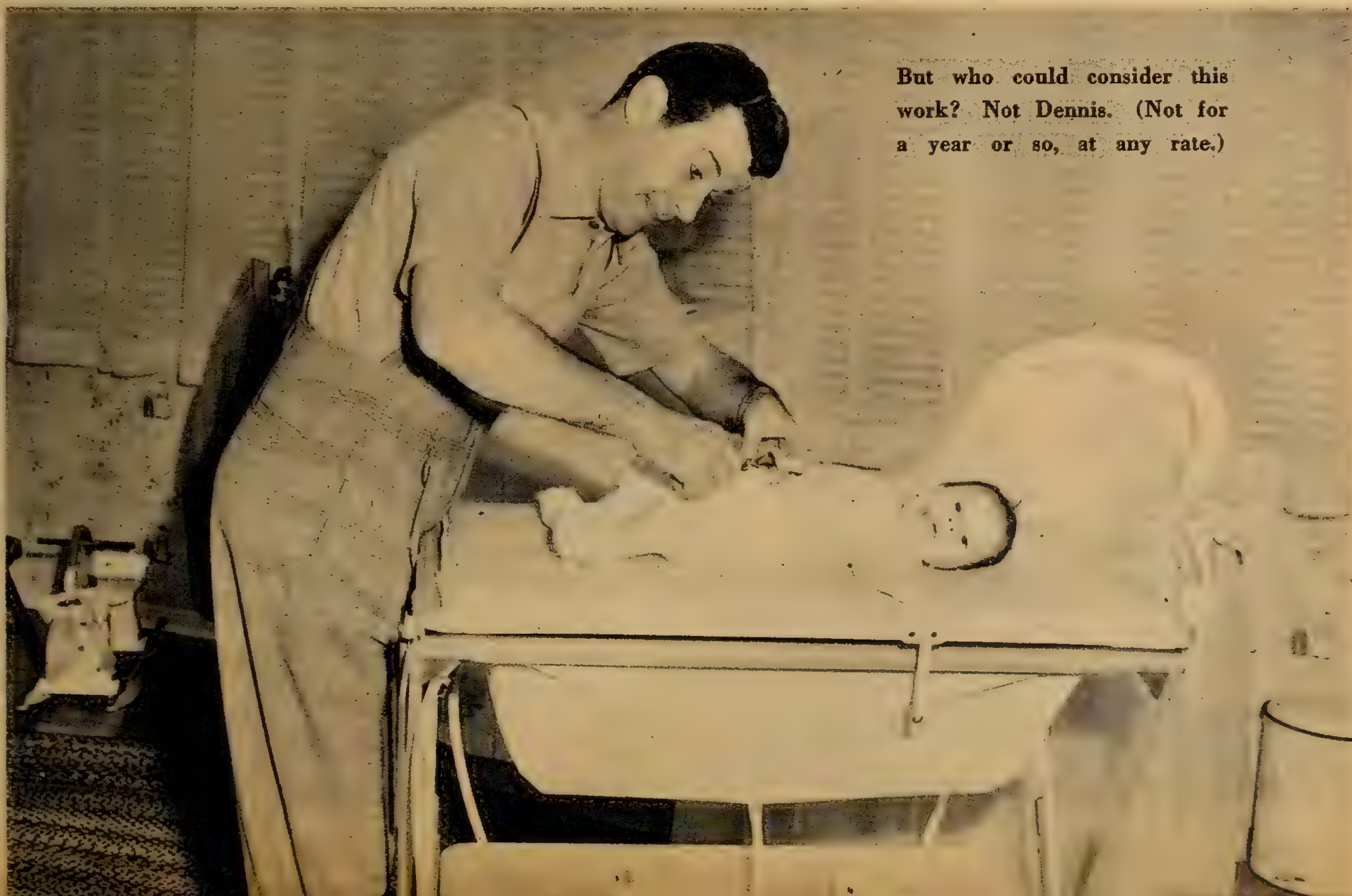
Brown-haired, blue-eyed Peggy, who had all the qualifications Dennis asked in a wife, was, when she married in 1948, a senior at the University of Southern California, where she was majoring in something called International Economics. She and Dennis met on a Sunday afternoon when the elder McNultys took two of their sons, Dennis and John, calling on their good friends the Ahlmquists who live in a suburb of Los Angeles called Lynwood, and whose daughter, Peggy, happened to be at home. Dennis that day asked Peggy for a date—and it was only a few months later that she dropped out of school to become his wife. Until that historic Sunday she had her eye on a job in the Chinese Embassy in Washington. That idea, and a two-year stint as a bank teller during the war, are as close as she ever came to a career—and she doesn't want, she says, to get any closer. You could point out that she's working at a full time job now, but she'd only laugh at such nonsense.

She couldn't approve more of her home if she'd picked it out herself. When Dennis bought it he hadn't met Peggy, so he invited his parents and his unmarried brother to share it with him. When Dennis and Peggy moved in, the other McNultys moved out, taking their possessions with them, leaving room for the wedding gifts and the newlyweds' own ideas of decorating. About all that was left when Peggy and Dennis got back from their honeymoon were the rugs, a couple of easy chairs Dennis had bought and the furnishings in his own room.

Together the young McNultys selected the pictures—the oil over the living room (Continued on page 89)



Dennis is a home-loving man who doesn't just talk about it. He carries his fair share of the load.



But who could consider this work? Not Dennis. (Not for a year or so, at any rate.)

BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

LITTLE BOY AT THE FARM

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

He picked the wild strawberries; smelled the clover;
And ate the clover-honey in the comb.
He stared at graceful swallows skimming over
The rippling wheat, grown in the rich black loam.

He chased the chickens; picked the pink shellflowers,
And went with grandfather each time to milk;
He doddled hay-cocks in the sunset hours,
And curried horses' flanks as smooth as silk.

He dreamed long boy-dreams stitched with gold and
glory,

Roofed over with the jewel-weed and broom,
And for a bedroom chose the whole third story
Which once had been his own dear father's room.
He often stood spell-bound . . . his eyes went stray-
ing

To miracles . . . fresh-made and beautiful.
He did not know he set the fates to playing . . .
In grownup hearts . . . he was the miracle!

—Eunice Mildred LonCoske

BACHELOR BEWARE

When she asks you over frequently
To gorge on the gorgeous meals she
can make,
She's casting her bread on the waters,
but she
Expects it back as wedding cake!

—Thomas Usk

DOWN TO EARTH

I do not vow undying love,
Nor forego all flirtation;
I swear not by the stars above,
To spare you mild vexation.

I make no ardent vows, but you,
May find some compensation,
In knowing you have forced me to
Complete domestication.

—Cathryn Green

SONG FOR BOOKS

Books on gardening; books on bugs;
Books on hooking arty rugs;
Books on how to set the table;
Books on trapping mink and sable;
Books on skiing; books on Rome;
Books on how to build a home;
On preventing soil erosion;
On combatting an explosion;
Books on charm; on raising chickens;
Books on planes . . . it beats the dickens
That no matter what your dream
There's a book upon the theme!
Read and take your satisfaction—
Save yourself all wearing action.
If you merely want to cook,
There's a book!

—B. Y. Williams

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through



Hello There:

I suppose there are a lot of things we could say about a June page of poetry . . . even the June bug sometimes has a place in a poem. But the most important reason for these brief verses—is not so brief. It's as long as all the summers and winters you've known . . . as wide as the sea, as high as the sky . . . as long as a lifetime. It's as full as two who spend their lifetime together, can make it. Vows, and wedding cake . . . cook books . . . slippers . . . pipes . . . late snacks in the kitchen . . . soap suds, pots and pans . . . doctors, and bills . . . tears . . . laughter . . . and cookie jars for somebody about so high. A June page of poetry, for you . . . for all of us . . . for a lifetime.

—TED MALONE



MESSAGE

Remember me when bells of summer
waken
And young hearts soar beyond the
drifting cloud,
When eyes are quick to glow, and
hearts are shaken
By sudden rapture, passionate and
proud.
When bees are noisy in the fragrant
clover
And winging swallows challenge sky
and sea,
When love is fled and summer's dream
is over,
Remember me . . .

—Sydney King Russell

POSSIBILITIES

Please, darling, do not be offended
When I say you were not intended
To be a "perfect" husband. You
Have much too separate a view
About so many things, and can,
At times, be quite a trying man . . .
But I am happier by far
With you exactly as you are.
It leaves a chance for me to try
To change you, somewhat, by and by!

—S. H. Dewhurst

IT ALL ADDS UP

If women seem more wise than
men,
It probably is so
Because, in knowing they know
less,
They know more than they
know.

—Faye Chilcote Walker

MEASUREMENTS BY A FOUR-YEAR-OLD

Heaven is as high
As the pantry shelf . . .
Where he can reach cookie
jars
All by himself.
Earth is as gay
As his puppy's bark,
And peace means watching
A meadow lark.
Grief is as cold
As a dead June bug
And solace as swift
As his mother's hug.
The world's as wide
As his father's grin,
And contentment comes
In a mudpie tin.

—Kathleen Emmert

KNOWLEDGE

Across the heights and hollows of the years,
The pale gold summer moons have seen me
weep.
The winter dawns have marked my futile tears.
For all the things I could not have, nor keep.

One lesson I have learned of tears and grief;
The seeming precious gifts for which I
yearned,
Have no more value than a fallen leaf,
But oh, the price I paid for what I learned.

—Marie Erwin Ward

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42 N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.

Friday mornings at 11:30 EDT over ABC



When A Girl Marries



By JOAN DAVIS

Mary Jane Higby plays
Joan Davis, heroine of
When A Girl Marries,
Mon. through Fri., 5
P.M. EDT, on NBC.

Sympathetic understanding, an unbiased point
of view, a knowledge of the ways of happiness
—these are the basis for Joan's advice to you

THE problem in April RADIO MIRROR which I asked all of you to help me answer concerned a widow whose son was about to be married, and who did not wish to continue living with him after the marriage. The editors of RADIO MIRROR have chosen the answer submitted by Mrs. Annabel Clay, of San Diego, California, as the most discerning of all those submitted. A check for \$25 has been sent to Mrs. Clay. Here is her answer to the problem:

"It is the son's right to marry, of course, but it is also the mother's right to have a home. Her decision that the young people should be alone is a good one. But, having lived with the son for some time, it seems to me that her problem becomes *his* problem, too. She is unable to do anything but light work—he should assume the added responsibility of augmenting any small income she has or can earn, to assure her comfort. She has long cared for him—perhaps even giving up the very years when she might have worked and saved, to make a home for him—and she is now insuring his happiness by not wanting to intrude on, and run the risk of harming, his new life. If he has not thought of this, I believe she should talk to him, discuss the things she might be able to do, such as baby-sitting, working as a companion, etc., and decide what the difference will be between what she will be able to earn and what she will need to live on. They ought to be able, mother and son, to work out *their* problem together."

NO MEETING GROUND

Dear Joan Davis:

I have been going with a young man for three years. He is good-looking, thoughtful, and the life of all parties. However, he is extremely irresponsible.

Of late, our arguments have become more and more frequent and they're all over financial matters. He makes very good money but manages to save nothing. He has promised continually to save, but being the good fellow he is, and seemingly not knowing the value of a dollar, it just slides through his hands.

We have made plans to be married, but I refuse to be married on a shoestring, as there

are too many things people need after they're married without going into it penniless. Most people say love is all important, but I firmly believe that without a certain amount of money, at least enough so you don't have to worry where your next five dollars is coming from, love grows rather weak.

I have thought of (Continued on page 94)

Each month Joan Davis will answer as many letters as she has room for on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$25.00

to the person whose problem
letter is chosen and

ANOTHER \$25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

Here is this month's problem:

Mrs. W., whose husband is unusually attractive to women, is unaware that he has been dating a girl from his office. Mrs. W's best friend knows of this association, as do many other people in town; and the friend knows too that although Mr. W has not transgressed before, his interest in the girl appears serious. The problem is the friend's: should she tell Mrs. W about her husband?

What is your answer to this problem?

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION

Candy McDowell, Stu Erwin, Joan Marlowe, Mrs. Erwin of Life With The Erwins pose tintype-fashion just for fun.



Televisit WITH THE ERWINS

Around the Erwins, Hal Roach (r.) has built a TV series.



MOTION picture theaters may be worried about the rapid rise of television, but Hollywood has nothing to fear, according to Hal Roach, Jr., who reminds us that Hollywood has always been concerned with visual entertainment.

Mr. Roach, whose dad was a pioneer in films, is now doing a little pioneering of his own. The Roach and Beaudette enterprises have been working on television films for more than a year and have come up with a series of half hour program films called Life with the Erwins. The husband and wife stars of this family-life series are Stuart Erwin and his pretty wife, June Collyer, neither of them strangers to the flickers. A second series called Don't Be a Sucker deals with the rackets to which an average citizen may be exposed. All are being turned out on the six big stages of their Hollywood studio.

"We work with about fifty standing sets," says Mr. Roach. "If we were making movies for theaters the sets would be disposed of when we got through with them, but for the smaller TV screen we can use the same sets over and over, keeping costs within a TV budget."

Another advantage, Mr. Roach points out, is that stars can be used when available. "In twenty-six days we can do thirteen half hour films. Then the star can leave the lot and go on to something else. We will have 'protection' shots and we will retain the power to edit."

Doing the "Erwins" series, Roach learned the limitations of the small television screen. There are fewer longshots and more close-ups in television. There are lighting problems. "Actors must be grouped closer to the center of the screen," he explains. "The more people used, the more the action is slowed down."

He points out that all of Hollywood now produces less film than is necessary to serve one television network, and he emphasizes the amount of film that will soon be needed to augment the live shows on television. And, according to Hal Roach, Jr., there's only one place that has the studios, the stars and the know-how to provide these endless reels of film. That place, he says, is Hollywood.

Cartoonists J.G.

Chuck looked at Jack; Jack looked at Chuck.

"We're naturals for television," said Jack.

"Check," said Chuck.

That was a year ago, and the Luchsinger brothers have been combining their talents ever since for Cartoon Teletales, an ABC network show.

Chuck is a well known cartoonist and Jack is an actor. Chuck draws pictures to illustrate stories that he writes for the show, while Jack reads the stories out of a big book whose very size must delight every child. These Teletales revolve about such interesting characters as Hey You the Lion, Bumsniff the Bloodhound, Hambone the Possum, Herman the Stupid Cupid, and all their kin and neighbors.

The story finished, there's a simple lesson in how to draw the main character. Chuck sets the pace and his young viewers draw right along with him. They send these efforts in, and those judged good enough for the "art gallery" are rewarded with a drawing pencil. The "artist of the week" rates a special drawing kit.

And don't think only the kiddies send in their stuff. For instance, 7-year-old Gail Rafferty sent a fine drawing of Torpy the Turtle. Along with it came a similar effort signed "John Rafferty, Gail's Dad." Chuck thinks Gail's drawing has a slight edge.

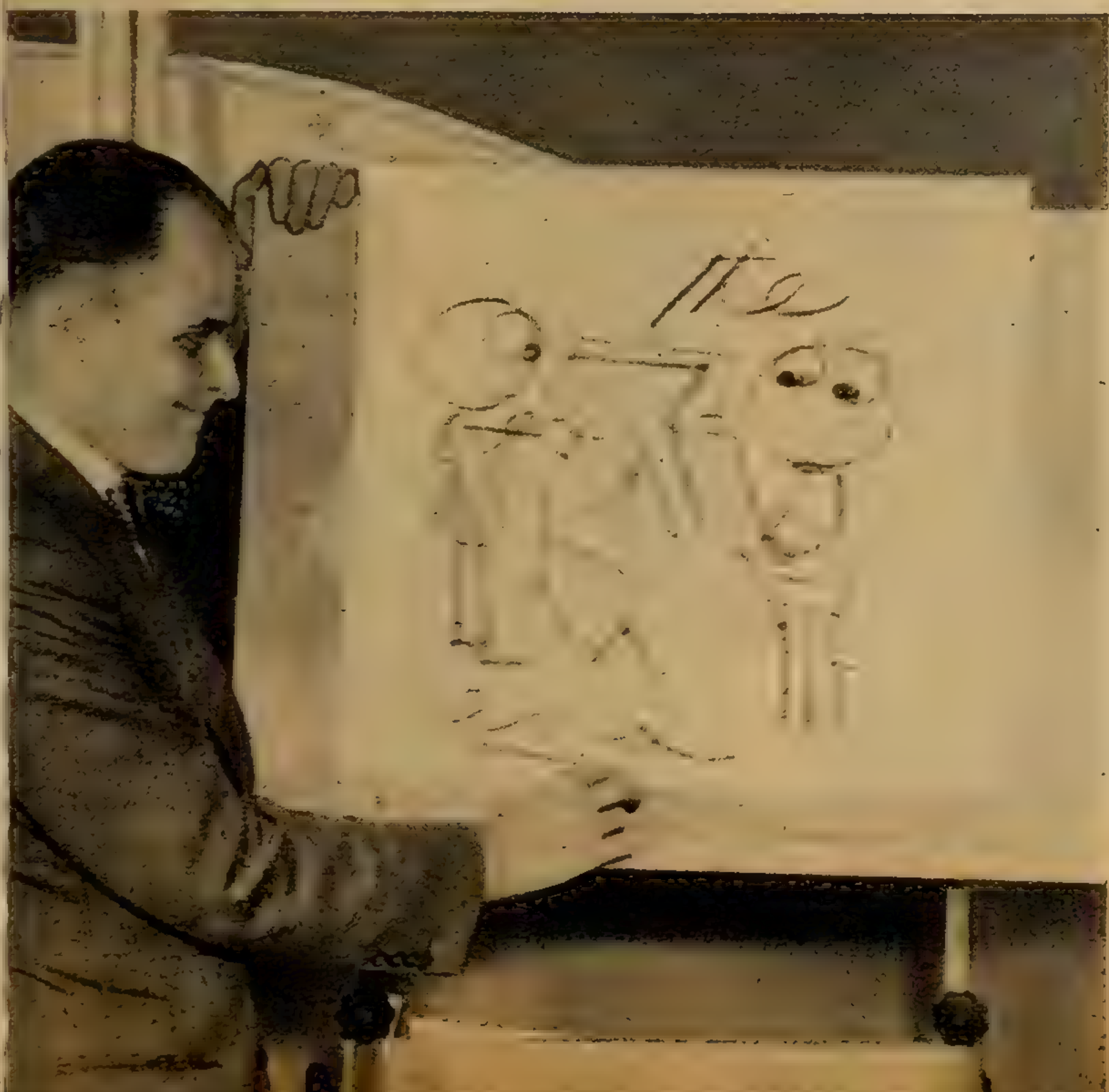
Producer of Cartoon Teletales is Barre Schlaes, and the time is Sunday evening, 6 P.M. EDT, 5 P.M. CDT, over the ABC eastern and midwest networks.



Six-year-old "art student" Ruth Lawrence works hard over the cartoon that may win her the title "artist of the week."



Jack and Chuck Luchsinger find ABC's Cartoon Teletales a perfect medium for their talents. Chuck (left), draws the cartoons; Jack (above), reads the story against the castle backdrop which enchants young listeners.



99 MIRACLE 99 on TV

Behind-scenes at "Miracle in the Rain," we

learn why any TV drama production is—almost—a miracle!



1. "You'll have to be in practically two places at once," director Gordon Duff (l.) warned star Mary Anderson, to co-star John Dall's amusement.



5. That umbrella was no gag. Real water poured from a shower high above, soaking actors and floor. Twice during the final on-set rehearsals the action had to be halted while sawdust soaked up overflow.



6. Due on another set in a matter of seconds, stars Anderson and Dall jumped out of a highly emotional scene and made for the next one. Tremulous voices and heaving chests were not entirely histrionics. Some of it was just plain breathlessness!

THESE pictures can't half convey the excitement, the work and the thrill of producing a half-hour video play. They do take you behind the scenes and show something of how the wheels go 'round. The play was Ben Hecht's "Miracle in the Rain," produced for Chevrolet on Broadway by Owen Davis, Jr. The stars were John Dall, of movies and the Broadway stage, and Mary Anderson, whose "Miracle" role marked her second Chevrolet appearance in one month. A cast of more than twenty and twice as many in crew worked to split-second timing on eight sets spread horseshoe fashion. Said Dall of his video debut, "The most concentrated acting I've done."

Chevrolet on Broadway is heard and seen Monday nights at 8:30 EDT, NBC-TV network.



9. John Dall rehearses a one-finger solo. His movie and stage roles have been melodramatic lately; he enjoyed playing in "Miracle"'s sentimental love story.



10. Split-second timing: an assistant stood by to help Mary into a negligee required for her next scene on which the cameras were already focusing.



2. Little did young John realize as he inspected his wardrobe for the play that he too would be running a marathon before it was over.



3. By the time stars were ready for final make-up they were well aware that this was one of the most complex short plays ever done on TV.



4. "Chalk marks spot where you stand in this scene," Dall was told. All such details were fully planned during camera rehearsals.



7. Quiet moment—but it was just a restaurant scene rehearsal, and it didn't last long. Shortly all three (the third one is Viola Frayne, who played Mary's boss) scurried madly into the next scene, an auctioneer's booth on the sidewalk.



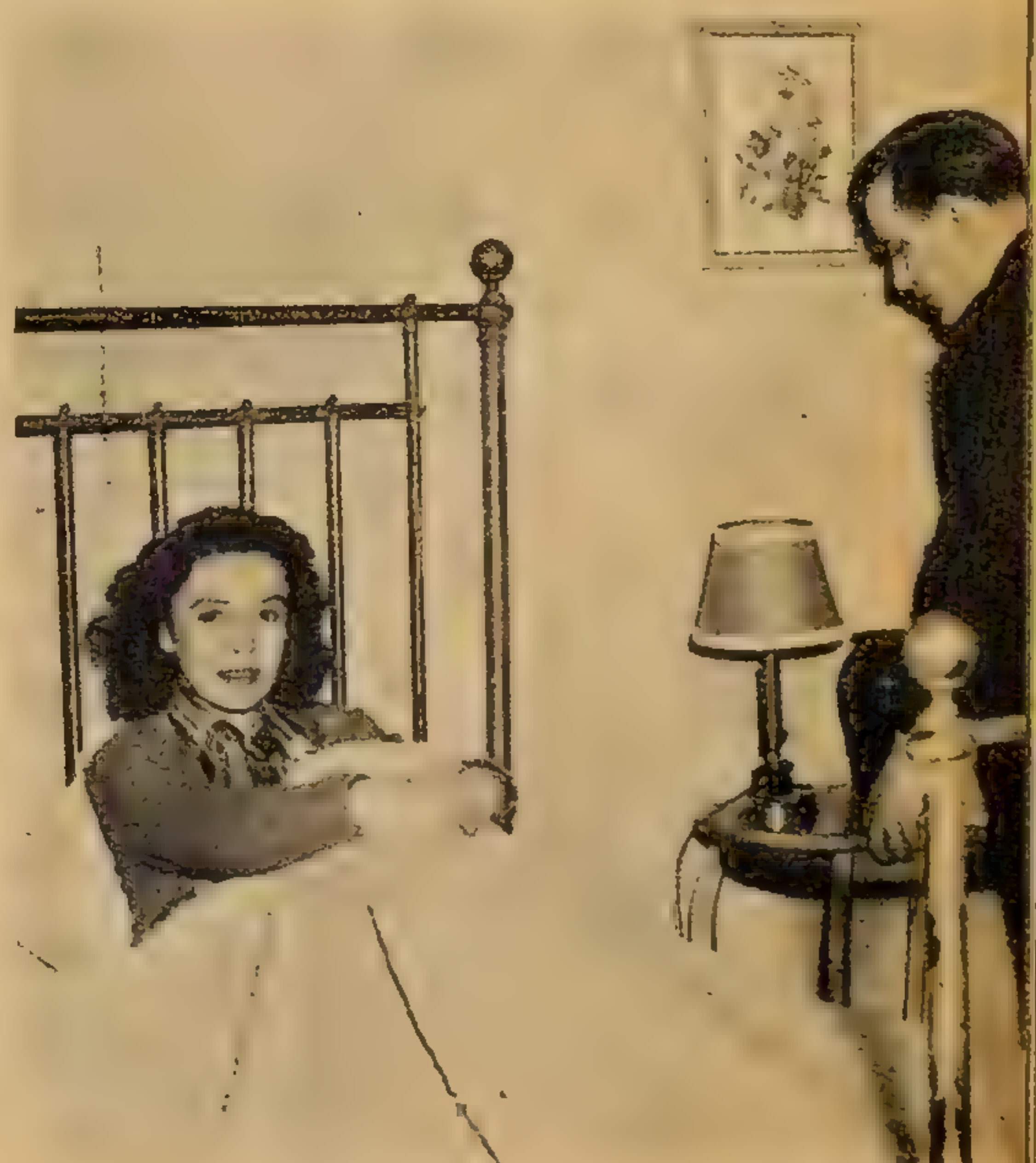
8. The man with the mop was one of the busiest crew members. After each rain rehearsal the oil-cloth-covered floor had to be dried off fast before the whole set became inundated and floated away.



11. Play's climax came as Mary read telegram—"The Secretary of War desires that I tender his deepest sympathy to you in the death of . . ."



12. Technical triumph: rear camera and camera nosing through altar were so expertly timed that neither caught the other on the TV screen.



13. Last-minute prop check-up found Mary grateful for one scene where she *had* to stretch out and relax, if only a moment!



Elsa Maxwell, who was a recent guest on WNBC's *Who Said That?* didn't know *all* the answers.



Gower and Marge Champion, Johnny Sands, recent guests on *Admiral's Broadway Revue*.

Front and center: Jack Stillwell, M.C. of ABC-TV's lively *Barn Dance*, televised Mondays. At right, square dance caller John Dolce waits his turn.



Coast to Coast in

TWO new Hollywood television shows got off to a flying start this spring. Although they are completely different in material, the connecting link between them is a young former press agent, Mal Boyd.

Boyd got interested in TV last summer when he arranged a panel discussion series on television for the Screen Publicists' Guild. After that he ate, slept and dreamed television. As a result he's now producing *Punch with Buddy*, starring Buddy Rogers of motion picture and band fame, and *Hollywood in Three Dimensions*, a variety program that uses film players, directors, producers and other behind-the-scenes workers, with Boyd acting as master of ceremonies.

Guest on the first Buddy Rogers show was Gloria Swanson, who learned her television ABCs in New York where she conducted her own video show for many months. She arrived at station KLAC-TV in Hollywood on opening night with a pick and shovel, traditional paraphernalia of the pioneer, which she presented formally to Buddy.

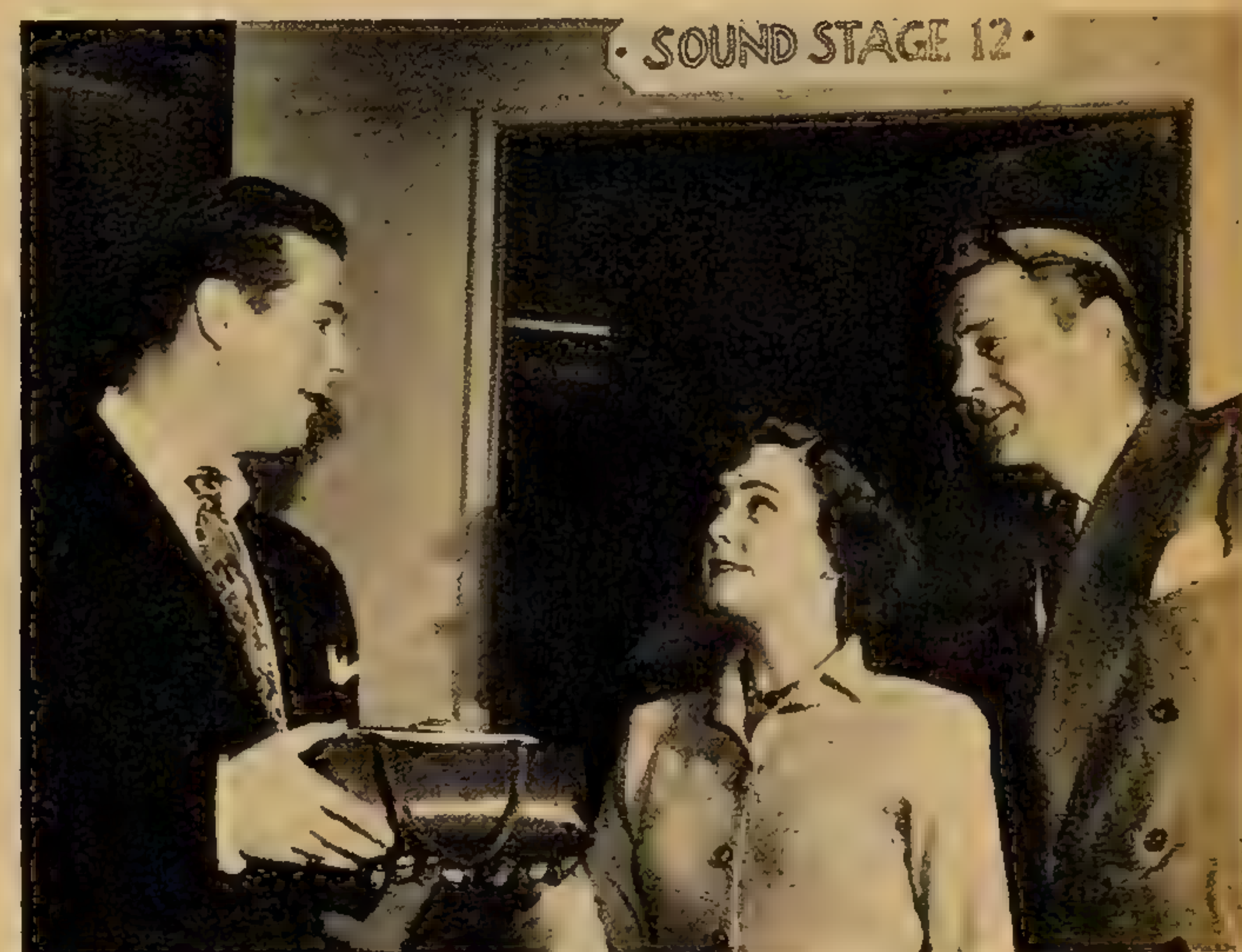
The opening program of *Hollywood in Three Dimensions*, telecast Sunday nights over KFI-TV, brought out screen star Don



TV-pioneer Gloria Swanson gives pick and shovel to Buddy Rogers on KLAC-TV show.



Marion DeFore leaves Don (l.) to guest with Sonny Tufts on H'wood in Three Dimensions.



"Reduce by television," says Claire Mann (standing) and shows how, M.-F., on WNBT.



TELEVISION

DeFore as escort to his pretty wife, who guested on the show. Don was a busy boy, studying the make-up and lighting, the camera angles and scripts. They had to practically push him off the set when the show started and make room for the other players, who included Sonny Tufts, Ellen Drew and Charles Brackett. They wouldn't even let Don guess what star's career the "Object Table" represented, although it was plain that the toy steamship, miniature Eiffel Tower, suitcase, little skier and other objects summed up the career of Claudette Colbert.

After all, they reminded the thoroughly satisfied Don, he was only a husband for that evening. It was Mrs. DeFore who was the star. And a very attractive one too, we might add.

* * *

If you want to be admitted to ABC's Civic Center television studio in Chicago from 4:00 to 5:00 on Sunday afternoons, better bring Junior or little Jill along. Ticket requests for the popular Super Circus program have mounted so high that a new ruling was made last February admitting adults only if accompanied by a child. It was getting so that all the grown folks were crowding out the kids. And even though circuses (Continued on page 97)

Lanny's voice, having "rested" during his army career, needed retraining. Now, its romantic appeal is greater than ever.



One of the world's GOOD PEOPLE

WORD'S spreading fast—Lanny is back! When Lanny Ross disappeared into the Pacific battlefield for three years, something more important than an entertainer went out of the lives of many radio listeners. His present mail shows some admirers missed Lanny more than they did their butter and gasoline, that the Return of Ross was hailed with considerably greater joy than the return of cars to the market.

One letter begins, "Dear Lanny: My husband and I named our son after you. Our Lanny is thirteen, and now that he is old enough to appreciate your program, he understands the qualities we admire in you." A lonely woman in a home for the aged writes that she finds solace and inspiration in Lanny's program. Another wife seems a bit puzzled as she recalls, "During our courtship, Bob and I hummed 'Moonlight and Roses.' It gives us a rather tender feeling when we hear you now, although we were married in 1934. Is it possible that you've been on the air that long?"

Her memory is quite sound. It's not only possible, it's true.

Before he graduated from Yale, almost twenty years ago, Lanny began his singing career. Since then his songs have been heard on many of the biggest shows in the history of American radio. Yet today people still find in his rich voice the same qualities of friendliness and romance that stirred their younger hearts. (Cont'd on page 74)

Lanny Ross is back . . . with a difference. A difference not in the voice, but in the heart

By MARTIN COHEN

On TV: the Lanny Ross Show, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EDT, WNBT. On radio: Lanny Ross, daily, 11:45 A.M. MBS.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION



Building a career is as much work as building a business. Lanny needs the weekend rest he gets at his "Melody Farm."

As Lane's protégé, Howard had to help him overcome his shyness. Did such a good job he grew bold enough to propose.



QUIZ KID of



*Now, no matter where
they live, young geniuses will
get their chance to wear
the Quiz Kids cap and gown*

Ross Paulson's bright answers won him a bond, a Chicago trip, a title: Quiz Kid of the Quarter.



1. At the first regional Quiz Kids finals in Elkhart, Ind., Sales Promotion Mgr. Oliver Capelle, of Miles Laboratories, was "quizzer."

A NY mother will tell you a child doesn't have to live in Chicago to be smart.

Yet being within easy reach of NBC studios in the Merchandise Mart helps make it official. A youngster may be tomorrow's Einstein, yet if his home is distant he has had little chance ever to become a Quiz Kid.

Frustrating as this has been to geniuses, junior grade, it has worried Charles S. Beardsley more. As chairman of the board of Miles Laboratories, sponsor of Quiz Kids, he decided to do something about it.

"Something" turned out to be a plan to duplicate the program in a number of cities. Teachers chose contestants who had broad general knowledge and ability to talk about it. Winners met champions from other grades, then other schools, and local stations broadcast their battle of words.

In Elkhart, Indiana, home of Miles Laboratories, the finals drew a capacity crowd to the Elco Theater. In the front row, schoolmates cheered their color bearer whenever he scored on a question fired by Oliver Capelle, sales promotion manager of the company.

When Ross Paulson, a (Continued on page 101)

Quiz Kids is heard Sundays at 4 P.M. EDT, on the NBC network.

the QUARTER



2. As every mother—and many teachers—can tell you, there are bright children all over the country. The Quiz Kids sponsors agree; that's why they've worked out a plan for regional Quiz Kids competitions to be held in a number of cities, which will give young geniuses who don't happen to live in Chicago (from which the Quiz Kids program broadcasts) a chance to shine. Here's a tight moment from the first regional competition in the Elco Theater in Elkhart, from which Ross Paulson (second from left) emerged triumphant.



3. The send-off Central Junior High gave Ross was made more memorable by personal congratulations from principal Lenna A. Neds.



4. In Chicago for Quiz Kids appearance, regional winners Allen Kitchen, Ross, Paul Hannon had a gala time at the Bamboo Inn.



5. Face to face with Chief Quizzer Joe Kelly, the Quiz Kids of the Quarter were scared, but game. They all came out winners, too!



The McNeills come

Together, the Cowlings and the McNeills crowd even a goodsized living room. On the couch: Dell Cowling, Don, Dell's mother, Mrs. Hammill, Tommy McNeill beside his mother, Kay. On the floor: Sammy and Bill Cowling; Donny and Bobby McNeill; Behind them, Sam Cowling.



Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, on which Sam Cowling is heard, is on ABC, Monday-Friday at 9 A.M. EDT.

When the Cowlings moved—bag-

gage and Mother-in-

law—into a new apartment, their

first visitors were the

McNeills. Kay, of course, was

a big help. On the other

hand, Don and the boys . . .

BY MRS. SAM COWLING

I WOULD choose a time when the McNeills came to visit to confide that our decorator had suggested cocoa brown walls for the living room.

Of course, almost immediately we moved into the new apartment, Don and Kay McNeill and the boys had to see it. It didn't matter to them that we had no drapes at the windows and that the furniture was just set down wherever we could find space for it. In the many years that Don and Sam have worked together on the Breakfast Club our families, too, have formed close ties. Despite the fact that the McNeills live in Winnetka, and we Cowlings are miles away on the edge of Chicago, there's a next-door-neighbor relationship between us. It's been that way since Sam joined forces with Don, years ago.

Years ago—twelve of them, to be exact. Sam—Samuel Taggart Cowling II—was a vocalist then, a member of a trio romantically designated as The Three Romeos, and all the rage of Louisville. Sam and I were married in 1936, and in 1937, after Sammy was born, the Romeos headed for Chicago and a big career.

At that time, the Breakfast Club used specialty acts one day a week, and the Romeos were booked for an appearance. Always irrepressible, they departed from the script and inserted some private jokes. Not content to keep them to themselves, they tossed some of their banter in the direction of the big, pleasant-looking fellow who ran the show. And he, being Don McNeill, tossed it back. (Continued on page 103)

A tireless worker,
Bennett welcomes (and
needs) his privacy.



City life may have its points, but Bennett and Dorothy can't

My Husband— MR. KEEN

By MRS. BENNETT KILPACK

Keen is Kilpack; Kilpack is Keen.

But this doesn't confuse Dorothy. She simply
considers herself doubly blessed,

and finds it twice as easy to love them both



MR. KEEN, Tracer of Lost Persons, has been played by Bennett Kilpack, my husband, for more than eleven years. Or perhaps I should say that my husband, Bennett Kilpack, has been the famous radio sleuth for more than eleven years.

At any rate, the two are inextricably tied together in everyone's mind—including, sometimes, in mine. Kilpack is Keen, and Keen is Kilpack, and it's impossible to think, or talk, about one without the other. Impossible, certainly, to think of Bennett not playing the role, or of Mr. Keen bereft of the voice and the manner of Bennett Kilpack!

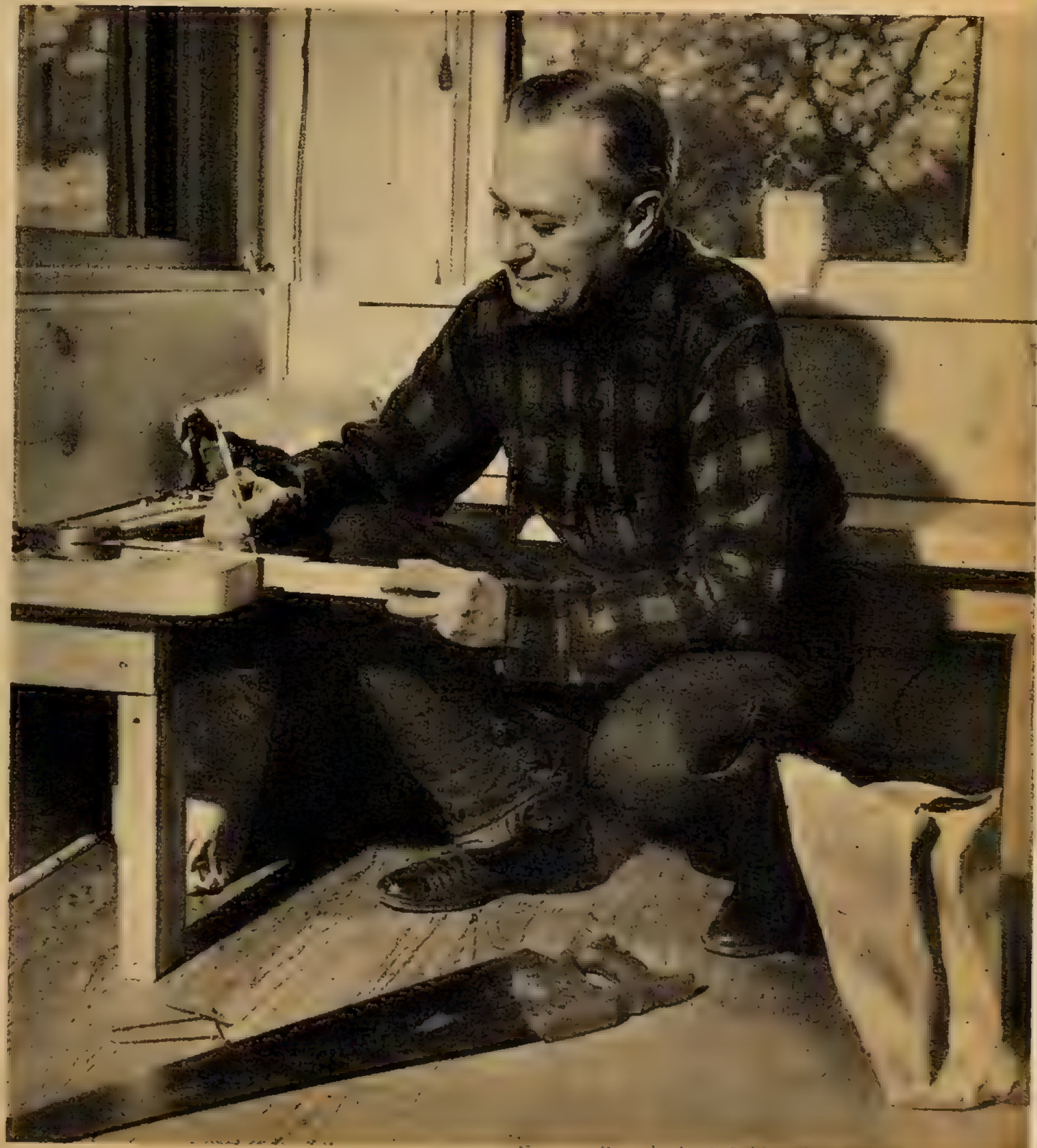
Even as the program is signing off the air each Thursday night, the words, "Bennett Kilpack plays Mr. Keen" hardly out of the mouth of the CBS announcer, telephone calls are coming into the network's switchboard—people asking to speak to Mr. Keen, please. At home, at parties, friends and neighbors forget to remember that the name is Kilpack. And even I, after eight years of marriage, have been known to murmur, "May I present my husband, Mr. Keen?"

With rare exceptions, Bennett's fan mail, too, is addressed to Mr. Keen—teen-agers asking the help of the kindly Tracer of Lost Persons in locating "missing" boy friends; less amusing, more heart-tugging letters from people whose wives or husbands or other relatives "simply walked out one day and never came back." Not (Continued on page 91)

Bennett Kilpack plays Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons. Mr. Keen, based on the novel of the same name, is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Thursday nights at 8:30 EDT, on CBS network.



Food from the Kilpack's carefully-tended garden.



A man's dream of home . . . made real by Bennett himself.



Most likely to SUCCEED

By **KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR**

Listen to Kate Smith Speaks
at 12 Noon each weekday, on
stations of the Mutual network.



GRADUATION week is the most wonderful time to give a party—especially if you plan it the way my niece did. She wasn't an experienced cook, but she knew the tastes of her teen-age gang. And she planned a party menu for them that was just right.

The dishes she picked to serve were quick-and-easies, with special appeal for hungry young people. The double decker sandwiches made good filler-uppers for the crowd. The punch tasted like summer itself, full of fresh fruit flavors. The big party cake in the high school's gold and blue was a real success.

The whole decorative theme was built around those school colors. My niece had no blue platter, so she made one herself to look like a graduation hat. Paper cups and plates helped carry out her scheme.

"It was no job at all," said she, and I agreed. Here are the recipes she used. I've included some of my own, so you can pick your own party fare. You'll find it fun to "let the company do the fixing."

Mortarboard Cake

Bake one recipe Devil's Food Cake, using a mix or the recipe below. Make with Butter Cream Icing. Color all but ½ cup of the icing with vegetable coloring to match one of your class colors. Spread between and on top and sides of cake layers. Color the remaining frosting in other class color and use to make '49 on top of the cake. Place the cake on a paper doily over a mortarboard of the same color as numerals. The mortarboard is made of cardboard covered with crepe paper. Decorate the rim of the cake top with pennants, made this

way: Fold a piece of colored crepe paper. Holding it double, cut out a pennant shape with the straight edge on the fold. Open and brush inside surface with colorless nail polish. Fold together around a colored tooth pick. The nail polish makes the pennant curl.

Devil's Food Cake

½ cup shortening	1 tsp. vanilla
1¾ cups sugar	2 cups sifted cake flour
2 eggs	½ tsp. baking powder
2 squares (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate, cut up	1 tsp. soda
1 cup boiling water	½ cup sour milk

Cream shortening until light and fluffy. Gradually add sugar, beating well after each addition. Beat the eggs until thick and lemon colored; add to the creamed mixture and combine thoroughly. Pour boiling water over chocolate and stir until smooth; add to egg mixture, stirring until color is even. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to egg mixture alternately with sour milk, beating until smooth after each addition. Pour into two greased and floured 9-inch layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 40 minutes or until top springs back when lightly touched. Makes two 9-inch layers.

Butter Cream Frosting

½ cup butter or margarine	2 tsps. vanilla
4 cups confectioners' sugar sifted	dash of salt
	3 tbs. cream

Cream butter until fluffy. Gradually beat in 2 cups of the sifted sugar. Add vanilla (*Continued on page 101*)

A graduation party can't help succeeding when devil's food cake and fruit punch are specially dressed for the occasion.

A boy's heart needs a home; his love must have an anchor. But where is he to turn when bitterness divides the parents who should offer this security?



Marian Sullivan (the first Mrs. Burton) is played by Kathleen Cordell.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

The Second Mrs. Burton is heard Monday through Friday at 2 P.M. EDT, on CBS. This incident from the radio drama appears in Radio Mirror for the first time in story form.



WHEN YOU'RE LITTLE, Brad thought, the grown-up world is something like a movie. The people talk to you and give you things and make a fuss over you, but their real thoughts and the motives behind their actions are as mysterious as the motives in the occasional adult movie that you get to see.

When you're sixteen, it's different. Grown-ups have become people to you, with the same desires and fears that you yourself know. You understand them almost—but not quite—all of the time. Sometimes they slip back behind the screen again, become mysterious and incomprehensible again, even those nearest and dearest to you. Like Dad and Aunt Terry in this matter of his custody.

Years ago, when his mother and father had been divorced, his custody had been awarded to his mother, with the provision that he could spend six months of each year with his father. Now for the past eight months he'd been living in Dickston with his Dad and Aunt Terry. The years with his mother, his mother herself, had become a memory—a fragrant, restless, sometimes-laughing, sometimes-crying memory. This was real—the house on Maple Street, and school, and his best friend, Don Cornwall, and his dad and Aunt Terry, who was Dad's second wife.

Two months ago his father had asked him if he wanted to stay with them permanently. He mustn't make up his mind in a hurry, his father had said; they would talk about it later. And then—and this was the puzzling part—neither his dad nor Aunt Terry had mentioned the matter again. Not until tonight. And then it was Brad himself who, only half-intentionally, started the discussion.

He was on the porch, reading by the light of one small lamp. Outside the pale gold circle it threw, the summer night was dark blue velvet, still and sweetly scented and peaceful. Far down the block he could hear his father's footsteps and Aunt Terry's as they returned from their evening walk. As they came under the street lamp, he saw that his father's arm was around Aunt Terry's waist, and she leaned against him a little, as if to share the weight she carried. She was smiling up at his father and saying something; he could hear their low laughter. The next moment, his father was calling from the porch steps.

"Brad? You're home?"

He leaped to open the door. Aunt Terry took the last step a little breathlessly, and thanked him, laughing.

"You didn't have to leave your book, Brad. What is it—travel again?"

"India," said Brad. "Gosh, if I could only see some of those places! Every time I see a train, or hear a boat on the river—"

"You'll satisfy that itch someday," his father laughed. "Meanwhile, Terry and I have been talking about where you want to go this summer. Have you any thoughts on the matter?"

"Where I—Gee, Dad, aren't you and Aunt Terry going to take a vacation, too?"

"We can't very well, Brad," said Aunt Terry gently. "With the baby coming in September—"

The baby. His thoughts stuck every time they came to the baby. He knew how happy his father and Aunt Terry were about it; he was glad they were happy. But it would be *their* baby; this pleasant house would be its

home. The three of them, Dad and Aunt Terry and the baby would be a family, complete in themselves.

"I forgot," said Brad. "I don't mean about the baby, but about it being better for you to stay home. Well—Don Cornwall's invited me up to their cabin for a couple of weeks. I've been going to tell you about it, but it'll cost a little money, for my share of the food and equipment. I was hoping to be able to pay for it out of my salary from the big Burton store, but—"

"Don't worry," his father said. "I think we can manage. I—well—I thought we'd be hearing from your mother about summer plans."

"I haven't heard from Mother in a long time," said Brad without expression. "Not since that last card from Havana."

For a moment no one spoke. The last card had been months ago. Then Terry said quickly, "Perhaps she's away on another cruise, Brad. Mail is awfully irregular when you're on a boat. And I think the idea of going to the woods with the Cornwalls sounds wonderful. Just think, when you come back, you'll probably find a brand-new brother or sister waiting for you!"

She smiled widely, warmly, trying to include him, as she always did when she talked about the baby. Brad tried to smile back—and couldn't. Suddenly he couldn't keep it inside himself any more.

"That's right," he said in a tight, small voice. "Only—it won't be my *real* brother or sister, will it?" And turning, he snatched up his book and ran into the house and up the stairs.

Terry and Stan Burton faced each other in stricken silence. "Oh, Stan," Terry said in a low voice. "I've tried to make him feel—included—about the baby. And he's still so unhappy—"

Stan's arms went around her. They stood very closely, drawing strength and reassurance from one another. "It isn't the baby," Stan said. "That's only a symptom. How can he be happy, basically, when he's never sure from one week to the next where he'll be? And yet, it's been two months since I spoke to him about our having permanent custody of him, and he hasn't said a word—"

"Have you?" Terry asked. "I know that you don't want him to feel that you're pressing him, but aren't you being over-careful? It he's unable or unwilling to make up his mind, he doesn't have to give an answer. Tell him that, Stan. Tell him we're eager to have him with us permanently, but that if he doesn't want it that way, we'll understand perfectly."

"Will you tell him?" Stan asked. "I know it's a lot to ask, but you can do it more tactfully and delicately. If you wouldn't mind—"

"You don't think he'd think I was interfering?"

"You wouldn't be interfering, Terry. You'll be talking for us. Please—"

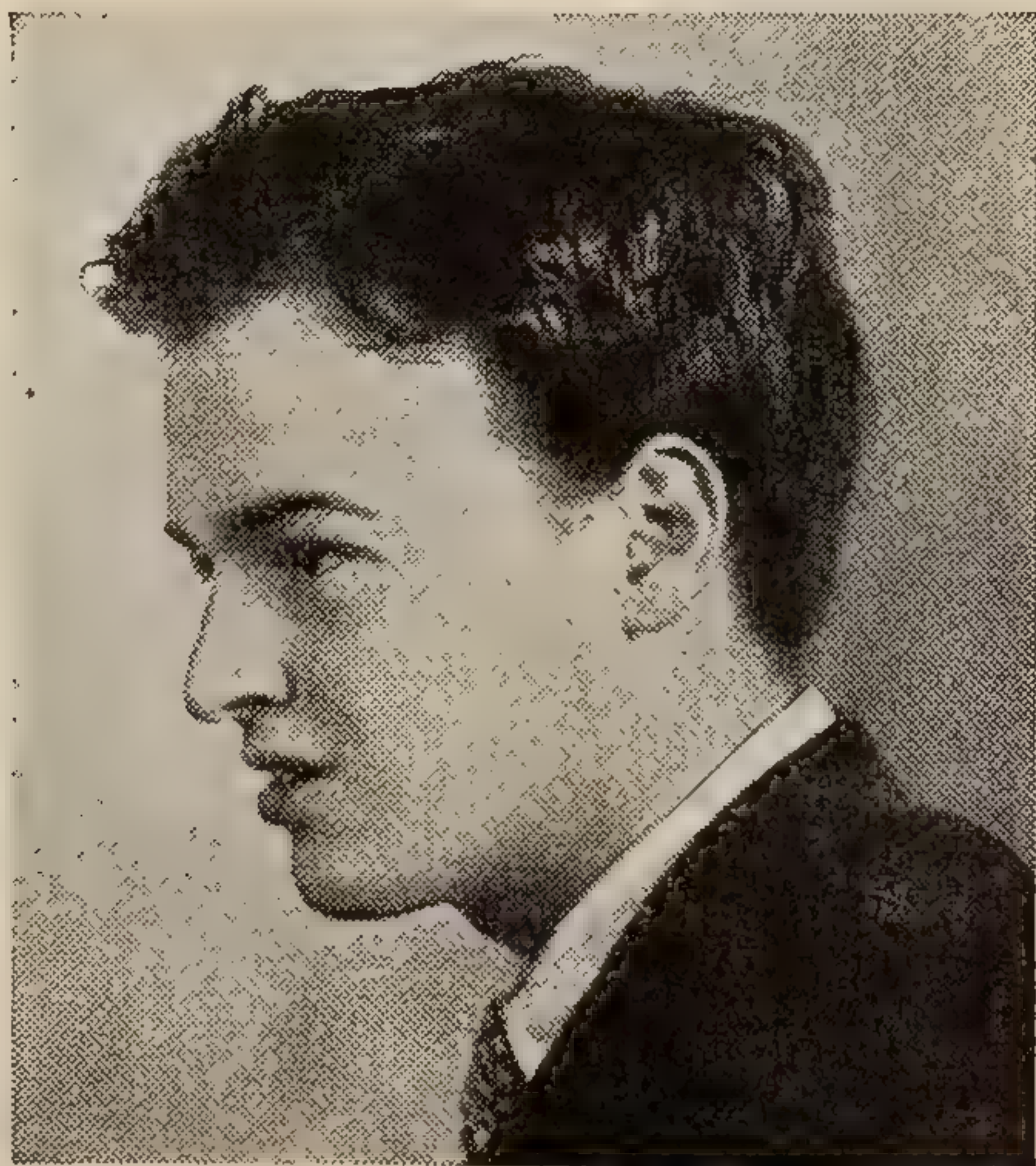
Terry nodded, and he kissed her. Her arms went round his neck, and she held him a moment, her heart swollen at the thought of how much he trusted her, how much he placed in her hands.

Upstairs, she found Brad lying on his bed, reading—or pretending to read. He scrambled up as she came in, cleared her favorite low rocker of an assortment of tennis rackets, balls and T-shirts. Terry sank into it gratefully, and smiled up at her step-son.

Terry (The Second Mrs. Burton): Patsy Campbell.

Brad Burton is played by Larry Robinson.

Stanley Burton is played by Dwight Weist.



WHERE THE HEART IS

"Thanks, Brad," she said. "Now if I can just locate my pet squeak—"

There was no use putting off the important question. Brad smiled as the rocker squeaked, but his eyes waited inquiringly. He had his mother's coloring, her blue eyes and bright blond hair, but his expressions, his direct look, were his father's.

"Brad," Terry said, "a few minutes ago, when we were all talking about the baby, you said that it wouldn't be your *real* brother or sister. What did you mean by that, dear?"

He looked uncomfortable. "Well—you know. . . It'll belong to you and Dad, really belong to you. And since I don't. . ."

"Would you like to," Terry asked, "really belong to us?"

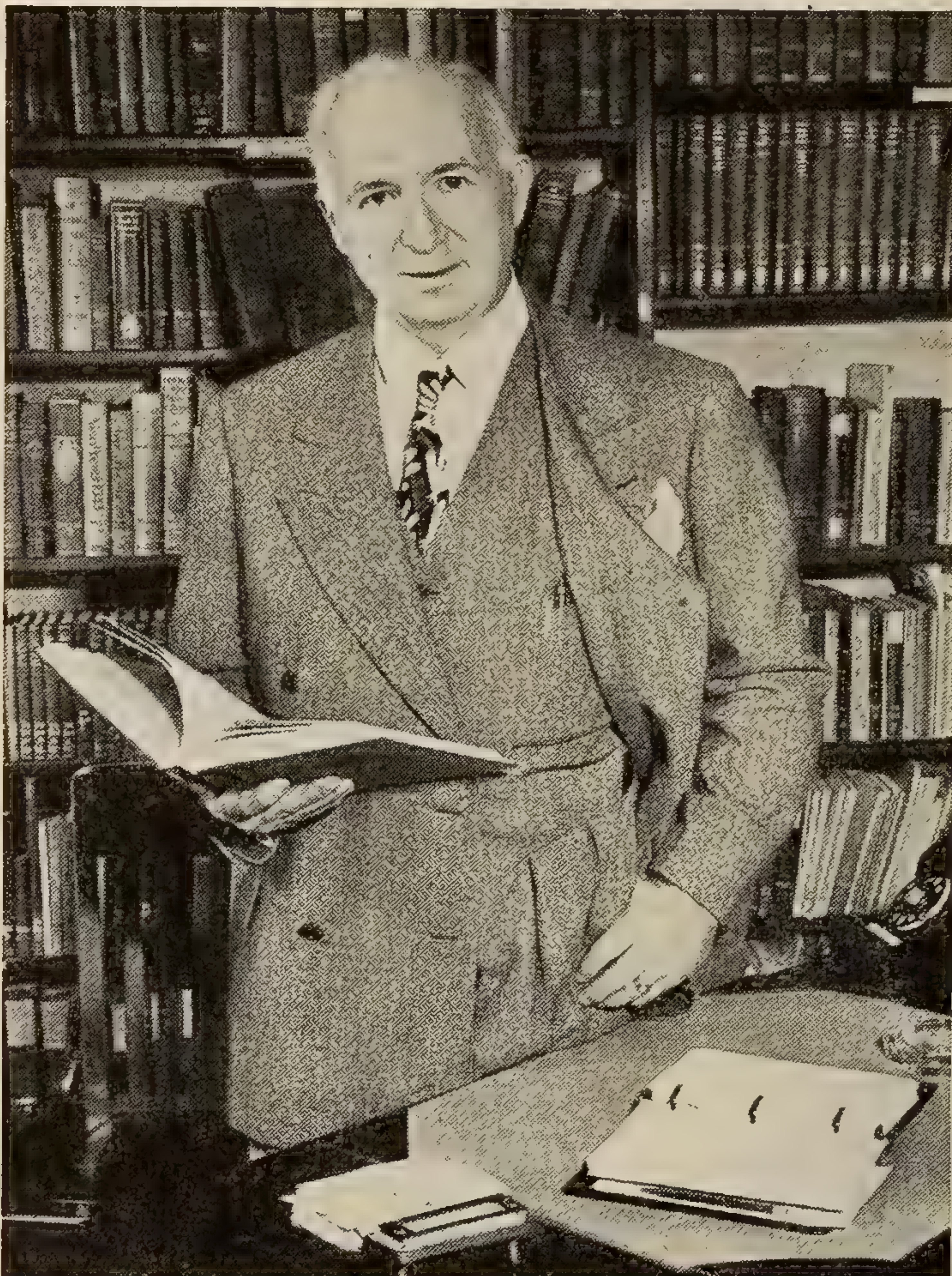
He raised startled eyes. "How could I?"

"Don't you remember what your father talked to you about, about two months ago? About having your custody changed?"

"Oh," said Brad flatly. "Sure, I remember. Only—it isn't the same as the real thing."

Terry felt her throat tighten. Why did the children have to be the ones to suffer, she wondered. Why, because Stan and Marion had been unable to live together, could a young boy have no family that he felt was "the real thing"?

"It would be the real thing as far as we're concerned," she assured him earnestly. "We want you, Brad. I know that your father told you there was no need for you to make up your mind in a hurry and that you could go on living with us—this way—as long as you liked. But I know, too, that in his heart he's anxious for your decision. We want to start making it 'the real thing.'"



Lawyer Van Vliet is played by Rod Hendrickson.



Judge Watson, played by Craig McDonnell.



Don Cornwell is played by Robert Readick.

She wondered at the sudden light in his face.

"Gosh, Aunt Terry!" he exclaimed. "I was sort of waiting for *him* to bring it up. Sure, I've thought about it, a lot. And—well, I just don't know what to say."

"You must understand," Terry said, "that whatever your decision is, we'll understand, and we'll love you as much one way or the other. But, just so you'll have everything straight, perhaps I ought to explain a few things first. There's no reason why we couldn't go on as we are, without any further legal arrangements, except some day it might happen that your mother might disagree with some plans your father may have for you, and which you might want to go through with. And then, since she has legal custody of you, she would have the right to decide."

Brad frowned. "Even though she hasn't seen me in such a long time? Even though she mightn't know what I wanted to do about it?"

Terry nodded. "That's the law, Brad."

"You mean—she could even make me leave here, if she wanted to?"

Again Terry nodded, not trusting herself to speak. The fear that Marion might any day do that very thing was too close. But why was Brad hesitating? He wanted to stay with them; she was as sure of it as she was sure that he had been happy here. Then why the doubt in his face?

"How would it happen?" Brad asked. "I mean—would I have to do anything to have the custody changed?"

"Well, dear, I'm not entirely certain of the legal procedure," Terry answered. "I imagine it would involve going to a judge's office and telling him what you wanted done in the matter, and why. Then I imagine the judge would talk to your father and to your mother—and perhaps even to me—and then he would decide whether or not the custody should be changed."

"Mother would be there, too?"

"I think so," Terry said. "Or else she'd be represented by a lawyer."

Brad stared at the wall, at the window, where the curtains moved gently in the evening breeze. Finally, he asked, "Would it be—you know—a lot of crying and arguments and fuss? Would there be a lot of people in the courtroom, listening, and a jury and photographers, like courtroom scenes in the movies?"

Terry began to understand. "I don't think so," she answered, praying silently that she spoke the truth. "I think it could all be handled fairly and quietly and sensibly. And I know it wouldn't be in a public courtroom. Matters of this sort are handled in the judge's chambers—that is, his office."

"And you're sure Mother wouldn't—" But he didn't finish. He sat very still for a moment, his eyes fixed upon hers. Then suddenly all doubt left his face; he slid off the bed, started for the door.

"Brad! Where are you going?"

Brad paused at the door. "Down to see Dad," he said over his shoulder. "I'm going to tell him I want to belong to him and you—legally."

Terry sank back in the low rocker, aware that she was trembling, that her throat was dry. She fought down an impulse to follow Brad, to warn him that she might have promised him too much in saying that there would be no trouble. Then she knew that she couldn't. It was too late—and besides, now that Brad had made up his mind, she knew that she couldn't bring herself to say a word that might shake him. No, they would simply have to sit



Terry, watching Stan and Brad, knew that her husband's son would always be as dear to her as the child she was expecting.

tight and see it through.

For the next several days the household walked on eggs. Stan wrote the fatal letter immediately. He composed it swiftly, but with infinite care, and mailed it the very night Brad made his decision—and was berated for it afterward by his lawyer, the old and irascible Cornelius Van Vliet. It was a good letter, Mr. Van Vliet admitted, but he suggested that Stan might have done better to wait and let him write Marion a legal letter.

"We thought of that," Terry said in Stan's behalf. "But knowing Marion, we felt that she would resent hearing about it in such a cold way."

Mr. Van Vliet's "Hmml!" indicated that he didn't think it mattered whether Marion resented the news or not. "You're aware, aren't you, that you could have applied for custody of the boy without notifying Mrs.—what's her name now?—Sullivan, without notifying Mrs. Sullivan at all?"

They hadn't known. Their glances crossed, with the same thought uppermost in the mind of each—could they have spared Brad the scenes that were sure to come if Marion decided to put up a fight?

"How?" Stan asked.

"Very simple," said Mr. Van Vliet. "Mrs. Sullivan has obviously, in the legal sense, deserted the boy. She left him with you some eight months ago and went off to Havana. Shortly thereafter, she sent him a television set for his birthday, then a post card. Since then none of you has heard from her. She has sent no funds for his care, although you set up an ample fund at the time of the divorce to cover the boy's needs—"

Stan flushed. That Brad—and Marion—had been handsomely provided for at the time of the divorce was common knowledge. It was known, too, that he no longer owned the big Burton department store in Dickston

and that he was making a living out of one small shop in which he hired only one clerk.

"There was no need for her to send money," he said, a trifle coldly. "It's true that Brad's been working this summer at the big Burton store, but it was because he wanted to work, and—"

"Still," interrupted Mr. Van Vliet, "Mrs. Sullivan didn't as much as offer to send you any funds. It's a point the court will observe. What's the matter—" he broke off, his eyes twinkling at the sight of Terry's face,—"does it all sound too easy to you, Mrs. Burton? Do you think Mrs. Sullivan will be difficult about this?"

"I'm afraid she will," Terry admitted. "She doesn't want Brad—I mean, *really* want him. She's been leading a gay life since her second husband died, and an adolescent boy would only be in her way. But she doesn't give up anything easily, even when it's something she doesn't want. As soon as she knows someone else wants it—" She shook her head.

"What we're afraid of," Stan put in, "is the effect upon Brad if there's a battle. When he first came to us, he was hyper-sensitive, insecure, all shut up within himself. Since then he's opened up, shown every sign of being a happy, normal boy. We'd hate to have him upset again."

"I don't see any need for it," said Mr. Van Vliet, "nor for you to anticipate trouble. The facts are certainly all in your favor. Now, if you'll call me as soon as you hear from Mrs. Sullivan—"

But the days passed, and there was no answer to Stan's letter. Terry and Stan and Brad watched for the postman separately and secretly, each one not wanting to admit to the others how tense he was. Terry worried most of all about Brad. He took to staying close to the house when he wasn't at work, spent far less time than he used to with his closest (Continued on page 76)

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are Eastern Daylight Time
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00	Story to Order Bach Aria Group	Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News
9:15		Chamber Music Society		E. Power Biggs
9:30				Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:45				
10:00	National Radio	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Pulpit	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:30	Children's Hour			
10:45				
11:00	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform	The Fitzgeralds	Allan Jackson News
11:15		Church		The News Makers
11:30		Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Wings Over Jordan		Invitation to Learning
12:15	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	America United	William L. Shirer	American Album	Joseph C. Harsch
1:15	Author Meets Critics	John B. Kennedy	Editor at Home	Elmo Roper
1:30		American Radio	National Vespers	Tell It Again
1:45		Warblers		
		Songs By Great Singers		
2:00	U. S. in World	Mutual Opera	This Week Around	Longine Sym-
2:15	Affairs	Concert	The World	phonette
2:30	NBC University	Bill Dunningham	Mr. President	You Are There
2:45	Theater	Veteran's Information	Drama	
3:00		Ernie Lee Show	Harrison Wood	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15	One Man's Family	Juvenile Jury	Betty Clark Sings	Symphony
3:30			Dance Music	
3:45				
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	The Future of America	Skyway to the Stars
4:15	News	True Detective	Dick Todd	
4:30			Milton Cross Opera	
4:45			Album	
5:00	Robert Merrill	The Shadow	Curt Massey Show	Festival of Song
5:15	James Melton	Quick As A Flash	Quiet Please	"Broadway's My Beat"
5:30				
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15	Martin and Lewis	Nick Carter	Don Gardner	Spotlight Revue
6:30			Greatest Story Ever	
6:45			Told	
7:00	Horace Heidt	Adv. of the Falcon		The Jack Benny
7:15	Alice Faye and Phil Harris	Mayor of the Town	Carnegie Hall	Show
7:30				
7:45				
8:00	Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Sam Spade
8:15	Henry Morgan	Memos For Music		Lum 'n' Abner
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	NBC Theater	Under Arrest	Walter Winchell	Electric Theatre
9:15	American Album	Jimmie Fidler	Louella Parsons	
9:30			Theatre Guild on	
9:45			the Air	
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions		Life With Luigi
10:30	Who Said That?	The Alan Ladd Show	Jimmie Fidler	



K. T. STEVENS—is the newest member of Junior Miss (Sat., 11:30 A.M. EDT on CBS). She's older sister Lois.



FLORENCE FREEMAN—who plays the title role in CBS's Wendy Warren, is one woman in a million—she does not mind telling her age. Florence was born on July 29, 1911 in New York City and spent her childhood in Albany where she later studied to become a teacher. After a few months of teaching she decided to become an actress and promptly got herself a radio job. She's been in radio ever since.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Local Programs
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in New	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15	York	Tell Your Neighbor		This is New York
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15	Road of Life	Faith In Our Time	Betty Crocker Mag-	Arthur Godfrey
10:30		Say It With Music	azine of the Air	
10:45	The Brighter Day		Jane Jordan	
11:00		Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor Lindlahr	At Home With the	
			Kirkwoods	
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
		Mailbag		
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Wash-	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	ington			
12:45	Words and Music	News		Helen Trent
				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Boston Symphony	Luncheon At Sardi's	Nancy Craig	Big Sister
1:15	Robert McCormick	Happy Gang	Dorothy Dix	Ma Perkins
1:30		Hollywood Theater		Young Dr. Malone
1:45				The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Today's Children	Golden Hope Chest	Bride and Groom	Perry Mason
2:30				This Is Nora Drake
2:45				What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Red Benson Movie	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins	Show	House Party	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Ozark Valley Folks		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family	Ethel and Albert	Winner Take All
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs		
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life		Yukon	The Chicagoans
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Bill Stern	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30	Sunoco News			Herb Shriner Time
6:45				Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	H. V. Kaltenborn	News	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45		Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cavalcade of	Straight Arrow	The Railroad Hour	Inner Sanctum
8:15	America	Sherlock Holmes	Henry Taylor	Talent Scouts
8:30	Voice of Firestone			
8:45				
9:00	Telephone Hour	Gabriel Heatter		Lux Radio Theatre
9:15	Dr. I. Q.	Radio Newsreel	Child's World	Stars in the Night
9:30		Fishing and Hunting		
9:45		Club		
9:55		Bill Henry		
10:00	Contented Program	American Forum of	Arthur Gaeth	My Friend Irma
10:15	Radio Playhouse	the Air	Earl Godwin	The Bob Hawk Show
10:30		Dance Orch.	On Trial	



TONI DARNAY—who is featured in Theatre of Today (12 Noon EDT, Sat., CBS), was born in Chicago of French and English parents, attended night classes at Northwestern U, majoring in dramatics; and during summers she played in stock. She got her first radio job, a leading role in a daytime serial, by simply applying for an audition.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaies	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbors Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America This Is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love And Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	At Home With the Kirkwoods	
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings	Welcome Traveler	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	News		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Luncheon At Sardi's Happy Gang Hollywood Theater	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Dixie Barn Dance Gang	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Beat the Clock
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Bill Stern Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothies H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	This Is Your Life Ralph Edwards Alan Young Show	George O'Hanlan Show Official Detective Hy Gardner	Art Mooney's Talent Tour America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Tour Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 9:55	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee Molly	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Air Force Hour Bill Henry	Erwin D. Canham	We, The People Strike It Rich
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	Korn's-A-Krackin' Dance Orchestra	It's in the Family	Hit The Jackpot Mr. Ace and Jane

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaies	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Faith in Our Time Road of Life	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Jane Jordan	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love And Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	At Home With the Kirkwoods	
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	News		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Luncheon at Sardi's Happy Gang Hollywood Theater	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Ozark Valley Folks	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Beat the Clock
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Bill Stern Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothies H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Blondie Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? High Adventure	Original Amateur Hour, Ted Mack, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Family Theater Bill Henry	Milton Berle Show Groucho Marx Show	County Fair Harvest of Stars with James Melton
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	Comedy Play- house Dance Orchestra	Bing Crosby	Beat The Clock Capitol Cloak Room



ROBERT SLOANE—is a man of many talents—he has written, directed, and starred in countless plays, one of which was made into a motion picture. Now he limits himself primarily to radio where he is the narrator in The Big Story (Wed., 10 P.M. EDT, NBC). Robert is married, has two children and the family lives in a newly-bought home in Port Washington, New York.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaies	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love and Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	At Home With the Kirkwoods Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag		
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings News	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Luncheon at Sardi's Happy Gang Hollywood Theater	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Dixie Barn Dance Gang	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Beat the Clock
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Art Van Damme Quintet	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Western Hit Revue	Abbott and Costello Theatre U.S.A.	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Al Jolson Show Dorothy Lamour	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Mysterious Traveler Bill Henry	Go For the House Jo Stafford Show	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Fred Waring Show		Personal Autograph Dance Orch.	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter



FLORENCE WILLIAMS—a native of St. Louis, Mo., was a successful dress designer before turning actress; she still makes all her own clothes. Florence made her radio debut as Barbara Ware in *Roses and Drums*. Since then she has appeared regularly on the stage and radio at the same time. She plays the part of Sally in *Front Page Farrell* (M-F., 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC).



CHARLES RUSSELL—forsook a lucrative job in hometown Tarrytown, N. Y., for the stage. After starving several years in Little Theater roles, Charles wangled a screen test and subsequently made several pictures. He recently made his radio debut in the new mystery series *Yours Truly*, Johnny Dollar (10:30 P.M. EDT, Fri., CBS). Actress Nancy Guild is his wife.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaies	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Jane Jordan	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love and Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	At Home With the Kirkwoods Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag		
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From the Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings News	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Luncheon at Sardi's Happy Gang Hollywood Theater	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Ozark Valley Folks	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Beat the Clock
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Bill Stern Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cities Service Band Of America Jimmy Durante Show	Great Scenes From Great Plays Yours For A Song	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Jack Carson Show My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Cantor Show Red Skelton Show	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Enchanted Hour	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ford Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Sports	Meet the Press Dance Orch.	Boxing Bouts	Philip Morris Play- house Yours Truly

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News Ozark Valley Folks		Barnyard Follies
9:30				Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Archie Andrews	Ozark Valley Folks	Concert of American Jazz	The Garden Gate
10:15	Mary Lee Taylor	Jerry and Skye Albert Warner	Saturday Strings	Escape
10:30				
10:45				
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Coast Guard on Parade	Abbott and Costello	Let's Pretend
11:15	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Magic Rhythm	What's My Name?	Junior Miss
11:30				
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault Public Affair	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Girls' Corps	Theatre of Today
12:15	Luncheon With Lopez	News	American Farmer U. S. Navy Hour	Grand Central Station
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Luncheon At Sardi's	Maggi McNellis, Herb Sheldon American Farmer	County Fair
1:15	R.F.D. America	Symphonies For Youth		Give and Take
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	Frank Merriwell's Adventures	Family Theater		Handyman
2:15	Edward Tomlinson Report From Europe			
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Pioneers of Music	Proudly We Hail		Local Programs
3:15		The Clock		
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Roy McKinney Echoes From the Tropics	Hobby Lobby		
4:15				
4:30	Radio Reporter	Charlie Slocum First Church of Christ Science	Local Programs	Local Programs
4:45				
5:00	The Lassie Show Wormwood Forest	Russ Hodges Quiz True or False	Dance Music	Chuck Foster's Make Way For Youth Red Barber's Club-house
5:15				
5:30				
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Music	Honey dreamers	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		Bible Message	Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony	Bands For Bonds		Saturday Sports Review
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Guess Who?		Spike Jones
7:15	Vic Damone, Kay Armen	Robert Hurliegh News	Bert Andrews	Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:30				
7:45				
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Starring Kay Starr	Gene Autry Show
8:15	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Famous Jury Trials	Adventures of Philip Marlowe
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80	Little Herman Drama	Gang Busters
9:15	Judy Canova Show	Guy Lombardo	Pat Novak For Hire	Tales of Fatima
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air	Earl Godwin Irving Fields Hayloft Hoedown	Sing It Again
10:15	Grand Ole Opry			National Guard Military Ball
10:30				



FRAN CARLON—who was born in Indianapolis, Ind., grew up in Chicago and later went to Hollywood where she appeared in two insignificant pictures. She began her radio career twelve years ago reading commercials; this led to parts in daytime serials. Now she plays the role of Lorelei Kilborne in NBC's Big Town, Tuesdays at 10 P.M. EDT. She is married to actor Casey Allen.

QUIZ CATALOGUE

NOTES TO KEEP YOUR RADIO MIRROR QUIZ CATALOGUE UP TO DATE

CBs's Hit The Jackpot, heard every Tuesday at 10 P.M., EDT, is the Cinderella show of the quizzes. It is no secret along radio row that when the show was launched as a sustainer, CBS network executives were disappointed with the first results, never thought they had a commercial winner in the pyramid-type quizzer. The real lucky break came when producers Mark Goodson and Bill Todman put into the jackpot a DeSoto auto. The DeSoto executives tuned into the show just to hear the "free" mention of their product and got so excited at the studio audience's reaction when the car was mentioned that they quickly decided to sponsor the whole show.

DeSoto was right. Hit The Jackpot has become one of radio's most successful quizzers.

It is also one of the few quiz shows that gives folks unable to come to New York to participate a chance at winning the huge prizes. Studio contestants are chosen indiscriminately from the audience. About eighteen get up on the stage. About a half dozen players are called on the phone. They are selected from a huge weekly collection of post cards and letters, and allocated among the forty-eight states.

On stage is a huge red ladder score board. On this ladder score board are four rungs, representing the four questions which must be answered correctly in order for a contestant to reach the jackpot. Each rung has a light that flickers when a question is answered correctly.

Center stage stands M.C. Bill Cullen, a real quiz veteran. On one side of him stands the "bluffer" contestant, on the other, the "challenger" contestant. Cullen throws a question at the bluffer. He or she answers correctly or bluffs. Then Cullen turns to the challenger whose privilege it is to accept or challenge the opponent's answer.

When a studio player succeeds in giving the four correct answers and then misses the jackpot, a phone call is put through to some lucky listener.

The jackpot question is usually a toughie. It's called a secret sentence, and goes along with plenty of sound effects which are supposed to help a contestant decipher the teaser question.

Biggest jackpot on Hit The Jackpot totalled \$32,600 worth of merchandise.

Toughest job the producers have is figuring out the various "Secret Sentences." They can't be too easy nor can they be too difficult.

Bill Cullen, who has emceed a host of quiz shows, says Hit The Jackpot is the hardest because of its mounting excitement, its complicated format. After each Tuesday broadcast Bill is so weary he usually drops off at an all-night Turkish Bath and turns his tired body over to a competent and understanding masseur.

You Should Know That:

Bill Cullen, who helped make Winner Take All a winner, found he couldn't do it as a sponsored show because of product conflict, but with his Beat The Clock now a daily CBS feature, he doesn't feel too badly . . . Garry Moore, of NBC's Take It Or Leave It just returned from a tour of Germany, entertaining the troops. An R.A.F. lieutenant copped the \$6,190 jackpot . . . Incidentally, don't be surprised if Moore does a daily CBS variety show in the daytime, the same kind of show that skyrocketed the crew-haircut comic to national fame when he did it in Chicago . . . On Mutual's Take A Number quiz, the FBI contacted M.C. Red Benson about 15 minutes after a recent broadcast. It seems the last contestant was a bigamist and one of his three "wives" heard the show in California, recognized his voice and contacted the authorities . . . Vera Vague has just auditioned a new quiz show grooved for daily daytime operation. It's called Merry-Go-Round and scouts report it "hot for sale" . . . Sing It Again biggest jackpot (\$30,500) went to a 57-year-old ex-GI who identified the mystery voice as belonging to former presidential nominee Alf Landon. Schilster was called in a Kansas Veterans Hospital . . . John Reed King had a few tough minutes on Give and Take from Dallas recently when a woman contestant got too frisky for the censors . . . Although Todd Russell is a big hit with Strike It Rich, his main ambition is to be a songwriter.

One of the World's Good People

(Continued from page 57)

To look at him, he is almost the same, two-decades-ago Lanny. Outside of the slight graying around the temples, he stands tall and slender, with the lithe athletic bearing of the years when he was a U.S. track champion. But listening to him, you feel that there is a difference in his philosophy and attitudes. His gracious wife, Olive, explains the change, and how tremendously it has affected their lives.

"Since the war, Lanny has become engrossed in helping children," she will tell you. "Most of his day is spent in thinking and dealing with their problems."

Among youngsters, he probably has more real friends—as distinguished from babbling bobbysoxers—than any other radio entertainer in the country. In his quiet way, Lanny has been giving talented children a chance to be heard on his show, organizing clubs for them and inventing new modes of entertainment.

"But Lanny will never tell you about it," Olive says, laughing. "He's almost as shy today as when I first met him."

That meeting happened seventeen years ago. Olive was working for a public relations office in New York. She was assigned to get Lanny a good press.

"I don't think you should get my name in the papers too often," Lanny advised at their first meeting.

OLIVE thought the handsome young star was pulling her leg, for a celebrity who doesn't like the limelight is a rare bird indeed. But as she suggested several publicity stunts, he turned his thumbs down on each. Somehow, they began to talk about children and at last Lanny began to show interest.

Then an unusual idea flashed into Olive's head. Because newspapers claimed that the average radio listener had no more intelligence than a twelve-year-old, Olive arranged to have Lanny test the IQ of a group of youngsters with reporters present. The children's intelligence amazed the writers. One newspaper carried the story with bold headlines. The great Ring Lardner wrote an entire magazine article on Lanny's experiment.

Olive felt proud of her success until she saw Lanny with a long face.

"Now what did I do wrong?" she asked.

"Well," he hemmed, "do you think all this publicity is good for me?"

Then Olive realized that Lanny was painfully shy. Her job required winning his confidence. Gradually they became close friends—so close that four years later Lanny proposed.

In the early years of their marriage, Lanny's stature grew as he was heard on the Coffee Hour, Showboat, Mardi Gras, Hit Parade and the Caravan. But their private life was marked by a single, heartbreaking tragedy.

Lanny's desire for a real family and successful marriage always overshadowed his interest in a career. So when Olive became an expectant mother, Lanny's elation exceeded that of many men. With such anticipation, neither he nor Olive was prepared for anything but happiness. The great day when Olive went to the hospital ended with a shock. Their first and only child was still-born.

The anguish they felt is still a thing best not brought up. Because Lanny talks so little about himself, few people

know of the great loss and the sense of frustration that must have filled him. In a large way it explains his present devotion to children's activities.

"Queer as this may sound at first," Olive says, "his army experience showed him another way he could work with youngsters."

Lanny joined the army in 1943, although he was thirty-seven and didn't have to give up the substantial position he'd established in show business. He could merely have continued to work with the USO and gone overseas for brief periods to entertain.

"Maybe I just wanted to be proud of myself," Lanny will tell you disparagingly.

But as one columnist put it, "While other stars led brass bands into a theater of operations for one or two months, Lanny Ross, without fanfare, joined the army and, without squawks, served in the Pacific for two and a half years."

And he didn't live like a celebrity or try to put on a one-man show. In the Pacific, where the spirits of men were near lifeless from the monotony of their existence, Lanny learned that to sing for the GIs only gave them temporary relief. So he began to build soldier morale by inducing them to entertain each other.

From Gilli Gilli to Japan, Lanny drew on enlisted men for talent. He had to take mechanics, clerks and foot soldiers and reawaken their civilian talent for singing, acting or playing a musical instrument.

"It was surprising the self-respect a tired soldier felt when he saw a buddy perform," Lanny recalls with a warm smile. "It reminded the men of the dignity they had once felt as civilians. They began to see each other in a new light—as individuals rather than just another dogface."

Unfortunately, Lanny's work left him little time to sing. So when the war was over, he had to make a fresh start as a civilian like so many other servicemen. Although he was hardly an unknown, Lanny had to retrain and cultivate his voice and rebuild his reputation.

TOGETHER, Lanny and Olive traveled from Portland, Oregon to Portland, Maine and points south. Lanny sang in nightclubs, operettas and concerts until once again he had secured his position as a top flight singer.

Today Lanny considers himself a citizen of both the city and country. From Manhattan he broadcasts five mornings a week over Mutual and one night on his WNBT television show. But whether in work or hobbies, his interest in children is always evident.

There's nothing unusual in tuning to one of his broadcasts and finding him sharing the mike with a Boy Scout Choral group or a child soprano.

In his spare time, Lanny has been writing juvenile short stories. And he has created a new kind of musical as a result of his feelings about opera. For many years he has believed opera's great weaknesses were the foreign language and melodrama. Now he's interesting children, the most difficult audience of all, in opera. This is the way it started.

Each Christmas, Lanny has entertained at a party for boys and girls, sponsored by the Dutch Treat Club. For many years he followed a magician.

"After seeing women disappear into thin air and rabbits pulled out of a hat," Lanny observed, "kids found a singer rather tame—and could you blame them?"

That started him probing and he hit on the idea for a "Four Minute Opera." Lanny wrote the librettos for such titles as "Polly the Parrot" and "Freddy the Rabbit." The pocket-sized operas have clever stories and colorful characterization. Polly, the parrot, is owned by a poor poet, so Polly decides to write the poetry and sends the poet out to work. Freddy, the rabbit, gets a bit weary of the magician making him disappear so Freddy sends the magician into the land of never-never. Another libretto about the sea has the most unusual choral group in the history of opera. It is made up of octopi.

The premiere performances of Lanny's operas were at the Metropolitan Opera House recently and the enthusiasm—from adults and children—was overwhelming.

Neither Lanny's musical projects nor interest in children stop when the Rosses move from their Manhattan apartment every weekend to the 450-acre farm near Bangall, N. Y.

TEN YEARS ago they bought the land, named it "Melody Farm," and stocked cows which they knew little about. Today Lanny speaks authoritatively on dairy herd improvement and milk production. Their eighty-five black and white Holsteins pipe 300,000 pounds of milk each year into the city.

Since Melody Farm is near the *New York Herald Tribune's* Fresh Air Camp for children, Lanny invites the boys and girls over regularly for a "Catfish Derby." He takes them to his catfish pond and gives them a line and bait. For the first time many of them experience the thrill of a catch.

"It's a good sport for youngsters," Lanny believes. "Fishing teaches patience, friendliness and a greater understanding of nature."

He thinks it's rarely that you find a criminal or dishonest man who loves to fish. He feels there is no better environment than the outdoors for raising children properly.

"If we give youngsters the kind of help they need," he tells you, "we might have the kind of society we want—but never quite achieve."

Wherever Lanny travels, he tries to start fishing clubs for children. If any *RADIO MIRROR* readers wish to start such an organization in their community, Lanny would be most happy to correspond with them about the idea, and how to go about it.

He usually tops off the "Catfish Derby" on his farm with entertainment and refreshments. The Ross touch is evident through the day, from the "Four Minute Opera" to the ice cream.

"It happens every summer," Olive explains. "The store wants to deliver ice cream bars but Lanny insists that the kids have cones."

It takes an understanding man to know children would rather lick a double-header ice cream cone. Lanny Ross is that man. He's considerate and kind but so modest he never toots his own horn. It's little wonder that his fans are so faithful. Somehow, without knowing him personally, from his songs alone, they realize the goodness in his heart.

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penetrate into pore openings. Lanolin's softening benefits go deeper, softening tiny lines... smoothing flaky roughness to fresher, younger-looking beauty.

Where the Heart Is—

(Continued from page 69)

friend, Don Cornwall. She even heard them arguing one evening on the porch, Don insisting, Brad putting him off. Then Don left, and Brad came into the living room, stood fidgeting beside her.

"Is Dad working late at the store tonight?" he asked finally.

"Until about ten, I imagine," she answered. "Why? Do you want him for something special?"

"No. Only—do you know if he's heard from my mother, yet?"

"We can hardly expect to," said Terry, too quickly. "It's been just a few days since we wrote. She may be off on a cruise, you know, or she may have moved—"

"You mean," said Brad hollowly, "she may not get the letter at all."

"She gets other mail, surely," Terry pointed out. "She must hear from her lawyers, and from the estate. It's only a question of time, probably at least a couple of weeks."

BRAD sighed with relief. "Then I guess it's all right for me to go."

Terry blinked, bewildered. "Go? Go where?"

"Oh—Don Cornwall's trying to set up a double date for me with a new girl tomorrow night. I sort of didn't know whether I ought to go or not."

"What an idea!" Terry laughed. "Of course you ought to go. Brad—" She stopped, looked closely at him. "Brad, are you afraid?"

"I guess I am, a little," he admitted.

"There's no reason to be," she said soothingly. "Your mother and your father both love you. Neither of them would do anything to hurt you."

"I know," said Brad. "But—Mother might think I was—well, letting her down, that I didn't love her any more. She might be hurt—"

How well I know, Terry thought. And how well she'd make you know it. But she said evenly, "Nothing terrible or unpleasant is going to happen in any case, Brad. It will be up to the Judge to decide—"

It was then that the telephone rang. Brad went to answer, explaining over his shoulder that Don was probably calling about the double date. Then Terry heard the change in his voice as he answered, and she stiffened.

"Come over—now?" he said. "I—excuse me just a minute, Mother—"

Marion. The name seemed to explode inside her. Terry half-rose, sank back again as Brad came into the room.

"It's Mother," he said in a taut voice. "She's here in Dickston, at the Dickston Arms Hotel. She wants me to come and see her right away. Aunt Terry, what should I do?"

Somehow, she spoke calmly, somehow made the right answer. "Brad, dear, this is one time I can't advise you. Marion's your mother, and—and although I wish I could help you, you'll have to decide for yourself."

He went, of course, with a face so white, so strained, that Terry's heart ached for him. She herself called Stan after Brad had left, but before that, she sat for a long while in her chair, trying to fight down her fear. Marion here, in Dickston! She must have taken a plane as soon as she'd received the letter. Oh, Marion had certainly not flown all those miles to say goodbye to Brad!

Marion was exquisite. She wore a misty pink chiffon housecoat as she waited for her son, and a cloud of deli-

cate perfume, and a look in which helplessness and pain and longing and tender courage were nicely mingled. She carried a filmy white handkerchief—which could be effectively twisted in agitation—and she was busy laying out several packages, in handsome gift wrappings, on a table in her spacious suite at the Dickston Arms.

The doorbell rang. She hurried to the divan, sank down upon it, spreading her skirts, resuming the tender, brave expression. Yes, this was just right for Brad's first sight of her in months—

"Ice water, Ma'am," said the bellhop, marching into the room. "You ordered it—"

"Hours ago!" Marion snapped. "Well, don't just stand there! Set it down, and get out—"

"Sorry, Ma'am," said the boy. "We're short today. Two boys sick—"

"I'm not interested in the health of the staff!" Her voice rose. "All I'm interested in is decent service! Just hurry up, and get out! You're spoiling my—"

"I'm here, Mother." Brad spoke from the doorway.

There was no time now to resume her pose upon the couch. She swept toward Brad while the bellboy, seeking his chance, slipped unobtrusively away.

"Brad—darling," Marion's voice trembled. "Come in. Let me look at you."

But something was wrong. It wasn't that she'd been caught in a temper; it wasn't just that she had to raise her arms unexpectedly high—how he had grown!—in order to encircle Brad's shoulders. No, it was something more subtle, something in his eyes.

"You—you're growing up," she said uncertainly. "It's ridiculous that six months should make such a difference. Brad—aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Sure," he said agreeably. "If you want me to."

HER arms closed around him; she clung to him long after his peck at her cheek had come and gone. Tears slid out from under her closed lids, and she dabbed at them daintily with the filmy handkerchief.

"I'm crying," she said. "Isn't that silly of me, when this is such a happy occasion? We're really together again, the way we used to be in the big old house on the hill, just the two of us. Remember, Brad?"

"Of course," said Brad.

"Remember," she went on, "how I would sit in the big wing chair beside the fire, and you'd sit on the floor at my feet, with your head on my knee? Those were lovely hours, weren't they, Brad?"

"Uh-huh," said Brad.

Irritation flashed across her mind. He looked so sensitive, so responsive, and he was behaving as—as lumpishly—as the dolt of a bellboy.

"Lovely, precious hours," she went on softly. "You would talk to me about your studies and your dreams, and we would make plans for the future. Great, shining, wonderful dreams for the two of us. Brad, sit down the same way now, with your head on my knee—"

She led him to the sofa. He sat down, shifted uncomfortably. "I'm too big for that now, Mother. Uh—what time did you leave Havana?"

She swallowed her annoyance, and decided not to sit beside him after all.

Instead, she backed a few paces, aware of how small she looked against the background of the big room.

"Does it matter?" she asked. "I'm here now, with you—where I've longed to be—"

"Then why didn't you come to see me before this?" He wasn't accusing; the question had escaped in spite of himself. There was a pause. Marion gave him a silent, stricken look.

"I suppose," she said, very low, "that you think—or you've been told—that I left you behind when I went South in order not to be bothered with you."

"But—" He shook his head, bewildered. "If you didn't want to leave me here, why did you?"

"Oh, Brad!" She laughed helplessly. "I'm alone, with no one to help, to advise me. It's so easy to make mistakes—tragic mistakes. I thought I was giving you the benefit of a father's love and guidance. But, apparently, instead of helping you to grow and develop all these months, Stan has done nothing but try to turn you against me—at Terry's instigation, no doubt."

SHE'D gone too far. Brad looked shocked. "Oh, no!" he corrected her anxiously. "That isn't so! Dad and Aunt Terry never say a word against you—"

"Say!" she repeated. "They wouldn't be so crude, my dear. There are other ways. For instance—why do you suppose I stopped sending you presents, after the television set, if it wasn't because I knew they would make it seem that I was trying to buy your devotion?"

"Gosh, Mother, that's not—"

She swept on, unheeding. "And all the time I was dying to send you all sorts of gifts, and a really big allowance instead of that pittance I sent you every week."

"You mailed me an allowance?"

"Of course," said Marion, "in your father's care. You got it, didn't you?"

"Why, no. I—" He stopped, looking dazed.

"Brad! You *didn't* get it? But you must have, unless—" She bit her lip.

"Unless it was lost or—or stolen," said Brad. "Gee, Mother—"

"Oh, no," she said quickly, "you mustn't think that, Brad. Forget it. I *did* send it to you, every week, but—well, I think you'd just better forget that I mentioned it. We'll settle it this way: I'll give you a check for the total amount, and we just won't think of it again. Only promise me that if anyone asks if I sent you your weekly allowance all this time, you just say yes."

He looked completely at sea. "But who'd ever ask me such a question?"

"The Judge might, or the lawyer," said Marion. "And you see, if you were to mention that you hadn't got it, suspicion might fall on certain persons, and—oh, it would be just too awful! And I don't want to cause any unpleasantness, Brad. Even though people try to take everything away from me, even my own child—"

The handkerchief went to her eyes. Brad hastened to reassure her. "Nobody's trying to take me away from you, Mother. I thought it all out for myself, about staying here in Dickston with Dad and Aunt Terry. I mean, I could still see you and be with you whenever I wanted. But I like it here in Dickston. I have all my friends here, and I want to go on living here. You

know how it is. I sort of fit in."

She knew, and a plan that had been forming in the back of her mind suddenly crystallized. It wasn't entirely to her liking, but it would be worth it.

She didn't trouble to keep the venom out of her voice as she said, "I take it Stan and Terry have made life very pleasant for you?"

"It's been swell!" There was no mistaking the warmth in his tone. "I've had to earn my own spending money, and do without some things I wanted, but it's been fun. Dad and Aunt Terry have made me feel like part of a real family, just like other kids."

"Oh, my darling—" Hate rose in her, choking her, setting her hands to trembling. There was no need to pretend emotion; this was genuine, only Brad couldn't know that it was hatred for Terry instead of concern for him. "What a bitter awakening there is in store for you! Have you thought what it will be like after Terry's baby is born? Oh, yes, I know about it—I saw Lillian Anderson shortly after I arrived in town, and she told me. And, Brad, when the baby comes, suddenly you'll be considered old enough to take care of yourself. They won't want to hear your problems or to help you solve them; they'll resent the little time you do take. And they'll feel guilty about neglecting you, and therefore treat you all the more sharply."

"Gosh, Mother, I don't think—"

"Believe me, darling, it will be like that." She was beside him in a rush, seizing his hands, pleading with him. "There'll be too great an age difference between you and the baby. And, in the last analysis, your father will feel, whatever the Judge may decide, that you are only half his child. The baby will be all his."

SHE'D struck home; she could see it in his eyes, and she could have shouted for joy.

Terry didn't ask Brad about his interview with his mother when he reached home that evening. But Stan asked, before he got a look at the boy's face.

"You saw your mother, Brad?" he said. "What did she have to say?"

"She cried," said Brad.

Stan's lips tightened, but he spoke gently. "Look, son—you haven't had a chance to discuss this with her before tonight. If, after hearing her side of it, you want to change your mind, we want you to feel free as air to do it. Only, whatever decision you make, I want you to be as sure as you can be that it's the right one, the best one for you."

Brad's back was toward them. He seemed to be very busy setting an armload of gaily wrapped packages on the hall table. "I thought I had," he said, "until I saw Mother. I thought I was right, and that everything would go on being swell the way it's been these last months. But Mother said— She said—"

"Don't tell us, Brad," Terry warned him quickly, "if you'd rather not."

"I guess I wouldn't." The words were barely audible. "If I tell you what she said, then I'll have to tell her what you said, and then you'll both tell the judge—and hate each other!" He turned toward them suddenly, his face twisting. "I didn't know it was going to be like this!" he cried. "Like being torn down the middle of myself! Part of me feels sorry for Mother, all by herself, with no one but me. Part of me wants to stay here all the time. I don't know what to do! I wish—I wish I were dead!"

He rushed up the stairs. Terry started after him; then Stan was beside her,



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holding her. "Darling," he said, "don't. He's better left alone for a while, and you need to take care of yourself. I've an idea you're going to need all the strength you can muster when you face Marion and the Judge."

It was hot in the Judge's chambers. The dark paneled walls seemed to glisten with the heat; the single fan did no more than stir the air so that it moved like a warm breath across the skin. Brad, sitting with Marion and Terry and Stan in the outer office while the Judge was momentarily closeted with the lawyers, felt that he would suffocate if the hearing went on much longer. The Judge had spoken to his mother and Terry and Stan; in a moment they would all be called in.

The Judge's door was opening; the lawyers were coming out. The Judge himself stood in the doorway, nodding to them.

"Mrs. Sullivan—Mr. and Mrs. Burton—Brad. If you'll come inside—"

Brad dragged himself erect. It was coming now. And it was going to be worse than he'd expected. He was going to have to choose between his mother and his father; to have to choose one, in the presence of the other.

THE Judge started to seat them, Marion on one side of his desk, Stan and Terry on the other, and Brad beside him. But Marion, with a little gesture of desperation, left her chair, came to place a protective arm around Brad.

"Your Honor," she pleaded, "is much more of this necessary? We can't go on torturing Brad like this, trying to pull him apart. His place is with me, his mother. I have no other child, no interest in life except him."

"If that's so," Stan cut in, "why did you leave him with us and go off for more than eight months? You didn't even write to him—"

Marion lifted her head proudly. "I've explained all that to Judge Watson. He knows that when my doctor ordered me South for my health, I never dreamed I'd be gone so long, or I'd have taken Brad with me in the first place. And then when Brad was established in school here, I didn't think it was right to move him. As for not writing—you know how attached he's always been to me. I knew that my letters would only upset him and make him more lonely—"

"Upset him," Stan repeated bitterly. "What do you think you'll be doing now, if you take him away from his school and his friends—"

Marion smiled. "But I don't intend to take him away," she said sweetly. "I've come back to Dickston to stay. I'm buying a house here. I even have my agents looking for one. Isn't that so, Judge Watson?"

Brad gasped. This was the first he'd heard of his mother's buying a house in Dickston. Judge Watson turned to him. "What do you think of that, Brad?" he asked. "If your mother settles here?"

Brad shook his head. He didn't know what to think of it. It might be wonderful, but somehow all he could think of right now was that if his mother stayed in Dickston, this tug-of-war between his parents would go on forever.

"I don't know what to say, sir," he answered. "I'd like to stay here, all right, only—"

"Only it just wouldn't work!" Stan could no longer contain himself. "You know you've outgrown Dickston, Marion. Even the country club set seems dull and provincial to you. You'd stay for a couple of months, or three or four—and then you'd put the new house

up for sale just as you did the big Burton house, and then you'd be on your way again."

"What can you give him?" Marion cried passionately. "Brad's my whole life, all I have—and you and Terry have your own child coming. Brad will only be in the way, shunted aside—and I'm not forgetting, Stan Burton, about the financial settlement that goes with Brad's custody. You'd find that convenient, wouldn't you, to use for your own child, you and Terry—" She stopped, clapping her hand over her mouth in a childish gesture of dismay. "I'm sorry, Judge Watson," she apologized. "I never, never meant to say anything like that! But I'm so terribly worried and overwrought about what may happen to Brad—"

Judge Watson nodded gravely. "I think the heat alone is enough to set us all on edge," he said. "And I also think this sort of procedure is getting us nowhere. I've heard both sides of the story, and I see no point in keeping you all here any longer. I want to talk to Brad now, and since this conference may take some time, I think it best if you all leave. I'll take Brad home."

Terry rose awkwardly, with the help of Stan's hand at her elbow. She tried to smile at Brad, but the boy's pale, quiet face unnerved her. Marion bent tenderly over him.

"Brad, darling, don't be frightened. Tell His Honor exactly how you feel about everything."

How he felt! Brad swallowed. He didn't know how he felt—except miserable—or what he thought. It was a mass of confusions, the talk about the new baby, his mother's talk about money.

No, he wasn't sure of anything. All he knew was his mother fighting for him, desperately, with every weapon she could think of, while his father and Aunt Terry kept repeating that he must decide; he must do what he wanted. Yes, that was the difference between them, if you stopped to think of it that way. It was possible that his father and Aunt Terry wanted him to stay with them for his own good, whether or not they felt toward him as they would feel toward their own child. They would. They were that kind of people. And his mother—

THAT evening Stan and Terry sat alone on the screened porch of their little house on Maple Street.

"Late," Stan remarked. "I wonder why Brad isn't back yet. The Judge can't have been talking all this time."

"He probably took him to supper," said Terry. "There's nothing to worry about. He promised to bring Brad back here himself."

"No, he didn't," Stan corrected her. "He said he'd take him home. And if he's decided in Marion's favor—"

"He won't," said Terry with an assurance she did not feel. "He—Stan! Isn't that his car now?"

They waited, not moving, hardly daring to breathe, while the big car slid to a stop by the curb. They strained their eyes through the dark as they heard the car door open—and they saw one figure get out. Just one.

"Oh, Stan!" Terry breathed. "He's alone! Darling, don't— We mustn't jump to conclusions—"

Judge Watson was gravely apologetic. "I hope you weren't concerned about not hearing from me," he said when he was seated. "Brad and I talked so earnestly and for so long that I lost track of time. It took me a while to break through his defenses, but when he began to talk freely, the words

poured out of him, and he told me about situations and reactions which I would never have got by questioning."

"Judge Watson," Stan demanded in a tight voice, "why are you telling us all this? Is it an explanation of your decision—or an excuse?"

"Stan!" Terry cautioned softly, and the Judge smiled.

"I realize you've been under a strain, Mr. Burton, and I'll relieve your mind as soon as possible. But first there's a point or two I'd like to get straight. Mr. Burton, what did you do with the allowance your ex-wife sent to Brad?"

"Allowance?" said Stan blankly. "She didn't send him any money at all—unless he received mail directly, which isn't likely."

"Mmm," said the Judge. "You received no sums for his support, even though a fund was created for that purpose? Didn't you find you needed extra money for taking care of him?"

"Of course," said Stan. "But the thought of asking Marion for it out of his fund was repugnant to me. I did want to increase his allowance, but when it was impossible, Brad got himself a part-time job."

"And you approved?" asked the Judge.

"I WASN'T pleased that the only job he could find was at the big Burton store which I used to own," Stan admitted. "But I thought it was an excellent idea for him to be working. I felt that he would learn the value of earned money."

"I see." The Judge stared reflectively at him, then turned to Terry. "Mrs. Burton, when we spoke alone together today, the only reason you could give for Mrs. Sullivan's wanting the boy was that she didn't want *you* to have him. Could that feeling possibly be the result of your own imagination?"

"My nervous imag— Do you mean that I could be the victim of a persecution complex?" Terry asked incredulously. "I—I don't think so, Your Honor. If I were, wouldn't I feel that everyone hated me?"

"Strange you should bring that up," Stan put in. "That's the way Brad was when he first came to us, eight months ago. He was convinced that no one liked him, that people didn't want to be friendly, that there was no one he could trust. That's what living with Marion did to him—and it's the way he's begun to be since she's come back. I saw it this afternoon—"

"I agree with you," said Judge Watson quietly. He rose. "Mr. Burton, Mrs. Burton, your boy is outside, in my car. I just wanted to talk to you first and make sure that I was right on these points. You've shown me that I am. Therefore, I am going to rule that custody of the boy be turned over to you, permanently, and that his mother, Marion Sullivan, not be permitted to influence or interfere with his life in any way whatsoever."

Brad came up the walk with the Judge. He felt lightened and relieved after their long talk, at peace now that he'd made his decision.

But there was one more thing he needed to know—how *they* would feel about it, his Father and Aunt Terry. He had to know that this homecoming meant as much to them as it did to him.

Then he saw them coming down the porch steps, his father a dark, welcoming shadow, his Aunt Terry—yes, even in the dusk there was the light in her face, the smiling radiance.

He began to run, toward his waiting family—toward his new security.

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So much gentler, kinder! Makes hair easier to set in long-lasting pin curls! Home Permanents take better!

It's the egg that does it! By actual scientific test, the real egg contained in powdered form in Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo makes your hair easier to comb, easier to set.

You'll make pin curls... so much smoother, they're bound to last longer! And see how much better your Richard Hudnut Home Permanent "takes" after this shampoo! Gentler, kinder, too! No wonder your hair is left shimmering with "lovelights"!

Richard Hudnut Shampoo is better because:

1. Contains egg (powder, 1%)—proved to make hair more manageable.
2. Not a wax or paste—but a smooth *liquid* creme!
3. Easy to apply; rinses out readily.
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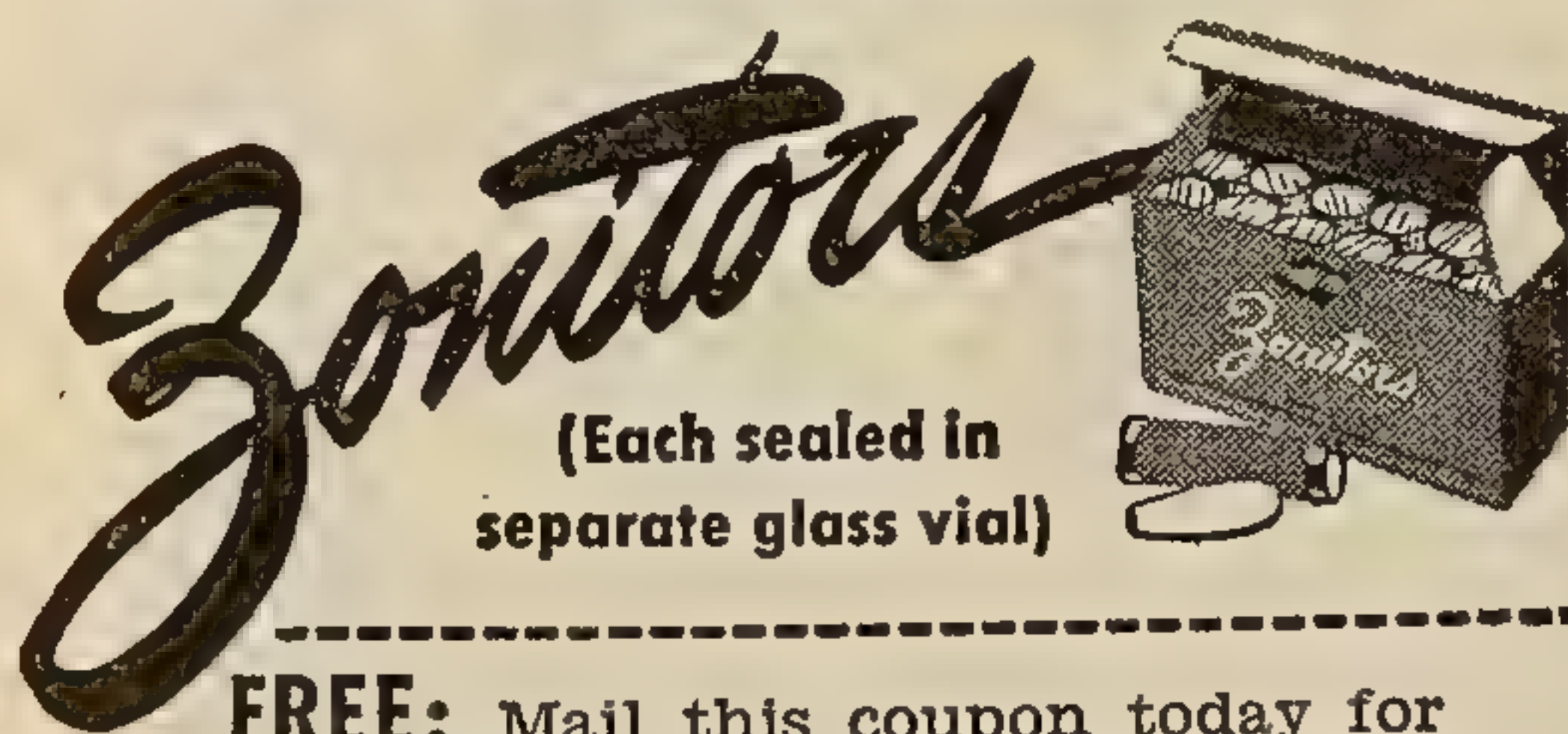
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This Is Your Life

(Continued from page 31)

proud of a two-year-old daughter and an infant son. He's a business man—a star salesman in an automobile agency in Carroll, Iowa, and he runs a 200-acre farm.

Lots of boys make good like that, settle down early—sure. But Ralph arrived at this happy point the hard way. Less than five years ago, on December 14, 1944, Ralph lay near death in a shell-torn street in Birgel, Germany, both of his legs shattered.

He had killed a dozen Germans, *after* he was wounded, and routed, single handed, a Nazi tank.

Ralph got the Congressional Medal of Honor for that day's work. *But he lost both of his legs.*

We heard about this boy through the War Department, having checked with General Omar Bradley on the hunch that a run-down on our wartime heroes four years *after* the war might turn up a good story for the program.

Ralph Neppel, we knew as soon as we heard his record, was a young man who had made his own chances.

From that point, it was our job to fit the pieces of his life together, round up all the people who had been instrumental in shaping it in order to enjoy the magic five minutes at the program's close when we give him a glimpse of his future.

We couldn't go directly to Ralph for this material, of course. The people whose lives are relived on our program don't know until they're on the air what we're up to.

We ran into our usual problems.

Axel Gruenberg, our director, put through the first long distance call to Ralph's young wife, the former Jean Moore, at the Neppels' farm home.

Hollywood calling, Mr. Gruenberg for Ralph Edwards, for This Is Your Life. Would she tell us all about Ralph, bring Ralph to Hollywood for the program?

Jean thought somebody was kidding her, and hung up.

This always happens, at least once.

We got the operator in Carroll again, induced *her* to talk to Mrs. Neppel.

Jean listened to us the second time, and promised to write up Ralph's story as she knew it. Not a word about this to Ralph, we warned her. The War De-

partment would contact him, ask him to go to Los Angeles to make a radio appeal for the veterans' bureau.

Jean's story came along in the mail in a few days, and it was a good one.

Ralph and Jean had met in 1942, at the ice skating pond. On New Year's Eve he had taken her to a party. Afterwards, on the icy roads, Ralph's car skidded into a ditch, and he had to walk Jean a quarter of a mile to her home, and then two miles farther to his sister's to be put up for the night.

Jean and Ralph were engaged on his last furlough before going overseas.

When she saw him again, it was in McCloskey General Hospital, in Temple, Texas. He was getting well then, but his chart read "Double Amputee." Two months later they were married.

It was not long after that Ralph put hospitals behind him, and went back with his bride to start all over again as a farmer in Carroll, Iowa.

With the material Jean gave us, Jim Chadwick, who does the research for the program, could begin to round up the other key figures in Ralph's past.

Jim talked to Ralph's mother first.

A pretty remarkable woman in her own right, Rose Neppel. Widowed since Ralph was nine, and his six brothers and sisters all still of school age, Mrs. Neppel had been a successful farmer herself, with the older boys' help.

She told us about Ralph's first day in the little red school house, how he shined up immediately to the teacher—Miss Edyth Davis.

"Where was Miss Davis now?" Jim Chadwick wanted to know. Miss Davis was a Mrs. L. A. Stoner; we found her in Tucson, Arizona, and eager to come to Hollywood to honor her former pupil. He was such a smart boy, she remembered. Mischievous sometimes, but sweet.

Older brother Arby—the one with whom Ralph had tossed a coin to see which would go to war, which stay behind to help on the farm—and Ralph's married sister, Isabelle, now Mrs. Charles Feld, were able to give us the rest of the material needed on the years before the war. Both promised to appear on the program.

The toughest part of the research job came when we set out on the trail of

"A woman's *Secret* heart..."

It's about the inner life of a woman . . . *every* woman! Different, complete, true-to-life stories taken from the pages of True Story magazine. Every morning, Monday thru Friday. Listeners write—"It really is *MY* true story . . . because *these* dramas truly picture feminine emotions."



hear radio's greatest morning show

MY TRUE STORY

ABC Stations

Ralph's army pals. We wanted particularly a buddy of his basic training days, Jim Schuele.

We had a lot to start with on this one. The War Department responded to our wire: James Schuele was somewhere in Iowa.

We weren't discouraged. Through veterans' organizations in Iowa we traced Jim Schuele to a logging camp at Oak Run, California.

"A break for that old onion peeler," his voice boomed over the wire. "That's great. Just tell me what to do."

The key participant for our purposes was an ex-GI named Gene Rine, of Akron, Ohio. Gene is the man who saved Ralph's life.

The War Department had given us the details. Ralph had led his squad into an open square in the center of the embattled town. Just as they were about to reach their position a German tank appeared. A shell sped toward the group and exploded in its midst. Every man of the squad, except Ralph, was instantly killed. Ralph himself was skyrocketed into the air. As he fell back to earth, still conscious, he pulled himself by his elbows—his legs were shattered by the shell, remember—twenty-five feet to his machine gun. He righted the weapon and opened fire on the tank and the more than twenty Germans moving up behind it.

THE tank stopped beside him, so that anyone leaning out of it could have dropped a grenade on him.

He continued firing at the Germans behind the tank, and soon forced those who survived to retreat. The tank crew, frightened by the loss of its protecting infantrymen, also went into reverse and sped away. About two dozen Germans were left behind, dead.

Gene Rine, watching from a window of a nearby house, started to go to the wounded sergeant's rescue, when he saw one of the surviving Germans raise his rifle. As a matter of fact, one of the bullets from that gun creased Ralph's head. The German aimed the gun again, but he never fired—for a blast from Gene Rine's pistol took him out of action, forever.

Obviously, we had to find Gene Rine. And find him we did. He was a student now, in an Ohio university, and in the midst of his mid-term exams.

Exams or no exams, when we had told him what we wanted he said just as simply as Jim Schuele before him: "Just tell me what you want me to do."

He told us, when he arrived in Hollywood, the rest of the story of the battle in Birgel. He had dragged Ralph Nepel, nearly unconscious now, to the shelter of a nearby house, rounded up a medical officer.

Just before he left to go back to his position Ralph called to him. He didn't say thanks, just held out a shaking hand, asked Rine for a cigarette.

Rine lighted one for him, patted him on the arm, muttered something about "hang on, man," and went out. He had never seen him from that day, although they had kept in touch.

We had a pretty solid story now, we thought. We didn't need a topper—but we got one, in the form of a letter to Ralph from President Truman.

We were ready to go on the air.

Ralph came to the studio with Jean just a few moments before broadcast to make his "pitch"—or so he thought—for the veterans' bureau. We were on the air when we first told him that he was starring in *This Is Your Life*.

Ralph's mother came on stage first.

*For lips men long to kiss again..
and again
...and again - Tangee*



*Lips eager to kiss in a
romantic love scene between*

SUE ENGLAND

AND

PETER FERNANDEZ

IN

"CITY ACROSS THE RIVER"

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1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
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4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
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Tangee

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TANGEE PINK QUEEN—You'll be queen of his heart with this perfect pink on your lips.

TANGEE RED RED—This reddest of reds makes all girls more kissable—especially brunettes!

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—Dramatize your lips—for him—with this amorous, glamorous shade.

TANGEE GAY-RED—A kiss-catching color for the fair-haired girl.

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Want your complexion to have the youthful, new "freshly-scrubbed" look? Simply smooth on *Magic Touch*. Use no powder! *Magic Touch* alone gives that luminous look of dewy-fresh perfection.



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"Mom, what on earth are you doing here?" was all Ralph could say.

Mrs. Stoner was next, and then Ralph's pretty wife, Jean, and Brother Arby and Sister Isabelle. Ralph was too amazed to say much.

Then Jim Schuele came on stage, followed by Gene Rine.

For the first time, Ralph found the strength to get out of his chair, push out a hand to the man who had saved his life.

"Take it easy, man," Rine said, forgetting his script, tears in his eyes.

We went on with the show to recall for Ralph—and our listeners—the bleak days in a series of hospitals both in Europe and this country where Ralph spent the months after his injury.

And we reminded him, as though he would ever have forgotten, of the August morning in 1945 when he stood with nineteen other American heroes in the East Room of the White House to receive from President Truman the Congressional Medal of Honor.

At that point we were able to prove to Ralph that President Truman, along with others of his countrymen for whom he had given so much, had not forgotten him.

We handed him, right there on stage, the President's letter, which read:

Dear Mr. Neppel,

When I had the honor of conferring upon you the Congressional Medal of Honor in August, 1945, at the White House, I was particularly impressed with the citation accompanying the medal. In it, your great heroism, above and beyond the call of duty, was well described.

I have learned something about your career since you finally left the hospitals behind you and returned to your own community in Carroll County, Iowa. Your accomplishments there are an inspiration to all of us.

I have been informed of your fine achievements in farming—how you consistently have topped the average in production of corn, and how through your determination and high courage, you have become a leader in your community, just as you were a leader of men in the service of your country.

With my best wishes for your continued success and happiness, I am

Sincerely yours,
(SIGNED) Harry Truman

I could hear Ralph's questions over the roar of applause, "Is this really true?"

He wondered again if this could all be true when we unveiled his Philip Morris Future:

The new rug Jean had wanted for so long for their living room floor; an electric clothes dryer and automatic ironer, and a vacation for the young Neppels whenever they want it at Sun Valley, Idaho.

Best of all, we were able to give Ralph a modern farm tractor with a two-row corn planter which he had wanted, but been unable to afford.

I guess Ralph shook my hand a dozen times once we were off the air, wondering aloud what he had done to make a total stranger do all this for him.

"Nonsense, Ralph," I told him, and I meant it, "you did it for yourself." For Ralph is one of the big people, the people who make their own chances.

We always have a dinner party for our radio guests on the nights after the broadcasts.

The night of Ralph's party, I decided not to go, I thought they would prefer privacy.

Our producer, Al Paschall, was on hand, of course, to see that everything went off smoothly. He told me about it the next day. He was moved almost to tears by the sincere gratitude of Ralph and his family and friends.

Dinner was very gay, and Ralph said over and over, Al reported, "Nothing like this ever happened in Iowa."

The three veterans huddled together all evening rehashing their war experiences. Al couldn't get over the casual way in which Ralph would whip up his trouser legs to show his buddies the fine mechanical legs on which he gets around briskly.

We had told the Neppels that they would be welcome to stay around Hollywood for a few days, but they refused. Ralph was eager to get his hands on that new corn planter, and both he and Jean were terribly homesick for the children.

I knew Ralph Neppel for just a few hours, really. But I will never forget him—or any of the people who figured in his life. They deepened my conviction that the plain people of America are the great people.

Meeting people like Ralph week after week since This Is Your Life was born has given me a zest for my job that I wouldn't have believed possible.

I have decided that helping people who help themselves is the most rewarding work in the world. This is my life, I suppose you could put it in a nutshell. And I love it!

FOR FRIDAY NIGHT ENJOYMENT

Tune In

"the JACK CARSON show"

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Every Friday Night
8 p.m. Eastern Time
On Your CBS Station

For Reading Enjoyment: Look for Jack Carson's Life Story plus color portrait in the current issue of **TRUE STORY** now on newsstands.



"I'm Growing Up Again"

(Continued from page 29)

driveway, my jean-clad daughter noted the group on the bridge trail, all dressed in levis. Clustered here and there among the buildings were additional teensters, male and female, dressed in the out-shirt and loafer style. Sandra's expression modified.

After three weeks at Chadwick, she came home to announce, "Mother, I'm so mad at you for being right. I love Chadwick."

I thought this approval would help to sell Ronnie on the same school, where we want to enroll him next September. My second-teen sight should have warned me. He had selected another school, partly, I suspect, to prove his independence of his sister.

Again I resorted to my plan of making a bargain to satisfy both parent and child. I told him that if he could maintain a position on the honor roll (comprising the ten students with top grades) at Black Foxe Military Academy for nine straight months, he would have earned the privilege of selecting his own school.

THE first month he made it; the second, he held his position; the third, he bettered his standing among the first ten; the fourth month he came home jauntily to announce, "We got our reports today. Guess I'll be very happy at Chadwick."

Sandra and Ronnie get along around the house like the average brother and sister, that is, with all the cordiality of a pair of strange black leopards. Their arguments always deal with world-shaking problems such as who had the glue last.

Yet, when one or the other has fractured some household rule and is taken to task, I note that the young Burnses present a solid front. Ronnie will say in defense of his sister, "You misunderstood her, Mother. She didn't mean what she said." And Sandra will explain, "Ronnie would have been here on time, but he had to wait for David to come home."

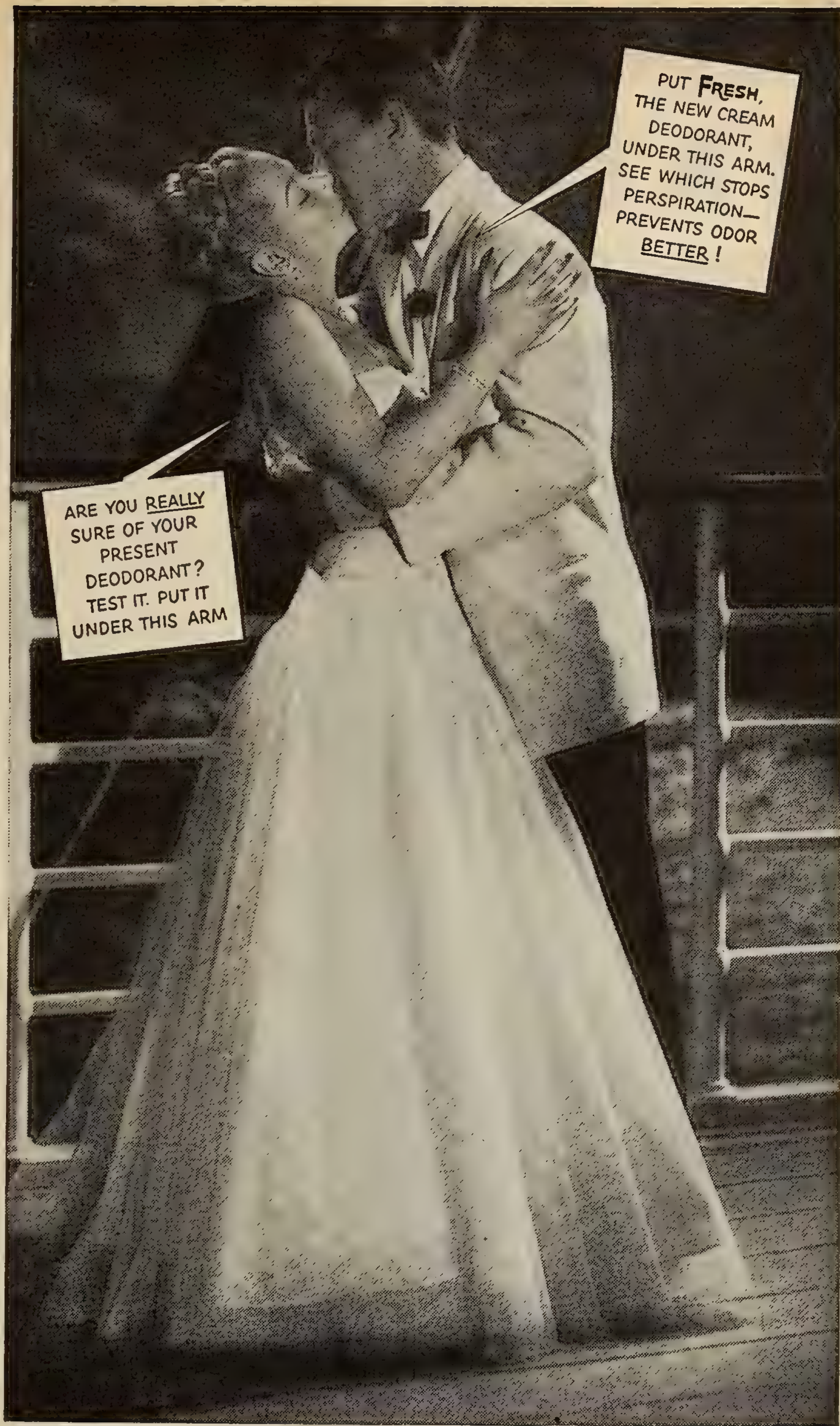
During my own formative period, I was not allowed to have dates until I was sixteen. Life moves faster nowadays. Sandra, who seems more mature than her years would indicate because she is now five feet nine inches tall, began to attend boy-and-girl school parties when she was thirteen.

We have one rule about this: I always know the boy with whom she is spending the evening, and I always know his family.

We have established midnight as the witching hour; Sandra must be home then or Cinderella has her dating privileges taken away. We mothers decided on that rule, after extensive telephone consultation.

During my first teenhood, ten o'clock was the Friday night rule when I was allowed to date; eleven was the weekend deadline.

Nowadays, however, if youngsters see a movie, then stop at a drive-in for Cokes and hamburgers, it is difficult for them to reach home before midnight. I think it is better to make a rule that is easy to keep, than one which may be innocently broken again and again. Not long ago Sandra spent Saturday evening with several girl friends, playing records and watching television.



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She was at home and tucked in by eleven, mainly because she didn't have to prove anything by remaining out later.

Sandra and I have one particular teen experience in common. The first thing I used to ask about a boy whom someone praised was, "How tall is he?" I was short, so I found it almost impossible to dance with a very tall boy.

Sandra asks the same question for the exactly opposite reason. She doesn't like to dance with boys shorter than she is. Despite her five feet nine inches, she is as straight as an arrow, walks with proud grace in her flat heels, dances beautifully, and is frequently complimented on her posture.

RONNIE has reached that interesting masculine state of being telephoned by girls. Bachelors, it seems, are in demand from the time they lose interest in coaster wagons. However, Ronnie couldn't be less concerned with the frilly side of life. Right now his twin fascinations are mechanics and fish. He spends hour after hour working on a small (eighteen inches overall) automotive racer that actually runs; when he wearies of that, he devotes himself to his four aquariums of tropical fish. Have you any idea of what goes on in the life of a tropical fish?

One of the things *my* parents didn't have to worry about was the automobile problem. Sandra is going to learn to drive next year. Next year, also, Ronnie will be of legal age to secure a learner's license and will be qualified to drive if there is a driving, licensed adult in the car with him.

Considering the fury of Los Angeles traffic, this is something to keep a mother walking the floor until curfew. However, I suppose our great-grandparents worried when our grandmothers were scorching around town on bicycles built for two, and I predict that Ronnie and Sandra will worry about *their* children when the youngsters are taking helicopter lessons. The human race is an institution which is determined to go oftener, faster, and farther. All I have to say to the moon is, "If you really *are* made of green cheese, my great-grandson will probably set up a dairy store on your light side."

Another menace spared my parents during my original teenstering was the combination of telephone and television.

My sympathy goes out to every home in which both instruments are installed within the grasp of the growing child. My two developed the horrible habit of calling a friend, whose family also owned a television set, and conferring on the problem of which program to watch. Once this choice was tuned in, the conversation went on like this for hours: "Look at that character! What a ham. Isn't this a terrible program?"

Finally, after having been cut off from our friends, our business associates, and Stop The Music for months, we gave up and ordered a second telephone, on a one-party line, to be installed in the upstairs sitting room. Our only problem then was to keep Ronnie and Sandra from battling to the death over its exclusive use.

Certainly radio and television have altered the hero-worshipping habits of this new generation. When I was a violent movie fan, the dream of my life was Ronald Colman. Sandra's hero is Al Jolson. I made arrangements for her to see a Jolson broadcast, but I thought I should prepare her. "Remember that Mr. Jolson doesn't look at

all like Larry Parks," I cautioned her. Sandra smiled down at me indulgently. "I know he's an older man, Mother. I'm interested in him as a singer, that's all."

Her favorite actress is June Allyson, from whom she has copied her hair style.

Actually, I think lovely little June unknowingly solved one of my major problems. There was a time, a few years back, when Sandra developed a strong gypsy strain. Her aversion to water was positively nomadic; her distrust of a toothbrush was enormous, and her hair usually resembled a Chinese bird's nest.

"Is this," I would inquire kindly, "the week we comb our hair, brush our teeth, and scrub the back of our neck? Or was that last Thursday?"

Sandra laughed heartily at this feeble humor and remained encased in her adobe shell. And then, one day, aboom! Out of the dark brown shell there emerged a shining creature. She showered at least once a day, sometimes—during the summer—two or three times. She washed her hair four times a week. Her teeth began to gleam.

Searching for an explanation of this miracle, I found a large picture of June Allyson installed in the place of honor in Sandra's bedroom. As your best boy friend will be able to tell you, one of June's charms is her air of just having stepped, dew-washed, out of the heart of a gardenia.

I wonder how long it will be before Ronnie notices June Allyson? If I knew I would buy stock in a soap company, because the earnings are bound to soar.

Sometimes I have felt that our children obtained the delights of childhood too early. If I had it to do over again, I would withhold some of our presents until the children exercised their imaginations to the point of yearning for some object. To want something, to dream of its precise color or size or speed, to talk about it and then finally to own the object is a triumph of childhood which can't be duplicated later.

BUT if I—the big, strong, brave parent—had tried to be sensible, I would have had to lock my husband in a closet for two months before and one month after Christmas. George, as deep in his second teenhood as I am, has always been able to think of the thing every child should have just one day after the manufacturer placed it on the market.

I can think of only one thing our youngsters have been denied. They decided, about a year ago, that they couldn't struggle through another underprivileged week without a motion picture projector.

George and I talked it over. We aren't picture people, so we don't have the trouble sneaking into a theater that picture stars do. We get a kick out of going to the Chinese or the Cathay Circle and seeing a movie with a large, non-professional audience. There is a refreshing difference between the reactions of a non-professional and a studio audience. We like the change of pace and recreational scene.

George and I agreed that if we had our own projector, we would rent films and see them in our own home with a group of movie or radio friends. "Deprive us of our nights out," said George.

Our "no" vote against the projector was not popular with our progeny.

We have tried to teach the value of money to Sandra and Ronnie, but it isn't easy, and I'm not certain that such wisdom can be taught at all. Either a

person plays banknotes by ear, or money never talks to one at all. George is a fine example of this truth.

He grew up on the lower East Side in New York, one of thirteen children. The family was terribly crowded together; the children were never warmly clothed, and often they were hungry.

One would imagine that this sort of childhood would make a man wise about money. It might even, understandably, make him tight-fisted.

Not George. He has always been the soul of open-handed generosity. When he shops, he never asks the price before making a purchase (except when I'm along and nudge him into inquiring). He never totals a restaurant check, and I think he tips too much all the time. When he signs the checks our business manager submits, George never even glances at the vouchers. Obviously, George's example would never instruct our children in the narrow ways of thrift.

I insisted that they be given allowances with which they must purchase the incidentals they felt they needed. So what happens? So Sandra and Ronnie turn out to have prudence built into their systems. Ronnie's allowance, per week, is just enough to take him to a Saturday movie and to provide a Coke and hamburger afterward. Instead of using his money that way, he buys tools with which to work on his mechanical creations. Sometimes he buys a new batch of tropical fish. Or, oddest indulgence of all, he will enjoy a Saturday luncheon in one of Beverly Hills' delicatessens.

One of the first Christmas presents Ronnie ever gave me was a box of cleansing tissues, bought at the dime store. His most recent gift was quite as practical. I had been given a Ross Shattuck landscape; it needed the customary overhead light to do it justice when hung. "Don't buy the light," Ronnie instructed me. "That will be my present to you."

SANDRA is also sensible. One of her first gifts to me was a package of emery boards from the dime store. Last Christmas she presented me with an exquisite handmade lace handkerchief.

I say it with a certain amount of quiet pride: the Burns babes have taste.

Taste, but maybe no talent. Neither shows the faintest interest in show business. Of course, like all parents, we have given them "every advantage"—whether they regarded the various lessons in that light or not.

We started them early with dancing lessons. Ronnie was quite good at tap, but he wouldn't work at it. Sandra learned to be a featherweight ballroom dancer and was satisfied.

We gave them piano lessons. Sandra developed a certain amount of facility, but she wouldn't practice. Ronnie's in the midst of studying piano now, but he and I are ruining some of the best hours of our teens in the process. I sit beside the piano, giving him the line made famous by ten or fifteen generations of mothers, "You'll thank me some day."

As I say it, I know that he would much rather be swimming (he is so good in the water that he makes his own tropical fish look like landlubbers), but I repeat with conviction, "You'll thank me some day."

Whether he does or not, I may as well be honest and admit that—here and now—I am thanking my two teensters for returning me, through their experience, to a magic time of life. In my second teenhood, I couldn't be happier.

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Parky Pulled Me Through

(Continued from page 35)

1947 for a little spinal surgery that that was the last time I'd walk for nearly a year. I'm sure my doctor had no expectation of any such serious consequences, either. All he intended to do was cut away an overgrowth of bone on my upper vertebrae that had caused me considerable pain during the previous five years. Of course, spinal surgery is always a serious matter, but I didn't dread my operation. In fact, I looked forward to it, thinking how good it would feel to be rid of those nagging aches that had plagued me so mysteriously until the neuro-surgeon finally located their cause. I confidently expected to be up and around within a couple of weeks after the surgery.

I had to be up and around. Meet Me At Parky's was due to resume broadcasting in another month, after the usual summer lay-off.

"Don't worry," was my last admonition to my wife, Thelma. "There's going to be nothing to this."

Well, I was mistaken. Something went wrong during the operation. My doctor had to resort to the electric cauterizer. That stopped the hemorrhage and probably saved my life, but it had another effect—and, to coin a phrase, it shouldn't happen to a dog.

Two months after the operation I was still in the hospital, propped up in bed, unable to move a muscle below my waist. I kept assuring everybody, especially Thelma and the boys, that I'd be up and around shortly.

Only one person remained skeptical in the face of my repeated assurance that nothing serious was wrong. I was the doubter. As time passed, and expected improvement failed to show up, one grim word kept getting nearer and nearer to the surface of my mind. I held it back as long as I could, but finally it burst out, with stunning, numbing force: *paralysis!*

One afternoon there in the hospital I said the words aloud for the first time: "I'm paralyzed." But saying it aloud didn't diminish the size of my disability. Talking it over with the doctor didn't, either. When I flung my assertion at him, I was probably hoping subconsciously he'd tell me I was wrong. He didn't. "Having to use that electric cauterizer," the doctor admitted, "seems to have set up an irritation that's caused your motor nerves to forget

their functions. They'll have to be re-trained. That will take time."

It was then I decided I'd have to drop Parky. How could I, in my physically insolvent condition, expect to do a presentable radio show?

Well, you know how Parky reacted to my attempt to dissolve our partnership. He refused to take himself off, as requested. He kept hanging over my bed, needling me with pep talks.

Even in memory there was no escaping him. As I lay there in the hospital bed, my inner dialogue began to take the shape of a mental review of my twenty-five years' association with Parkyakarkus and the curious way in which this indomitable character I'd dreamed up for my own amusement had changed my whole life.

When I was still a kid in my teens, my father was an importer in Boston, handling the products of Balkan countries, and he had dealings with a good many Greek people engaged in the export-import trade. Naturally, I met a lot of these folks, either in Father's office or when he brought them home to dinner, and I was fascinated by them, their exuberant vitality, their irresistible good humor, and most of all by the way their Greek-nurtured tongues spoke English so that it became almost another language, exotic, pungent and marvelously expressive of subtle shades of feeling and meaning.

I began to imitate some of the Greek-Americans I knew, not merely their way of speaking, but also their gestures and facial expressions. Ridicule was never any part of the idea behind my imitativeness. By assuming the manner and expression of these Greeks whom I liked and admired, I could say and do things that convention-bound Harry Einstein would never have dared do or say.

As my Greek character grew with me, he acquired the name, Parkyakarkus, that's stuck with him ever since. At first Parky was known only to my family and close friends. His initial public appearance was completely unpremeditated.

As a young business man, I'd joined several civic clubs there in Boston, and one day at a club luncheon I was called on quite unexpectedly to say a few words to the membership. I was numb with horror.

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\$1,000 REWARD for information on wanted criminals. Listen for details.

Then Parky came galloping to my rescue. Almost without realizing what I was doing, I found myself in my Greek-American characterization, criticizing the food at the luncheon, telling the toastmaster his jokes weren't funny, and talking about local politics in uninhibited Parkyakarkus style. Since this is no place for false modesty, I will tell the truth. Parky wowed 'em.

In addition to frequent appearances at club affairs, Parky was soon cluttering up the air waves in the vicinity of Boston. This went on for several years, but Parky might have remained a purely local celebrity if he hadn't gotten Eddie Cantor's goat.

That was in 1934, and Cantor was at the height of his radio fame. One of the organizations to which I belonged managed to get him as guest speaker for its annual banquet, and we considered ourselves very lucky to do it, I can tell you. However, I'm not going to tell you who originated the idea of putting the rib on Cantor at the banquet. Anyway, the idea appeared, and it grew, and Parkyakarkus was elected to do the job.

CAME banquet night, and Eddie gave a really sparkling performance as principal speaker of the evening. Everyone at the tables was roaring with laughter when he finished—with one exception. The exception was an enormously dignified individual sitting at the speakers' table. A wide red sash bisected the gleaming white of his dress shirt, and an imposing array of medals and ribbons bedecked the front of his coat. After Cantor had finished his performance, this bemedaled dignitary, who hadn't cracked a smile at Eddie's best jokes, was introduced as a special guest of honor for the evening: a visiting Greek consular official of high rank, Mr. Nick Parkyakarkus. Nearly everyone in the audience except Cantor knew what was coming.

Parkyakarkus stood up to acknowledge the introduction. Then he launched into some more general remarks about the American sense of humor.

Without attempting to render the dialect, this is approximately what Parky said: "You Americans are such children when it comes to humor. No sophistication. No subtlety. The simplest little things amuse you. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard you all laughing so heartily at this man Cantor, just now. If you Americans pay this man a million dollars a year, as I have heard you do, all I can say is, you must be crazy."

I had turned to face Eddie as I spoke. His face was a spectacle I wouldn't like to have missed. Still thinking I was a bona fide Greek dignitary, and fearing to create an international incident, Eddie managed to hold his homicidal impulse in check.

But I couldn't hold myself in check any longer. I had to let go and laugh, and of course that gave it all away to Cantor. Slowly his face resumed a more normal hue and then he, too, began to laugh—and louder than anyone else. Later, as the banquet was breaking up, he came over to shake my hand and say, "I'd like to have you appear on my radio show sometime. How'd you like that?"

How would I like that? I couldn't have been prouder if I'd been told the President wanted me in his cabinet.

I wasn't long finding out that Eddie Cantor wasn't one of those careless great ones who go around rousing hopes in unknowns without meaning what

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they say. The following Thursday, February 18, 1934, I received a telegram saying: "Have good spot for you Sunday. Wire if you can meet me at NBC for rehearsal. Eddie Cantor."

During the rest of that season, I made frequent, but not regular appearances on the Cantor show. I could do it easily because I was single and had no responsibilities beyond my advertising agency, which had developed into a lively concern employing fourteen people. They were quite capable of running the business during my absences, and did.

At the beginning of the next season, Cantor had a new surprise for me.

He asked me one day: "How much did you make last year out of your business, Harry?" I told him. It was no enormous sum, but a nice living.

Eddie said, "If I paid you more, would you come with me on a full time basis for the next season?"

I'd almost blurted, "Yes," before a sizable objection occurred to me. So I merely told Eddie I'd like to think it over for a little while.

There were those fourteen employees of mine to think about. What would they do, if I just shut down my business and walked off, leaving them jobless in the midst of the depression? Then the very simple solution came to me. Why not just turn the business over to the people who'd helped me build it up? They'd already proved they could run it, when I wasn't around. So that's what I did, thus freeing myself without hurting anyone else.

I worked for Eddie Cantor for three of the most enjoyable years of my life. When Eddie came to Hollywood to make the picture "Strike Me Pink" for Samuel Goldwyn, I came along and worked in that and several other movies as a featured player.

The next year I was put under contract by RKO, and that was the best thing that ever happened to me in Hollywood—not because RKO gave me starring parts (they didn't), but because it was on the RKO lot that I first met Thelma Leeds, then a radio singer and movie feature player. I was about thirty years old, still unmarried. I'd been so busy with my advertising business and with Parkyakarkus that I'd never had time to fall in love. Till I met Thelma. On my side, it was love at first sight. Then followed about six of the most suspenseful months I've ever lived through, during which time I worked harder than I'd ever worked at anything, trying to sell Thelma the

idea of becoming Mrs. Einstein. I doubt that I'd qualify as a great lover, so it must have been my persistence that finally overcame Thelma. We were married on February 7, 1937. We bought the house in Beverly Hills where we still live, and Thelma gave up a promising career in the entertainment world in order to make our new house a home for me and, ultimately, our boys, who now number three: Clifford, ten; Bobby, six; and Albert, sixteen months. No reasonable man could really ask for more good breaks than I've had.

In 1937 I finally yielded to Parkyakarkus' urgings and branched out to set up my own independent airshow: Meet Me At Parky's.

Our first show after my paralysis was aired on Sunday night, October 19, 1947. We did it without letting even the studio audience know that behind the counter of Parky's lunchroom, under his white chef's outfit, and behind his broad grin, was a disabled man who'd had to be carried in and propped up in an armchair before the curtains were drawn. Nobody noticed any change in Parky, any letdown.

Even though it was a rather grim struggle at times, one I might never have been able to make if Thelma and the boys hadn't been in there helping Parky shove, we got through the season in great style. Many people were kind enough to say that '47-'48 was Parky's best year.

Keeping Parky on the air the whole of last season is the one thing I give most credit to for the gratifying recovery I'm making from the paralysis. Of course the swimming pool in which I work out daily helps, too. I never had a swimming pool until I was told it was the one thing that would do most to help me learn to walk again. I imagine I have the only pool in Beverly Hills built on a doctor's prescription. Here's what the doctor wrote on the prescription blank he gave me when I came home from the hospital: "Install one swimming pool and use three times daily, before meals."

Last week the doctor told me my recovery was eighty per cent complete. "Will I be able to walk five miles?" I asked. Because, as soon as I can begin, I intend to take a long walk every day with my best friend—Parkyakarkus. I guess I'll just have to take him along with me for the rest of my life. Yes, Parky will always be around as long as there's a Harry Einstein. I owe a lot to that guy. I'll never try to brush him off again.

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Come and Visit Dennis Day

(Continued from page 45)

fireplace, the water colors on the walls, the Dresden figures in the mahogany cabinet, the lamps and the deep rose drapes at the big front-room windows. On the mantel in a place of honor are the blue luster candelabra Dennis gave his bride on their first Christmas together. Because it's a hillside home, the ground floor rooms are on different levels. When you walk into the tile-floored hall, you look into the living room which is down a step to your left, and into the dining room, up a step to the right. If the door at the end of the hall by the stairs is open, you'll catch a glimpse of a shining white kitchen equipped for efficiency.

Peggy has redone Dennis' combination study and office with plaid paper on the walls, a massive desk and cabinets for his records. The bedroom is a concession to her—its rose satin drapes, matching dressing table skirt, chaise longue and spreads make it completely feminine.

LIFE for Peggy and Dennis centers about the big, airy room which they decided upon for the nursery. When they knew they were going to be parents they shopped furiously for nursery equipment. They chose a picture-paper for the walls and they narrowed down their choice of furniture to two sets, identical except that one was pink and one blue. There they let the matter rest until the third Patrick McNulty made his appearance last December, on, of all days, a Friday when his father has two radio rehearsals. Patrick himself settled the question of color for his domain.

Peggy, with the help of one maid, takes care of the house and Patrick III is entirely in his mother's charge. Once he had a nurse, but neither Peggy nor Dennis wanted to share their son with anyone—so Peggy took over. She'll tell you about the baby-sitter problem the McNultys share with many other young couples, and she'll say she rarely gets down to the radio station to see her famous husband on his own show or on the Jack Benny program any more.

Dennis, of course, is firmly convinced there was never another child like Patrick. This, in spite of the dim view Patrick took of his father in the beginning. When Dennis, for the first time, picked up his son and sang him an Irish air, Patrick's response was a howl of outraged disapproval. He is probably the only audience that ever criticized Dennis Day so violently.

Patrick, however, has now adjusted himself to his father's voice and listens clear through a song without interruption. He even gives indication of becoming a Dennis Day fan.

Peggy will know how to deal with another kind of fan. She's been exposed to them ever since she's been married.

In fact the honeymoon was just over when she ran into the more virulent type. One afternoon the phone rang and when Peggy answered, a feminine voice, in tones best described as throbbing, asked for Dennis.

"He's not here," said Peggy politely. "Would you leave a message? This is his wife."

There was a click at the other end of the line. That was all.

The same thing happened a day or so later and Peggy began to give the matter some serious consideration. The



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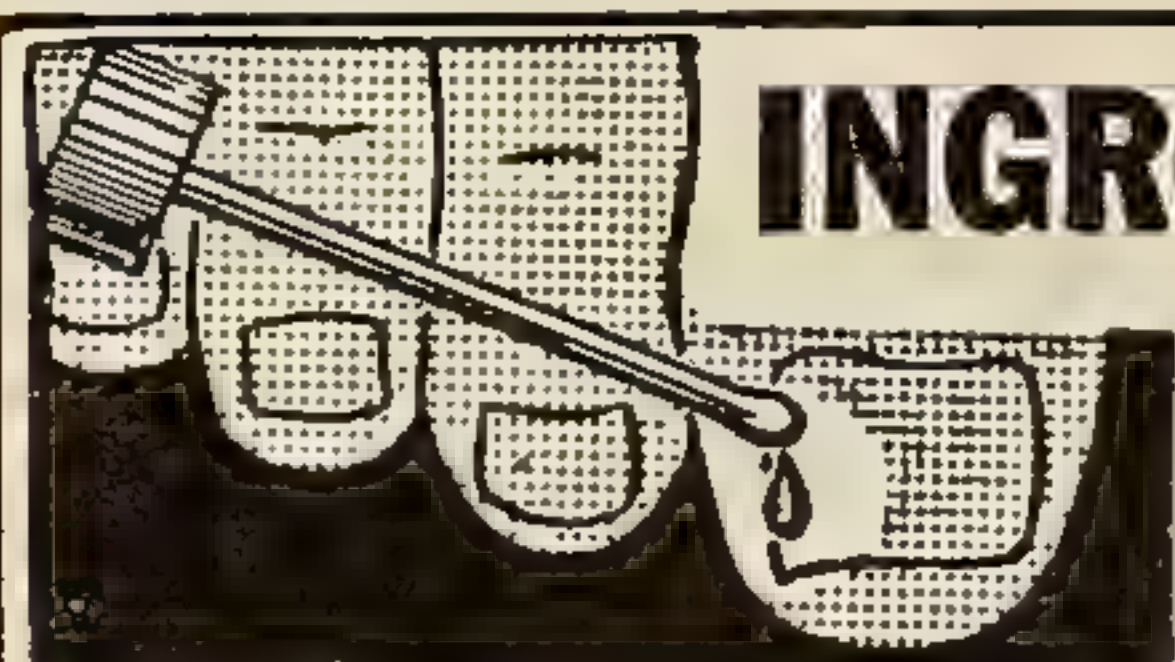
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next time the event was repeated she was ready.

"Wait," she said, "are you one of the Dennis Day Dreamers? If you are I'd like to meet you. Won't you come over for tea this afternoon and see Dennis and me?"

Well, the voice, after a pause, said yes—and could she bring a couple of friends?

That afternoon the five officers of the Dennis Day Dreamers were on the doorstep. Peggy McNulty took them into the living room, served them Cokes and cookies, introduced them to their idol who showed up a bit later, and everyone had a nice time.

Let it be recorded that the club is now known the length and breadth of three high schools as the Peggy and Dennis Day Dreamers. Dennis told his wife proudly that it had taken him much longer than it had her to get a fan club. "And I can sing," he added.

Peggy takes family parties in stride, too, which is a good thing because the McNultys and the Ahlmquists enjoy meeting and visiting together. When they're all assembled they make quite a sizable crowd.

PEGGY and Dennis held their first family-and-closest-friends gathering on the occasion of the christening of Patrick. There were forty present. Peggy fixed the refreshments, bathed and dressed the baby, got herself ready for the event, supervised Dennis' wardrobe, marshalled the entire crowd for the ceremony and then reverted to being hostess for the party that followed. Those present were almost equally divided between Ahlmquists and McNultys. Dennis has four brothers and a sister—most of them married. Peggy has only one brother but she makes up for this by having a goodly selection of aunts and uncles.

Dennis is a man with hobbies—the hobbies involve guns, fishing rods, and complicated mechanical gadgets he'll use someday to build furniture. He added deep sea fishing to his list of favorite ways to relax when he and Peggy summered at the beach last year instead of going to Ireland as they'd planned. They'd counted on a thirteen-week vacation, but Dennis' time off the air was shortened to eight weeks, and besides, there was the matter of Patrick. So Ireland was put off until this summer. Dennis spent last summer collecting deep sea fishing gear and now he talks about the day when he and young Patrick will go down to the sea together. This will be okay with Peggy—she doesn't care about rocking on the waves.

Going to the beach for the summer precipitated the first McNulty family quarrel. It happened the morning of the day before they were to leave on vacation. Peggy had a million things to do, what with closing up the house and getting packed. She didn't think Dennis had any appointments for the day, so when he went out the front door in his usual Dagwood fashion, she called after him for his plans.

He flung back a vague answer, whipped into the garage, backed out his car and was gone. Peggy was more than a little annoyed and by the time Dennis phoned home some hours later she was giving a good performance of a martyred housewife. The result was that they hung up the phones on each other. After a while Peggy relented. She took time to dig out already-packed pots, pans and groceries and cooked a nice dinner. By the time Dennis arrived, dinner was on the table,

candles were lighted and Peggy was her most charming self. Then Dennis was martyred. Seems he'd spent the day arranging a surprise going-away party for her at his mother's, and had all her family and his assembled there waiting for him to bring her over. Peggy and Dennis ate two dinners that night.

Dennis teases her unmercifully and any subject will do if she indicates in the slightest that she'll rise to the bait. In the first months of their marriage he teased her about her cooking. Nowadays he teases her about her weight. She's really slender but she contends she can't ever eat a bite of dessert in peace. The topper came when he bought her a bicycle for exercise. Later she found out he'd bought a pair of them, and actually he had planned that they'd ride together on Sunday mornings. "When we get rich," he said, "we'll trade these in for horses."

Dennis has a penchant for making appointments he can't keep. He fills his day too full, Peggy tells him to no avail. She's tried keeping a schedule for him herself but up to now it hasn't been a cure—he goes on making his last appointment at 5:45 in the happy conviction that he can make it home for dinner at six. Consequently when the Days are invited out for a six o'clock dinner they invariably arrive, breathless, at seven.

Their closest friends are Dennis' business associates and Peggy's high school and college chums. When the McNultys give a party, everyone collects in the den which is a rather small room. Peggy decided to enlarge it by having one wall knocked out after their last party when twenty people crowded in there and sat on the floor. In the summer Dennis barbecues steaks according to a recipe he learned when he was stationed in Honolulu during the war. The two are collecting books for the day when they have time and can catch up on their reading. When she has time, Peggy wants to take piano lessons—she was a pretty good musician when she was in school. And when Dennis has time, he'll use the workroom garage to build furniture.

THIS leisurely period they talk about looks a long way off. Dennis' career continues to zoom, and his music publishing company, Dennis Day Enterprises, is going great. They've put out several hit tunes including "Clancy Lowered the Boom," and "Look Up."

Peggy and Dennis probably won't move from their present home until its ten rooms grow too small for them. They want a large family. They're already planning to send Patrick, who looks like his father, to the parochial school down the hill.

Dennis' friends have found Peggy a delightful hostess and one of the gayest additions to any party.

"How did you ever find her?" they ask Dennis.

"Just the luck of the Irish," he tells them.

For their anniversary he gave her a pair of earrings shaped like shamrocks and set with pearls.

"I'm a lucky guy," he told her, "but you're lucky too."

"It's lucky I am, it is," said Mrs. McNulty who's picking up a brogue. "If it weren't for you, you know, I might be a successful career girl. Instead I'm giving the best years of my life to a husband, a baby and a house. Lucky, is it?"

But if you'd been watching her when she said this, you'd have noticed that she was touching wood.

My Husband, Mr. Keen

(Continued from page 63)

long ago there was a letter from the Middle West which enclosed, carefully wrapped in waxed paper, twenty-five four-leaf clovers, and one five-leaf—"to bring you continued good luck, dear Mr. Keen, in tracing lost persons and bringing murderers to the bar of justice."

Listeners often wonder what Mr. Keen looks like. Like, of course, Bennett Kilpack! His dark brown hair is silvering ever so slightly—and very becomingly, I think—at the temples, and his warm and interested eyes are brown, too. His dignity is such that, a generation or two ago, I would most assuredly have addressed him respectfully as "Mr. Kilpack" throughout our married life!

Back to the parallel lives of Mr. Keen and Mr. Kilpack, my husband has an extensive library of books on crime and punishment, ballistics, poisons, and the like, which he enjoys hugely. He reads everything Agatha Christie writes. He is a cryptogram fan (I am content with the lowlier and less complicated crossword puzzle, myself) and delights in pre-Revolutionary houses, preferably those equipped with sliding panels, secret stairways and a good substantial ghost.

THE small, simple, homely things are his dearest pleasures—his home, his food, his vegetable garden, his game of golf, his fields and streams to wander over, a warm sun to lie beneath. Like most Englishmen, my husband is a reticent man—there are questions you do not ask him. For example, the tiny, fuzzy dog that stands, and has stood for years, on his desk. I don't know when or where he got it, or what special significance it has, but only that it is his "good luck" piece, that if he lost it that would be a great misfortune, that to question him about it would be an invasion of privacy.

Acting was Bennett's choice of profession from earliest memory on. A minister's son, one of seven youngsters in the roomy old country parsonage in England, his earliest memories are of the amateur plays at school in which he always—and ardently—took part.

That Bennett, the would-be actor, graduated from Finsbury Technical College as an electrical engineer was "a detour made," as he explains it, "in deference to my father, who gave me to understand that a Kilpack as an actor was a Kilpack better dead!"

Directly after Finsbury, Bennett came to the United States. Engineers being, at that time, a drug on the market, he was almost forced into the theater.

Bennett played "Afife" in Otis Skinner's "Kismet," on Broadway, but his happiest engagement in those years was—loving Shakespeare as he does—the tour he made with Sir Ben Greet's Shakespearean players.

It was twelve years ago that I met Bennett at—of all unlikely places in the world to meet him—a cocktail party.

He was there only, as he later explained, because he had refused invitations from this hostess twice before.

"The common cocktail party," he contends, "is more depleting than the common cold." But he came to this one...

When we were introduced (this is going to sound like a radio script of the strictly non-Mr. Keen variety, I'm afraid!) I was attracted to him at once.

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Half my mind I devoted to making the usual—and boring—cocktail party small talk, and the other half I employed in asking myself: Married? If so, where's his wife? Engaged, maybe? Or—not very likely—single?

Being the conservative member of the family, it was some months after we started going together before Bennett admitted that he was, at the same time, wondering the same things about me!

Our hostess, a woman who believes in going to the heart of any matter with firm purpose, managed to get us each away from the other for a quiet chat with her before that party was over.

"Bennett Kilpack is an actor," she told me, "but as unlike the ordinary conception of the 'temperamental artist' as an actor can be. He's easy-going, calm, steady, and as British as the House of Parliament. Women find him very interesting. So far as I know, however, he's not interested—" she paused, looked at me, laughed and added—"elsewhere."

HAVING carefully documented him for me, she sought out Bennett and gave him my dossier. "Dorothy is a widow," she told him. "Her husband was killed in an automobile accident. She has a young son, John, and they live with Dorothy's mother in the suburbs. Dorothy is very musical, has a beautiful singing voice, has done some ballet work. She does quite a bit of dating, but so far as I know she's neither engaged nor in love."

What fun Bennett and I had, much later on, comparing notes on that dear, scheming woman!

Bennett and I went together for three years before we were married. Of those three years, we were engaged for six months. A little simple arithmetic will bring you to the conclusion that it took Bennett some two and a half years to get around to proposing.

Everyday, for two years and a half, he called me on the phone. He sent me flowers. We went out together three or four times a week. He kissed me goodnight. But nothing concrete—no "will you?"

When, at last, he did propose it was simply to say to me, very casually, "How would you like to fly down to Maryland next weekend and be married?"

I waited just a moment, to assure myself that he had really said what I'd thought he'd said, and then I answered, "I wouldn't." Realizing how that sounded, I hastily added, "Wouldn't that is, like to fly down to Maryland. You see," I explained, "when I was married the first time, I eloped. Which means that Mother wasn't with me. This time—"

That was in February. We were married the following September in the little wedding chapel of the church my mother attended in Mt. Vernon. Mr. Keen made it impossible for Bennett to get away for a proper honeymoon, so instead we took weekend trips, browsing about New England in the car. Two city-haters, we were, searching for a country house. An old country house.

We lived, right after we were married, in an apartment on Beekman Place—very attractive, as apartments go. But to hear Bennett describe it, you might have thought it a prison. "A city apartment! It isn't living!"

On one of those weekends of ours we found our house, in the Green Mountains of Vermont. It was of venerable years—one hundred fifty of them. There was an acre for every year.

"This means," we told each other exultantly, "that we can grow our own vegetables, wander in our own woods, fish for trout in the spring, really live and breathe . . ."

Much of the redecorating and repairing we did ourselves.

Bennett took next to gardening, planted and grew most of what we ate in the way of fruits and vegetables. I canned and preserved and dried and pickled the produce, and did—I still do—all my own cooking. Now and again Bennett takes a hand in that department, too. His specialties are steaks, broiled out of doors, and a marvelous baked ham. The steaks he soaks in soy sauce over night, a prescription which would make the toughest steak tender and imparts a what's-that-wonderful-taste flavor. His baked ham is spiked with cloves, coated with brown sugar, baked in wine, and served up with the most perfect, rich gravy—the secret of which he keeps even from me!

Saturday afternoons, Bennett always went to the village of East Dover for the mail, and to "set a spell" around the cracker barrel in the combination post office and general store, listening to postmaster Ted Moody talk about the beauties of Vermont and the "varmintage" of politics.

In the mornings we were—and are, still—always up early. This partly because of chores to be done, partly because of Lassie, Bennett's beloved Springer spaniel, who feels it her duty to waken each member of the family, at the crack of dawn, with a moisty, loving kiss.

Let me tell you something about Bennett, that efficient, well-organized man. Wouldn't you think he'd be able to discipline his dog? The truth of it is that she has him completely under her thumb. Lassie is not allowed to sleep on the living room chairs. So she sleeps on the living room chairs. Lassie is not allowed—but need I go on? But she's such a winsome, charming wench that I can't find it in me to make more than a purely routine protest.

FOR two people who are as temperamentally opposed as Bennett and I—he a regular Gibraltar of slow-paced steadiness and I quick and flighty—we get along remarkably well together. Of course there are differences between us, but such minor ones.

I am, for example, reasonably neat about the house. Bennett is unreasonably neat about the house. No matter how much you keep the house "picked up," Bennett can always see one more thing to be picked up. You can't, in our house, keep magazines and newspapers around for more than a week. If you want to keep them longer—and sometimes I do, for that recipe I've been meaning to copy down, that article I want to re-read—you literally have to hide them.

Certain things I am—a competent wall-paperer, for instance, handy at wiring lamps and repairing blown fuses, besides the things that any normal housewife counts as routine. But one thing I cannot say of myself—that I have a head for business. Bennett has. I am probably one of the few lucky housewives in these United States who has no bills hanging over her head—no light bills, gas bills, telephone bills. Bennett takes those, and all others, over—to my profound relief.

The conservatism of Bennett I've spoken of before, but there was a time when it failed him. When we were first married, my hats, on more than one occasion, caused a certain amount

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of husbandly comment. Like: "My dear, isn't that—er—a little *musical comedy*?"

I considered them gay, perhaps, but not worthy of rebuke—so I took Bennett on a hat-shopping expedition. "You," I told him firmly, "may now pick me out exactly the sort of hat you would like me to have." And I waited.

He poked about the shop, and after a little he came back wearing somewhat the same expression that Lassie does when she's dug up a really old and toothsome bone. "Here," he said.

I was afraid to take the thing into my hands, fearing it might explode. I still remember every detail—how could I forget? Chartreuse voile, it was, piled abandonedly on bright pink straw.

I gave him a look. Every wife will know what kind of look I mean. The matter of hats has not arisen between us since . . .

But, even so, that wasn't an argument. We've never had one, in all these eight years, and I doubt that we ever will. In the first place, how can you argue with a man who won't argue back? Who simply closes his mouth and his ears and takes his astral body elsewhere, leaving the temporal behind like a shell? But that's not the real reason that we don't argue. I don't want to. What reason could there be to argue with a man so charming, so pleasant, so genuinely good—to me, to my son John, to everyone?

SOON after we were married, Bennett legally adopted John, gave him his name. When my son first went away to school and was homesick, I asked him if it was I he missed. Or his friends? The familiar neighborhood?

He shook his head. "No," he said. "Not so much as Dad." What better reference could you ask for a father?

There was just one drawback to our Vermont home—but in the end, it was decisive. The train time between it and New York is five hours. True, Bennett only went in once a week, spent the night at a hotel, and returned home by sleeper after the program Thursday night.

But he was doing too much, I felt, from too far away. So—not without considerable searching of our hearts, not without a terribly wrenching pain of parting—we put our farm up for sale.

Then we bought our present home in Ridgefield, and began all over again. All the papering, painting, repairing . . .

The Ridgefield house is not of the vintage of the farm in Vermont, being a mere eighteen years old. But it looks pleasantly older, being made of white clapboard with green trim. Set quite far back from the road, you come to it through a wooden gate in an old stone wall. There is a pond with big trees, old trees, behind it. And, in miniature—since there are only four and a half acres—the fields and woodlands Bennett loves so much.

Even if my husband were not an actor—and how unthinkable that is!—he would not, I'm sure, turn to tracing lost persons for his livelihood. An outdoor man if ever there was one, he says, "When—if ever—I retire, I may live in Tahiti and raise rare orchids."

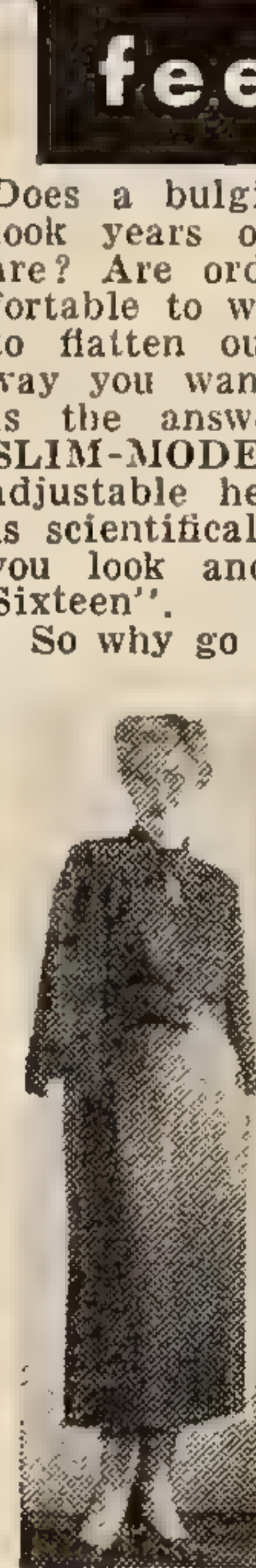
Much more probably, and practically, he would stay right here at home and do for a living what he now does for the love of it—raise vegetables, use his magic green thumb in the flower beds, putter in the rock gardens, rise up as now, at seven-thirty and be out in the garden spraying, cultivating, fertilizing. And singing all the while, because he loves it so!

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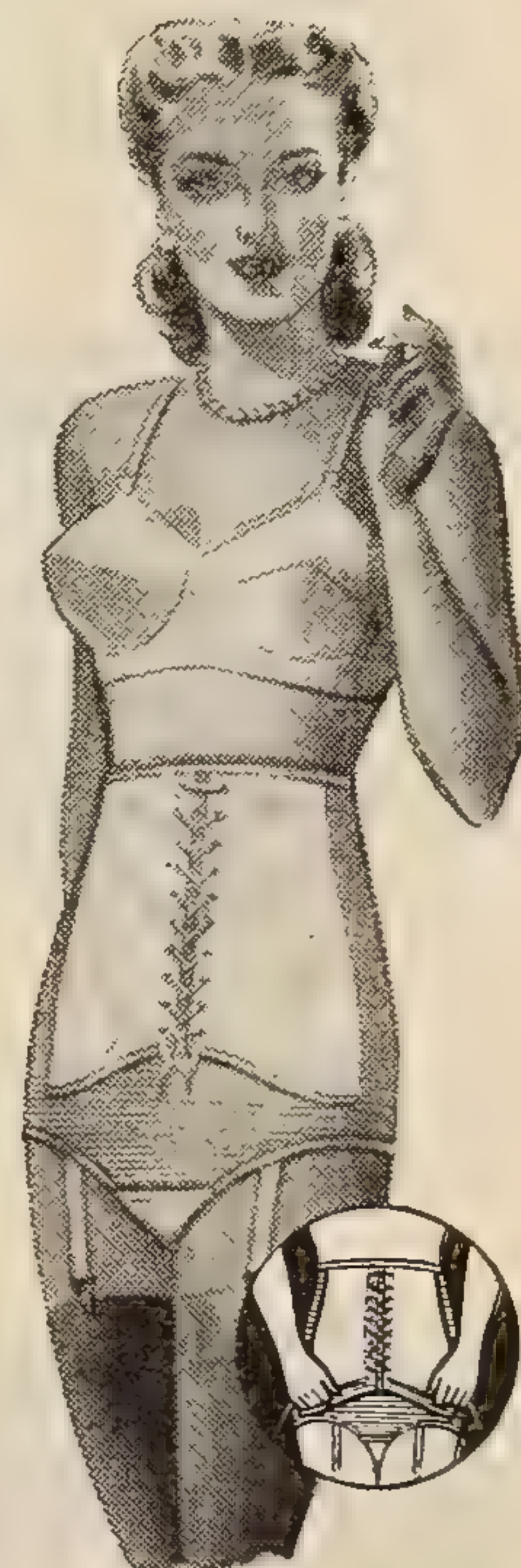
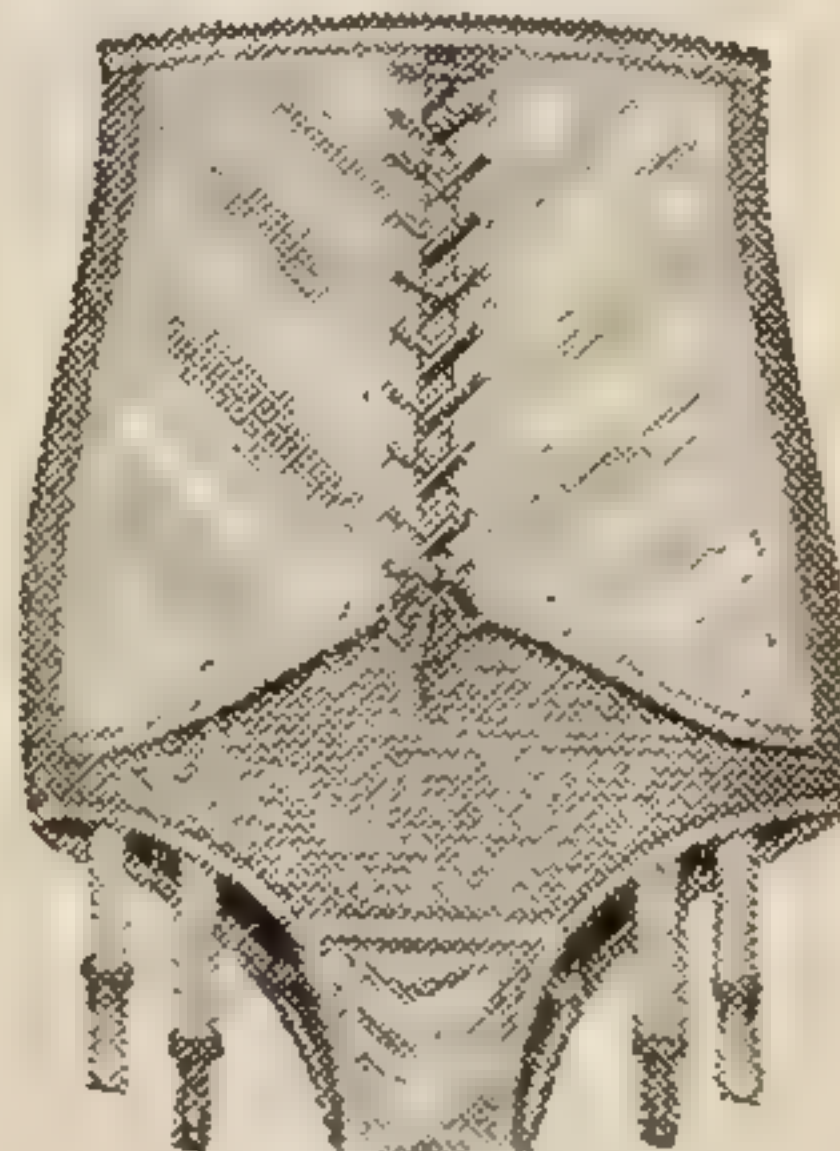
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When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 49)

asking him if I could manage his money, but I know that his family would not approve. I would intensely dislike the idea of forgetting him and yet also dislike the way matters stand. Can you find a solution for me?

M. S.

Dear M. S.:

What I'm going to say to you about love and marriage may not sound like advice with a firm, scientific basis, but I believe from the bottom of my heart that it's true. It's just this:

If anything, anything at all, keeps a woman from marrying a man with whom she thinks herself in love; if there is any smallest doubt in her mind, then she shouldn't marry him. The kind of love which wears well through all the long years of marriage finds its own solution for problems, or does not even see the problem as such. If there is the slightest doubt in your mind, then you ought to face the possibility that this isn't the man for you.

A marriage which is marred by a continuing series of arguments about money—and believe me, arguments on the subject can become both sordid and acrimonious—is no marriage at all. It sounds to me, from your letter, as if your attitude toward money and your young man's are so many miles apart that there would never be a meeting ground for them.

Joan Davis

FIRST WIFE

Dear Joan Davis:

My husband's first wife (still unmarried) and his two teen-age children have moved into the same block where we live and work. This former wife urges the children to do and say things which greatly hurt and annoy me. My husband can see no wrong in them and says he cannot understand why living in such proximity should upset me.

How can I meet and overcome this problem which, to me, is beyond solving and which is endangering our marriage?

R. C.

Dear R. C.:

If you are allowing this to endanger your marriage, I think you are very foolish indeed.

Look at it this way—perhaps a cold-blooded way, but certainly true from your point of view as well as from the

first wife's. You have every advantage. You have the man; she lost him. You are married; she is not. Here is a great opportunity for you to be magnanimous, to display the true Christian spirit, to be compassionate.

I agree that the situation is not the pleasantest possible one, but it exists. As long as it does, believe me, it is the other woman who is in the unhappy position, not you. I think it's time for you to revise your values a bit. Think of the situation as one which, if not too pleasant for the first wife, certainly should not bother you, and which is pleasant for your husband, for he can see his children often.

Joan Davis

A FATHER'S OBSESSION

Dear Joan Davis:

I have always considered my marriage a real success, but unless there is a change I'm afraid it won't be long.

My husband is a wonderful husband and father, except for one obsession—music. He comes from people of comfortable circumstances who lost most of their money, while he was quite young. Therefore, he had to give up his musical training. Now he has engaged a high-priced violin teacher for our young son, while I really have to skimp to clothe the child properly.

He is making a nervous, high-strung child out of a sweet, normal little boy. The child is not allowed to play ball, dig with shovels, help build "hide-outs" with the other boys, for fear he might injure his hands. My husband makes him practice for hours.

How can I make my husband see his mistake?

G. B.

Dear G. B.:

The most important thing for a child to be is just that—a child. To be sure there are children who are musical prodigies, whose greatest enjoyment is in their talent. They, I think, should be encouraged. But a child who hates his violin, and who is forced to spend hours practicing it; a child who wants to enjoy the rough-and-tumble fun that is part of every boy's life, but is not allowed to do so, could well grow into a warped, unhappy adult.

First, I think you must encourage the boy to express his feelings before his father—let his father know how he feels about music and practicing and that



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violin he dislikes so much. And you must have a serious talk with your husband, pointing out to him all of the things you have said to me in this letter. If neither of these things help the situation—and, if it's as bad as you make it sound I'm rather afraid they won't, I suggest you seek competent, trained assistance. Consult the pastor of your church, or your family doctor, who, if they do not feel able to assist you, will be able to direct you to more skilled professional advice. Yours is a large city, where I am sure such advice can be had—free, if necessary. This is a psychological problem and should be treated as such, by someone trained to do so. I believe your minister or your doctor, if they fail to help you themselves, can direct you to that necessary "someone."

Joan Davis

GO TO THE SOURCE!

Dear Joan Davis:

I have been going with a girl now for several months and am thinking of marrying her. However, a trusted friend, who says he knew this girl in another city, tells me that she has been married before and collected a large sum of money from her ex-husband when they divorced. She has told me nothing of this. What should I do?

C. W.

Dear C. W.:

Do the simplest thing in the world, my friend—ask her! Gossip, however well-meaning, is unreliable. For correct information, always go to the source.

You say you "are thinking of marrying her." Thinking of asking her to marry you, I suppose you mean. Perhaps your proposal might also bring you your answer. A woman very often does not want to bring into the open to a mere friend, no matter how close, a story which may carry with it some very unpleasant memories for her. However, to a man whom she is going to marry she certainly would feel much more willing to tell such a story.

And I think you might decide in your own mind exactly how you will feel toward the girl if the story proves to be true. And how you would feel toward this "large sum of money" which was, in all probability, a settlement in lieu of alimony—that is, a lump sum for her support, rather than a monthly alimony payment. But by all means don't pre-judge her. In the first place, you have no right to do so, and I'm afraid if you're prone to make such judgments, without facts upon which to base them, you're hardly adult enough, no matter what your age, to be considering marriage.

Joan Davis

THE PARENTS COME FIRST

Dear Joan Davis:

My husband and I have been married for five years, and we don't have any children. We have taken my husband's half-brother to live with us for a while.

His mother has tuberculosis, but she isn't in a hospital. We have gotten so attached to the boy I just can't think of his going back to his own home. We can give him more than his own father and mother can, but when school is out they want him to come back home.

Do you know any way we could talk his parents into letting him stay? We live in the country and they live in a large city.

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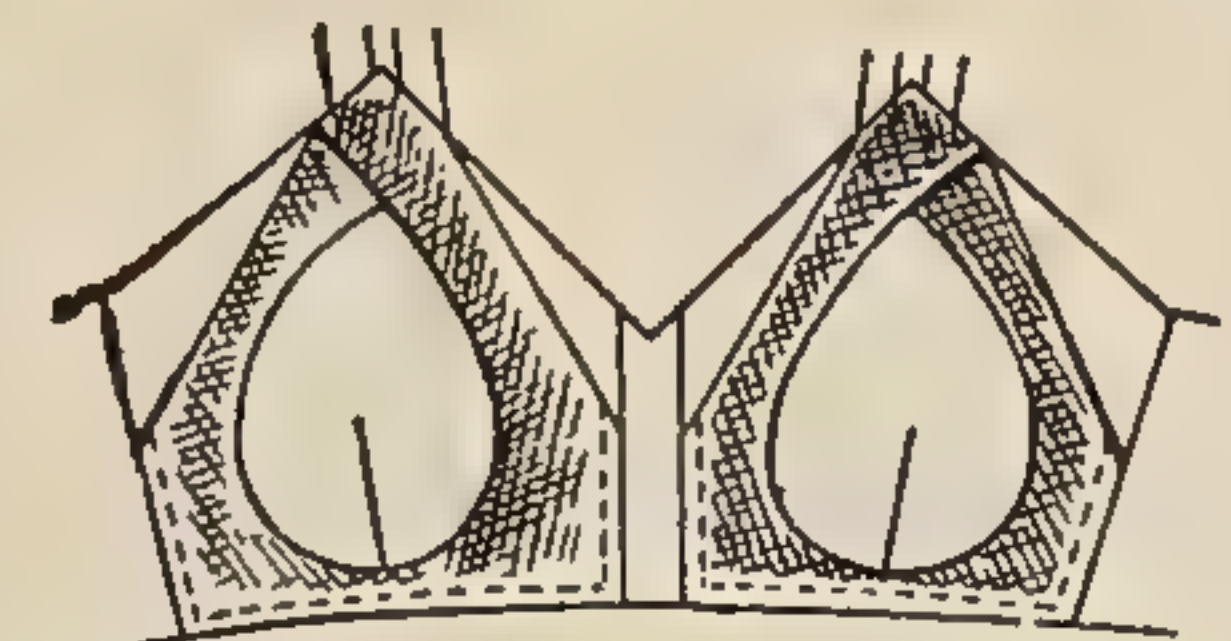
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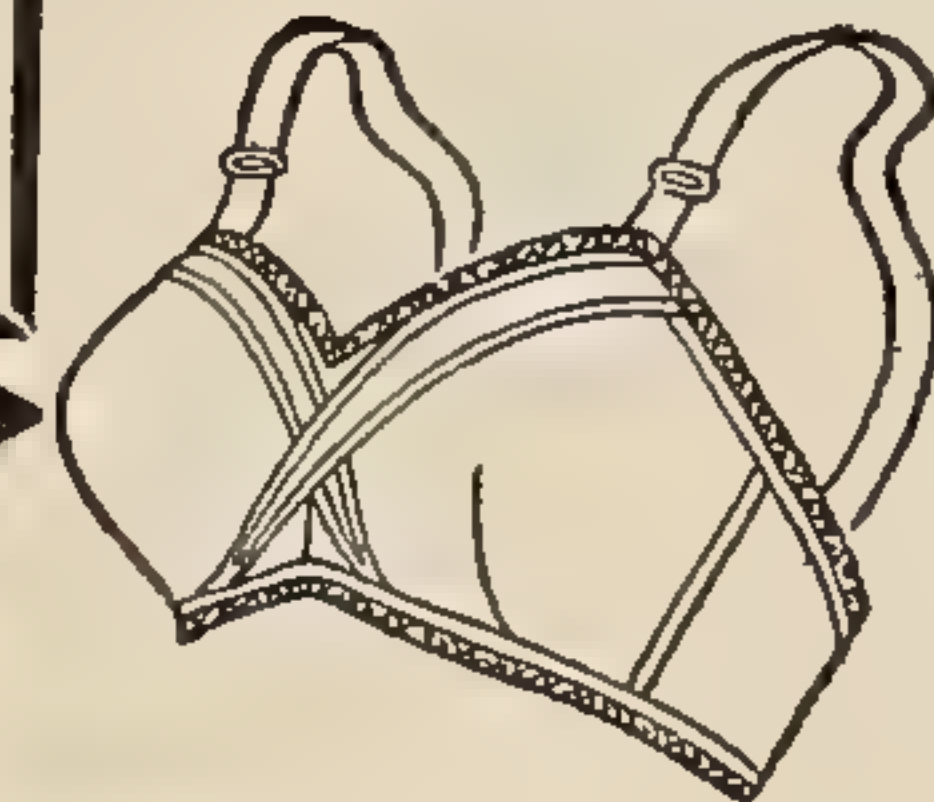
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Dear Mrs. B. G.:

I think that there is only one basis upon which you can—or have any right to—"talk his parents into letting him stay." That is the basis of health. If his mother's tuberculosis is active, being with her might endanger the boy's health. This, however, is something which I, of course, am in no position to judge, and neither are you. A physician's opinion is needed.

If the mother's case is arrested, and being with her would not menace the child's health, then I feel that I must side with the parents of the boy. Believe me, I sympathize with you—I realize how hard it would be to give up a child whom you've learned to love as your own. But a child does belong with his own parents, and those parents have a right to have him with them if at all possible. Try to see their side of it—try to put yourself in their place.

If the boy does go back to his parents, why don't you and your husband consider adopting a child? I know that it is very hard to get a small baby for adoption, but in many states children past the age of three or four can be had quite easily, if you qualify as proper parents. It would be a kind and wonderful thing for you to give a homeless little boy the love and care which you both seem to be able to lavish on a child. Why don't you think about it?

Joan Davis

TALK IT OVER!

Dear Joan Davis:

I have the kind of husband most women wish they had—kind, considerate, intelligent and affectionate. We have been married for seven years and have a three-year-old son—and he is the source of my problem.

My husband is going to college under the GI Bill, and has another year and a half to go. Our allowance from the government isn't enough to keep us and so I worked for nearly two years while he attended school at night and took care of the baby during the day.

Last week I quit my job because I feel the baby needs me. He is at the age where he is demanding the attention that his father is too busy to give him. Not only that, but it's very discouraging to come home at night to find the sink full of dirty dishes and all the rest of the housework besides.

Am I being selfish to want to spend my time with my baby and my home? Sometimes my husband makes me feel as though I have done wrong because he didn't approve exactly of my quitting

my job. I feel the time he spent at home caring for the baby can be spent working at a part-time job. To whom am I being unfair—my husband or my baby?

Betty M.

Dear Betty M:

I don't believe you're being unfair to anyone—not so much unfair as unthinking. Please believe me when I say this—and I wish I could cry it from the rooftops so that every young married couple in the whole world could hear me! There are very few problems, big or small, in a marriage which can't be settled satisfactorily if they're brought out into the open and talked over!

I think that instead of simply quitting your job, you should have discussed the matter with your husband first, and told him that you felt that you should stop working. As it's too late for that now, for goodness sake sit down right away and bring all the rest of it out into open meeting.

Every marriage needs a budget of some sort, and yours looks as if it might profit by a time-and-effort budget.

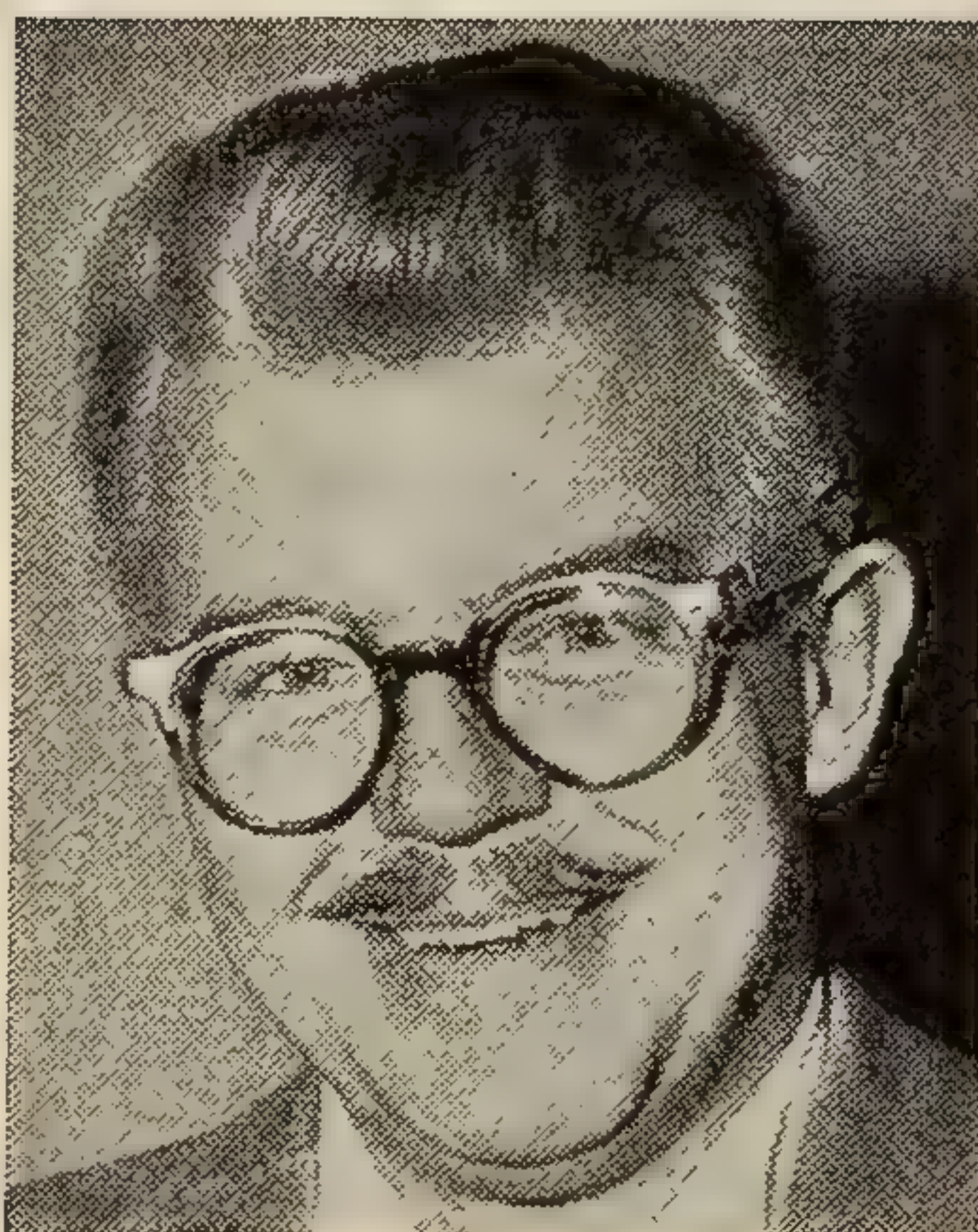
Can your husband afford, from the point of view of his time and his health and his studies, to take a part-time job? Can you perhaps find another young mother near you who needs a little extra money and who would be willing to take over the care of your little boy—someone responsible, and whom you like and trust—so that you can return to work? If so, will what you have to pay her be justified by the salary you can make working? If you do make this arrangement, will your husband be willing to share-and-share-alike with you the household duties? Is there something which you can do at home which will help out the family income and still leave you time to devote to your baby? (There's always a great demand for typists on a college campus, for instance.) Or can you find some part-time work yourself?

Talk it over. Budget your time. See how you can divide the tasks, the child's care, and the necessary earning to augment your government allowance between you. And remember, the year and a half until your husband is graduated may seem like forever, but it will pass quickly. Remember, too, that anything worth having is worth working for, worth making sacrifices for. Your husband's education, which will make it possible for him to give you and your son a better way of life, is certainly one of those things that is worth having!

Joan Davis

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For details of the "Heart Of Gold" contest, read the current issue of **TRUE ROMANCE** magazine now at newsstands!

Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 55)

are for the young in heart of all ages, it's the young in heart *and* in stature who should have first lien on the clowns and tumblers and monkey acts and circus bands and all the rest of the joys of the sawdust ring.

Bill Marceau is one of television's first and busiest directors, with DuMont's Morning Chapel, Television Shopper and Fashion Revue.

Bill was born in Butte, Montana, and grew up in western mining towns. When he finished school he donned a miner's cap, but a little more experience of the world convinced him there were easier ways to make a living.

He decided he'd be an actor, and his first jobs were in burlesque, combining acting with scene-shifting, directing, and the hundred and one chores of a small theatrical outfit. This led to organizing a repertory company of his own, after a little experience in stock. He finally landed on Broadway and, like all good actors, he landed at last in Hollywood. There he doubled in brass a good part of the time by acting at one studio during the day and working in the special effects department of another studio at night, catching forty winks if, as and when he could. Going without sleep seemed easier than going without meals, and it took two pay-checks to furnish enough of them.

As he looks back now and compares his job in television with his job as a miner, he's not so sure that mining wasn't the easier way to make a living, after all. At least, he thinks so on the days a TV camera blacks out suddenly or a player fluffs his lines.

But on any other day he wouldn't change jobs with anyone—unless it's a fellow that has a bigger spot in video!

Films for television have staunch support from one quarter where you might least expect it—from that veteran of radio and pioneer on TV, Dwight Weist, former emcee of We, the People.

Weist helped make TV history last year when We, the People became the first regular radio program to be airborne simultaneously for television. Several months after that he gave up the emcee job to work on some televisual ideas, all of them connected with filming.

You'll be seeing the first of these any day now, if indeed you haven't already. They're being sold regionally, so it all depends on the part of the country where you live. One is a 15-minute Feature Story, in which Weist plays a reporter, which of course he is, who takes the televiewer all over these United States to see for himself what amusing, what serious, what educational and what stimulating things his fellow-citizens are doing.

The second Weist series is called What's New, and tells all about the newest gadgets and gimmicks. The third series is called Where Is It?—a sort of quiz game for home viewers in which American landmarks are to be identified and correctly placed, with prizes for the right answers.

Check DuMont's A Woman to Remember. It shows how different the TV approach to the daytime drama is going to be from the radio approach.

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But Is It Talent?

(Continued from page 41)

heart—just from hearing them at auditions. What amateur actors don't seem to understand is that characters in radio programs talk like people—ordinary people—not tragedians out of a dramatic play."

Out of those auditions, though, have come the nucleus of the working actors of radio, and one of Marge's favorite pastimes is telling the success stories of the people she "knew when."

One of her success stories wandered into her office the other day. It was Macdonald Carey, in from the Coast for a series of personal appearances. He has become a Hollywood star now, but whenever he comes to New York he makes it a point to see Marge, because he says it was she who helped him when he was just another unknown actor.

Dane Clark is another Hollywood movie actor who got his start with Marge's help.

And Charles Korvin, whom you've seen recently in "Berlin Express," was once a radio actor.

BUT her particular pets are the actors and actresses who have stuck to radio through thick and thin.

Eddie Jerome, for instance. A tall, grey-haired, distinguished looking man, he started out in life with a burning desire to be an opera singer. After years of scrimping and struggling, he managed to get to Europe, where he studied singing. Which would have been all right, except that his music teacher worked him so hard he strained his voice and lost it completely. It returned, though, and millions of people have heard him in such programs as Backstage Wife, Wendy Warren and the News, Gang Busters, Cavalcade of America, Columbia Workshop, and When a Girl Marries.

And Kenny Delmar, who immortalized the character "Senator Claghorn" on the Fred Allen show. Kenny looks young, but his professional record goes back a long way. Before he was the garrumphing Senator on the Allen program, Kenny had played big and little parts on almost every show in radio.

Some actors, Marge will tell you, have special talents which have helped them reach the top. Miriam Wolfe, a regular member of Let's Pretend cast, for instance, attributes her success to her remarkable voice range. She can play anything from five-year-old children to doddering old crones. She started her career at the ripe age of four, and when she was twelve amazed the whole staff of the radio program, The Witch's Tale. It seems that the elderly actress who originally played the cracky-voiced witch on the program died, and it was necessary to find someone else to play the part. Miriam appeared at the auditions—her hair in long curls and wearing a childish sailor hat with long ribbons. The director thought it was all very funny, but when Miriam hunched her shoulders and began to read the witch's lines in the high pitched brittle tones of a wicked old woman and finished it off with a horrible cackling laugh, the director made up his mind immediately that he'd found the right actress.

But that's the lighter side of life along Radio Row. There is a dark side, too, and much as it distresses Marge Morrow, she feels that the facts should be known. She tells you that there are some 3500 radio actors listed in the

files of the American Federation of Radio Actors, the actors' union. Of those 3500, less than 500 are employed regularly. The rest of them don't even average \$20 a week.

She agrees that it all sounds pretty discouraging, and says, "I'm just trying to counterbalance some of those spectacular success stories you read every so often."

So many people have asked Marge Morrow's advice about how to get into radio that she has worked out her own list of "dos" and "don'ts" for would-be radio actors. If by any remote chance, you have ever harbored any ideas of wanting to be a radio actor, maybe you'd be interested in that list.

1. First, you must be an actor. And that means professional training.

2. It is true that you must be able to read a script intelligently and well. But you also have to live it.

3. Remember, in radio you don't have scenery; you don't have costumes; you don't have gestures; and you don't have facial expressions. All you have is your voice. By your voice alone you must be able to create for the radio audience all those other things. With just that one tool you must make people "see" what you look like, what you're doing, where you are, and how you feel.

4. Don't take the first train to New York, Hollywood, or Chicago. It's true that those cities are the centers of the radio business. They use the most actors. But they already have the most actors—experienced ones!

5. Take a good look at your own home town—or at the largest one near you—for chances at acting experience. Small radio stations may not pay fancy salaries, but where else can you learn the whole set-up of radio, from acting through production?

6. Read everything you can lay your hands on. And pay particular attention to plays, newspapers, feature columns, magazines, books and articles on the entertainment field. See as many movies as you can stand—or afford. And when you sit in a movie, try not to be carried away by the plot or the beauty of the heroine. Study the acting techniques, see if you can figure out why the director wanted it done the way it was, watch the camera shots, listen carefully to the dialogue, keep an eye on any special devices.

7. When your relatives or friends or teachers tell you how wonderful you are and how you ought to be in movies or on the radio, thank them graciously, but try not to believe everything they say!

8. Never forget—in places like New York and Hollywood, it's hard to find a place to live—even a room at a Y. And if you do find a place, it's likely to cost you a small fortune.

9. You must have enough money to last you for at least a year if you insist on hitting the big town. Some people do manage to get part-time jobs, and still make the rounds of the casting offices. But it's pretty hard. You can't work all day and make the rounds all night or vice versa without breaking down sooner or later.

10. These are hints. They are not substitutes for hard training and professional experience. But when you do break into radio, they may help you to understand what's going on and what the other people are talking about.

... And good luck to you!

Are You Quiz-Wise?

(Continued from page 27)

a mink coat. M.C.s prefer women dressed tastefully and sedately except for one touch that shows some flair for originality. They believe that a woman who does something unusual with a ribbon or bright feather on a hat will show some imagination.

Beauty: Of no importance, if anything a handicap. The average woman, from thirty to sixty, has proven to have better personality development than her more glamorous sister.

Personality: As a whole, producers are allergic to the smart aleck or life-of-the-party who wants to take over the show and quiz the m.c. People who are modest most quickly win the sympathy of the audience. Nice people who are genial and jovial are preferred. A hearty laugh is an asset because everyone—even the announcer—is nervous during air time and they'd rather have a laugh than a whimper.

Special Tricks: Did you ever think of winning the m.c.'s favor by bringing a home-baked cake or writing a poem about him? Well, don't.

THE questions asked during the warm-up have a great bearing on whether or not you become a contestant. If you are visiting or living temporarily in New York, then give your home town. A native of Kansas City has a better chance of being chosen out of a predominantly New York audience but don't try to fool the announcers. They are voice experts; after listening to anyone for thirty seconds an experienced announcer can tell the exact region of the country the speaker comes from. Next you'll be asked what you're doing in the city. A honeymooning couple or a seventy-year-old bachelor looking for a bride are almost sure bets, but these people are the exception. If you're a housewife or bank teller or clerk, don't feel drab. Talk about yourself. There is something in everyone's life, however routine it seems, that may be of interest to others.

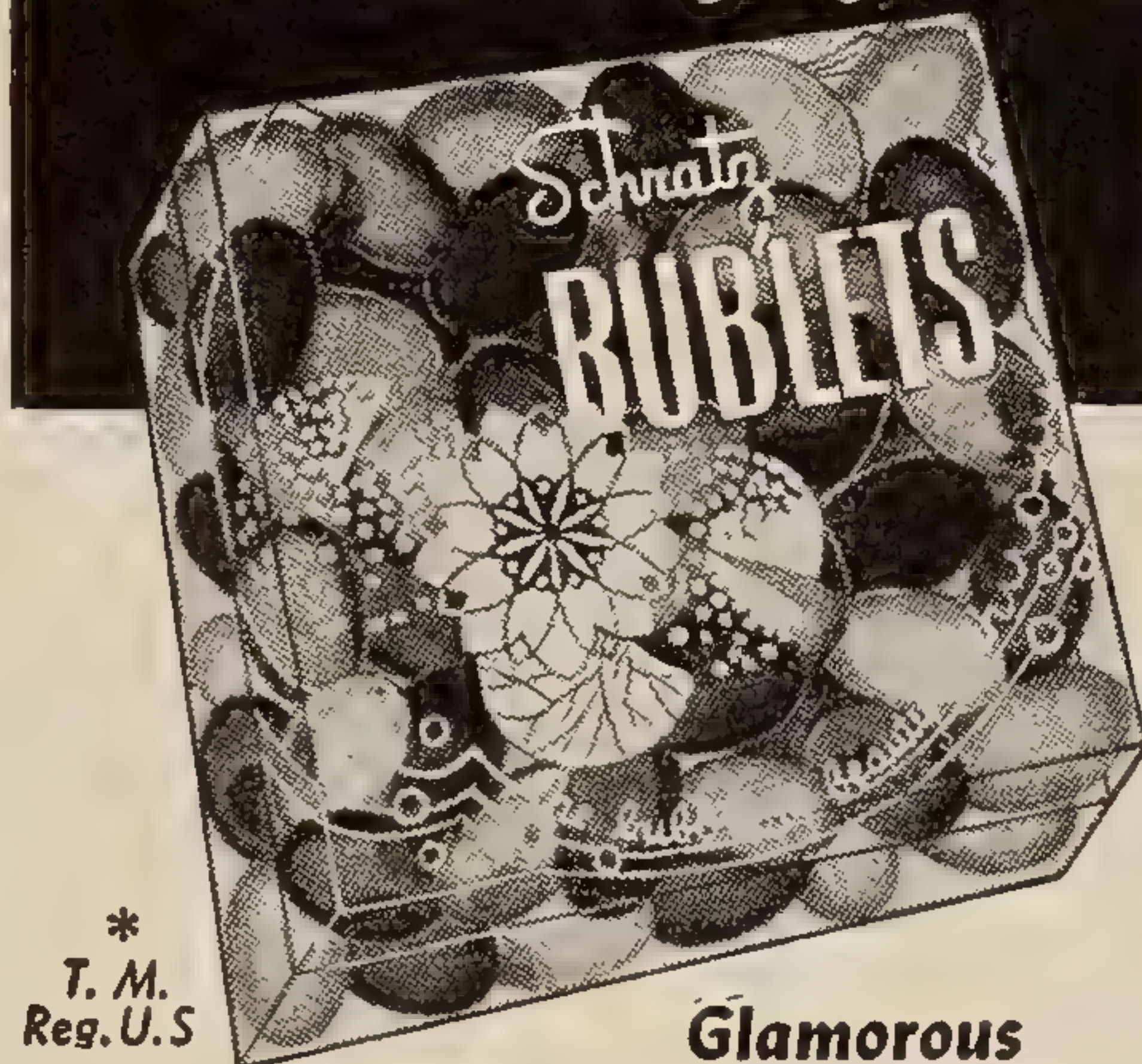
The so-called professional contestant is a person who thinks every quiz show is his personal rainbow. In pure Brooklynese he or she may claim to be from Georgia, profess to be a pearl diver and act too, too cute. Nearly all of the pros are now well-known to m.c.s and have very little chance of getting on the air. Actually, if they do, they are no better prepared to answer questions than you. Pros merely hope that if they get on the air often enough, the law of averages will earn sufficient loot for them.

"If I just had a hint of what to study before I got on a program," a woman will say earnestly. "There must be some system to the choice of questions."

There is a method in the choice and framing of questions but every m.c. thinks it would be a waste of time for a potential contestant to try to prepare. Yet there is the exception to every rule. A middle-aged couple who appeared on Give and Take were upset when they couldn't answer queries they considered simple. The man and wife went back to their home in New Jersey and spent many months studying an encyclopedia. Later, when they appeared on the show again, they were sensational. Asked how many sacks of tea were thrown overboard at the Boston Tea Party, they not only gave the exact number but the name of the ship and captain, the exact date and grade of tea.

Actually, very few questions are his-

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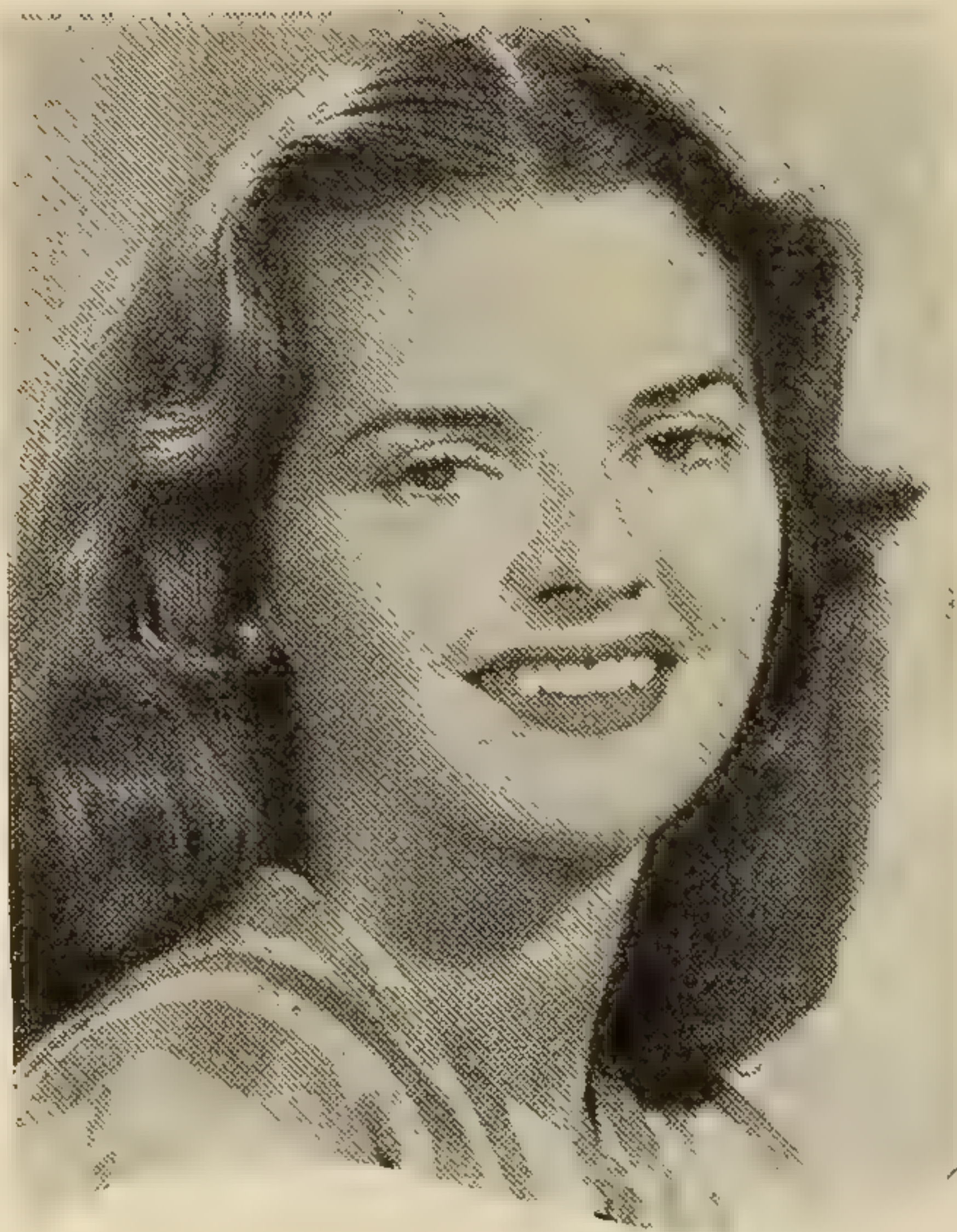
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torical. Well over fifty per cent are based on incidental information.

A typical incidental-type questions might be: "Water containing salt takes longer—or less—time to reach the boiling point?"

A topical-type: "What famous living World War II general has never returned to the United States?"

About ten to fifteen percent are framed on personalities in radio, stage and screen. For example, "What famous comedian has a lisp?"

The trick questions, which test a person's ingenuity, sometimes cause consternation. You just take your chances. On the other hand are the big jackpot questions: the mystery melodies, the secret sounds, the Miss Hushes, the hidden sentences. To crack these enigmas requires the brains of an atomic scientist, the knowledge of a bookworm and the audacity of a safe-cracker. They are purposely made difficult to create national interest and it's rare that anyone except the producer and m.c. knows the correct answer for the first couple of weeks. So don't feel inferior if you can't solve the big question. Get the answer from a newspaper columnist or radio commentator. Most radio producers privately agree that ninety-nine percent of the people who crack the jackpot get the answer that way.

"Now don't get nervous when you get up there," your husband is bound to whisper when you're chosen.

That's like telling a man being led to his execution that there's nothing to be afraid of. Mike fright is a handicap.

But you can control yourself by remembering one thing: you're in a contest and the immediate problem is to answer the question. Concentrate on that and forget the studio audience, your friends listening at home and the announcer's smooth patter. That's something else. Naturally the m.c. will give you time to think, but in the meantime he has to keep talking or he will have dead air. Generally, he speaks only for the amusement of the audience. So don't let him distract you.

Chances are that you will leave the mike in a cold sweat. But, with a lot of luck and good sense, you may have won all or part of the following: a trip around the world, a chinchilla coat, 10,000 cans of soup, nine rooms of furniture, a car, jewels worth a thousand dollars, a ranch house complete with cherry orchard, and a dressed steer all ready for your new radar stove.

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Quiz Kid of the Quarter

(Continued from page 58)

thirteen-year-old who wants to be a history teacher, emerged Quiz Kid of the Quarter, the Central Junior High School student council celebrated with a pep rally such as they give a basketball team.

It was effective, too, for when Ross reached Chicago, he really grabbed for the questions. Although the Chief Quizzer, Joe Kelly, named no winner on the coast-to-coast broadcast, Ross held his own with champs from Denver, Colorado; Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Flint, Michigan, and Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

More such contests are in prospect as Quiz Kids continues to hunt talent, coast to coast. With bond awards, trips to Chicago and network broadcasts promised, youngsters are discovering that learning can be as much fun as football.

Most Likely to Succeed

(Continued from page 65)

and salt and mix well. Add the remaining sugar alternately with cream, beating until smooth after each addition. Add extra cream if necessary. Enough to frost, fill and decorate two 9-inch layers.

To color frosting: Add vegetable coloring in shade desired, one drop at a time. Mix well after each addition. Continue adding color until desired shade is obtained.

Double Decker Sandwiches

Hearty double-deckers make an impression on your guests, yet are easy to do. Here are some good combinations: (Pictured) Sliced boiled ham, thin sliced peeled tomato, lettuce and mayonnaise.

Olive and cream cheese spread with pimiento cheese spread.
Peanut butter and bacon with smoky cheese.

'49 Punch

- 2 cans (2 cups) frozen concentrated orange juice
- 2 cups (or 1 package frozen) sliced, sweetened raspberries or strawberries
- 4 quarts ginger ale or carbonated water
- ice

Defrost frozen orange juice (add no water). Sieve raspberries or strawberries to make 1½ cups pulp. Combine orange juice and fruit pulp in punch bowl. When ready to serve, add ginger ale or soda and ice. If you prefer to make this in the glass, place 2 tablespoons of the fruit mixture in glass, then fill with carbonated water and ice. Makes 16 tall glasses or 25 6-ounce cups of punch.

Coffee for a Crowd

- 1 pound coffee, medium grind
- 2 gallons (8 quarts) boiling water

Place coffee in cheesecloth or muslin bag, leaving room inside bag for coffee to double in bulk. Drop bag into large kettle containing boiling water. Cover tightly and let stand over low flame 6 to 10 minutes until coffee reaches de-

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sired strength. Remove bag, cover tightly and keep hot. Makes 40 cups.

Sandwich Loaf

- 1 cup green or ripe olives, chopped
- 4 (3 oz.) packages cream cheese
- 1 tbl. olive brine
- 4 hard cooked eggs, chopped
- ¼ cup celery, finely chopped
- 2 tbs. parsley, finely chopped
- 1 small onion, minced.
- ¼ tsp. dry mustard
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tbs. mayonnaise
- 1 loaf bread (unsliced)
- garnish (such as watercress)
- milk or cream

Combine olives, 1 package of cream cheese and olive brine; blend well. In another bowl combine eggs, celery, parsley, onion, mustard, salt and mayonnaise and mix well. Remove all crusts from bread. Cut loaf lengthwise into 3 slices. Spread one slice with the olive mixture and one with egg mixture. Place slices, one on top of the other, and put unsliced slice on top to form a loaf. Mash remaining cream cheese and moisten with a little milk to make it spreading consistency. Frost loaf with cheese mixture. Store, covered, in icebox until ready to serve. Then garnish as desired.

Make-Your-Own Sandwiches

Arrange a large tray with slices of white, whole wheat, rye and other breads, as well as crackers, around the outside. In the center, place matching dishes of spreads. Label each with a card, fastened into the spread with a toothpick. This assortment of spreads should meet every taste: meat salad, cream cheese, cream cheese and onion, tuna-egg, peanut butter, jelly, cheese and bacon, honey butter, and creamed butter or margarine. Seasonings such as salt and pepper, mayonnaise, mustard and catsup, should also be close at hand. Let each guest help himself to the combination he desires.

Meat Salad

- ½ cup ground cooked meat*
- ¼ cup finely chopped celery
- 2 tbs. sweet pickle relish
- 2 tbs. mayonnaise
- dash salt

* For meat, use left-over ham or beef, luncheon meat, deviled ham or chicken. Mix ingredients well. Enough for 8 sandwiches.

Tuna Egg Spread

- 1 7-ounce can tuna fish
- 3 hard cooked eggs, chopped
- 3 tbs. chopped dill pickle
- 6 tbs. mayonnaise

Drain and shred tuna fish. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Makes 24 sandwiches.

Peach Pudding Cake

- 4 cups sifted enriched flour
- 6 tps. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sugar
- ½ cup melted shortening
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 2 tps. vanilla
- 4 cups canned sliced peaches, well-drained

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt into a large mixing bowl. Add remaining ingredients except peaches, and stir until smooth. Pour into a well greased baking pan (11 x 16 x 2 inches), or 3 square cake pans (8 x 8 x 2 inches). Top with peaches arranged in parallel rows. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 35 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Makes 40 servings.

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The McNeills Come Calling

(Continued from page 61)

The warm Don-and-Sam friendship started that way. And after Sam became a regular part of Breakfast Club, Kay and I developed an alliance of our own.

So it's no wonder the McNeills were our first visitors.

I didn't, I swear, raise my voice one decibel when I told Kay, "And in this room, Bud thinks we should do the walls in cocoa brown."

Sam stopped winding line on his super-colossal reel. "You mean brown, like chocolate?"

Reflectively, he rubbed his chin. "I never did like brown paint very much. If we're bound to have cocoa brown, I'll tell you what I'll do."

His audience had come running. The five boys were ranged in the wide doorway, brawny Tommy and Donny in the back row, the small fry in front of them, like a cheering section.

"I estimate," said Sam thoughtfully, "that we have about a thousand feet of wall space. How about it if I buy three thousand candy bars, the squashy kind, and we all stand around and throw them?"

"Oh, Sam," I wailed. Being married to a comedian is sometimes most unfunny.

"You know," said Don, "I'll bet you'd have no trouble making the color stick."

DONNY picked up the gag. "Your walls would sure be in good taste."

Their Bobby and our Bill exchanged glances. "You'd never have to ask for a nickel," said Bob.

"Nope," Bill agreed. "Just peel your candy right off the wall. Bring in the gang any time we got hungry."

I should, after all these years, have learned when to keep still, but I had really liked the idea of cocoa-brown walls. Foolishly, I protested, "That isn't the way it's going to be at all."

Sam led me on. "How is it, then?"

"You don't understand what Bud meant. He wants to do those walls solid brown because they're each cut by wide doors. Then, to get the impression of more space in the room, he wants to curtain that outside wall, with yellow, probably, and use a sky blue panel over the fireplace."

"Sky blue?" asked Sam.

I gestured. "Like a piece of the sky. He wants wild geese flying across it."

Kay, at least, followed the picture, "That sounds lovely to me."

Sam pondered. "I kind of like the idea, and I've got the final touch. I'll have a big photographic enlargement made of my hunting license. We'll frame it and set it right on the mantel."

Sammy pulled an imaginary gun to his shoulder. "Bang, bang, bang, bang." That kid, if I'm not careful, will turn into a sound effects man.

Don shook his head. "Too noisy."

He considered for a moment, then his face broke into one of those jack-o'-lantern grins. "But I have a thought. If you want a wild life theme, I think it's a mistake to cover the window. Why don't you just build it out with a glass tank and use it for a casting pool? If that lunthead of yours gets some extra practice, maybe he can keep up with me on our next fishing trip."

Kay and I fled.

"I can't win, either," she comforted. "You'll just have to let them get all

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the gags out of their systems before you start. No decorator can take it. That gang would give even Bud a nervous breakdown."

That's the way it is, whenever the McNeills or Cowlings get together. They should charge admission and turn the proceeds over to charity, but they're their own best audience.

Sometimes the public does get in on it. Time after time, I've heard a gag start at home and end up on the air.

Take the matter of music at our house. Sam can't read a note, but he has a fabulously accurate ear, and plays guitar, drums and bass.

Did you ever try to fit a bass fiddle into a decorating scheme? There's nothing sadder on earth than that overgrown violin drooping against a wall. It looks like it had lost its last friend.

The best I could think of was to turn the front sun porch into a music room. The bass seems happier with a nice little spinet piano for company, and Sam and I sort of liked the old fashioned idea of a family orchestra. So Billy has been delegated to study piano.

"How is he doing?" Don inquired politely.

Sam shook his head. "Not so well. He's going for lessons, but they're not taking."

By the time those two clowns finished kicking that one around in front of a microphone, it had come out a typical Breakfast Club crack aimed at the visiting president of the Musical Grandmothers of America.

"Yes," Don remarked, "he knew a musical grandfather, too. One of his grandchildren picked up the violin, another the flute, and another the piano. Now, whenever they get together for an evening of music, the old man picks up his coat and blows."

No gag writers need apply. We grow our own in our families.

Kay wanted to see the rest of the house, and we moved toward the rear of the apartment, by-passing the kitchen. My mother had firmly informed me this was her day to get dinner. We both like to cook, and once in a while there's some rivalry about which one uses the stove.

Sam's and my room came first. It's pleasantly large, with ample room for beds, dressers, chairs and a closet big enough to hold Sam's wild wardrobe.

I threw up my hands. "I can't think of a thing to do with this room. Beyond soundproofing the closet, that is, to quiet Sam's loud jackets."

We went on down the hall. "Mother's room, on the other hand, is pretty definite. We'll do white tie-back curtains, and a low slipper chair. Next time she goes back to Louisville for a visit, she'll look for a hand-tied candlewick

bedspread."

Kay approved. "A nice, simple, comfortable room for a lady."

"Billy's room will be easy, too," I continued. "All he wants is a place to sleep. He's never in it anyway. He's turning into the explorer of the family. He's always out, roaming around, trying to find out what makes things tick."

"What about Sammy?"

"He gets the back sun porch." I threw open the door. Tanks of tropical fish already were braced on packing crates and cast off tables. My older son needed space.

"It's nice Sammy chose a decorative hobby. This ought to be attractive when we've finished."

"What about those?" Kay pointed to a row of cigar boxes. "Don't tell me he's taken to stogies."

I shivered. "Sometimes I wish he had. That, my dear, is a worm hatchery. Nasty, squirmy, little round white worms. Fish eat worms, and worms eat bread, soaked in milk over night. Sammy is most conscientious about feeding both worms and fish. It's all right until he leaves a lid open and they crawl out."

I led Kay back to the dining room, pointed above the kitchen door. "Right there is the basketball court. Sam's as bad as the boys. He says he doesn't know why he can't just cut both ends out of a tin can, tack it up, and shoot baskets with a tennis ball. Now that we've moved, it's a long way to the gym."

"They've got room enough for it," said Kay, surveying the nearly empty room. "When will your dining room furniture be delivered?"

"The fifteenth day of the thirteenth month, by my guess," I sighed. Three months before, I had ordered it. Just ordinary period mahogany. A breakfast front and a big table. A table big enough for everybody to sit down. We like to have people drop in, and at our house the table has to stretch.

My mother emerged from the kitchen. "You might just as well cancel that furniture order. We don't need it. We haven't set a table for dinner in this household since the television set was installed."

"Hey, it's time for Kukla, Fran and Ollie," shouted a McNeill to a Cowling. Sammy, with responsibility befitting the elder son, tuned in the set. The rest of the gang plopped on the floor, elbowing for choice spots in front of the screen. Don and Sam put away their fishing toys and moved chairs into position.

"Get your trays first," my mother directed. "I don't want to go falling over your feet in the dark."

Big Don slipped an arm around her waist. "Fried chicken?" he inquired.

"Southern fried chicken," said mother.

Sam's grin reached from ear to ear. "No one in the world makes fried chicken like Granny," he boasted. "Down in Louisville, when the Romeos were playing WHAS, there were times I wasn't sure which of my two girls I was courting."

My mother and my husband exchanged one of those understanding glances. I hate to destroy a Breakfast Club myth, but I think most of the audience already has guessed it. Sam thinks the world of my mother, and she of him. Whenever there's a family discussion, I'm likely to find those two on the same side, and me out on a limb. I even suspect her of looking for new mother-in-law jokes to add to his collection.

He hustled into the kitchen to help her serve, and returned to set the first tray on Kay's lap with a flourish. The plate was heaped with golden brown fried chicken, fluffy white mashed potatoes, green stalks of asparagus. There's one thing to be said for television dining. It keeps menus simple.

Kay said, "Mmmmm, good. I never can get mine to come out just like that. You must have a secret, Mrs. Hammill."

Mother said, "No secret at all. Just cut up the chicken and soak it in water over night. Then mix salt and pepper with flour, and roll the chicken in it. Fry it in deep fat until brown. There's nothing to it."

"How many chickens does it take to feed this tribe, Sam?" Don asked.

"Enough so there ought to be a drumstick for every one. But," Sam added wistfully, "I always come up with the wish bone, with all the meat off. The mother-in-law influence, no doubt."

"How about dessert?" Tommy queried. "What is it, chocolate pie?"

"Tommy!" Kay protested. "You don't ask your hostess what she is going to feed you."

"Don't scold him, he's my public," I begged. "Yes, Tommy, it's chocolate cream, made by your favorite recipe."

"Dell, you'll just have to give it to me again," said Kay. "My last maid lost the card out of my file box."

I copied it down for her:

Chocolate Cream Pie

- 3 tbs. flour
- 3 tbs. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 1/2 cups hot milk
- 2 squares of chocolate
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Sift together flour, cornstarch and sugar. Add to hot milk; cook in a double boiler until thick. Add chocolate broken in small pieces. Stir until smooth.

Beat egg yolks slightly, and spoon into them a few tablespoons of the hot mixture. When blended, pour the eggs slowly into the double boiler. Cook one minute longer, stirring constantly.

Pour into a baked pastry shell, and top with whipped cream.

"Guaranteed to be a production number," said Sam. "Definitely not recommended for throwing at walls. We'll get chocolate bars for that."

There we were, right back where we started.

I wouldn't be too surprised if I end up with walls white as a hospital in my living room. Whatever they are, if they please Sam and the boys, and our guests have a good time when they come to see us, that's all that matters. The Cowling home is designed for living.

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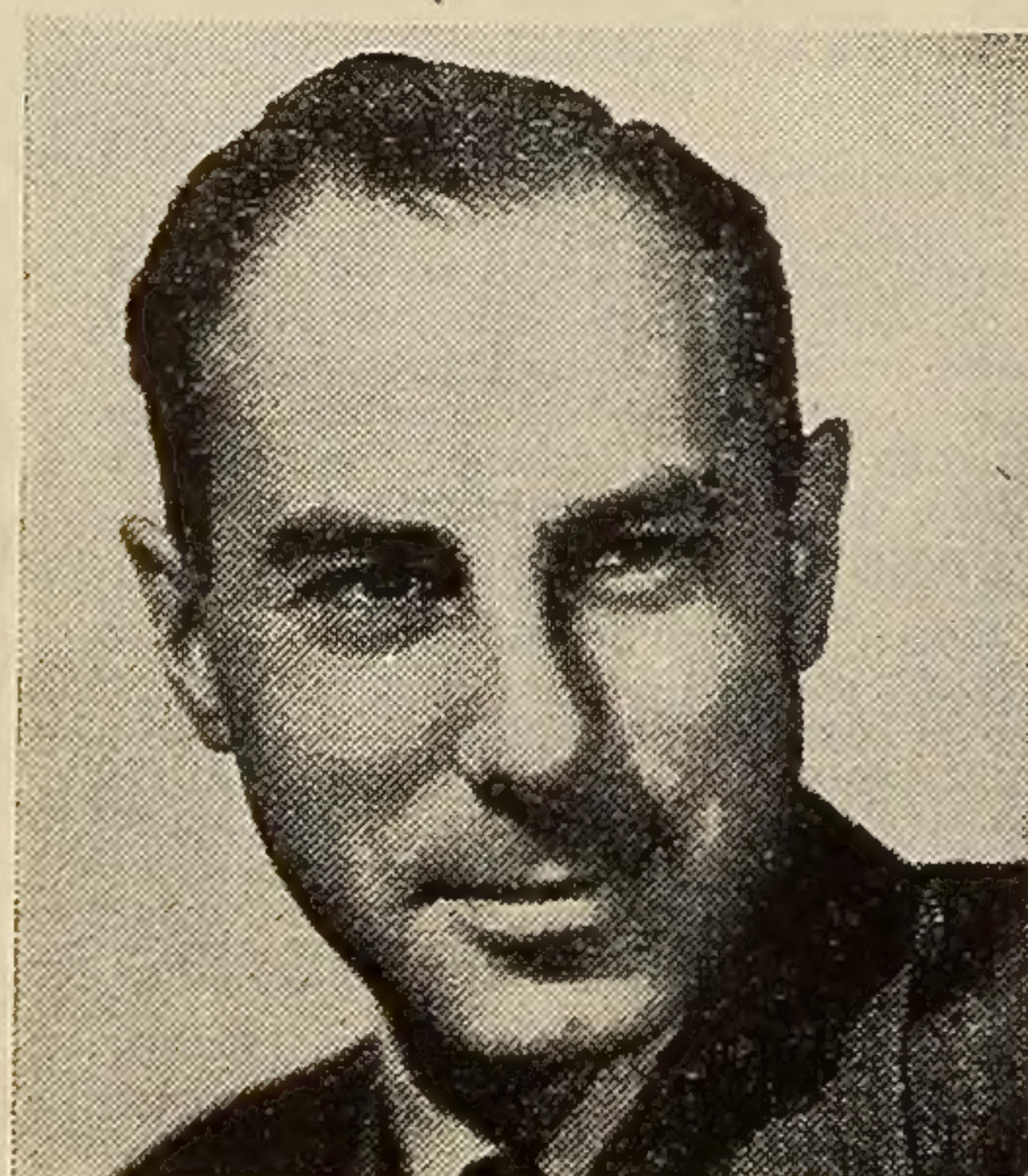
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